

BOOKS & PRINTS

Sotheby's
FOUNDED 1844

Sotheby's Bloomfield Place
 Department of Printed Books and Manuscripts
 Specialises in special sales:

Wednesday, 8th December
CONTINENTAL ILLUSTRATED BOOKS WITH PRINTS
 Closing date for consignments, Wednesday, 6th October
 (Enquiries: Michael Heseltine or Libby Howie)

Thursday, 9th December, and following day
ILLUSTRATED AND PRESS BOOKS
 Closing date for consignments, Thursday, 7th October
 (Enquiries: Michael Heseltine)

Wednesday, 15th December, and following day
ENGLISH LITERATURE, BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS
 Closing date for consignments, Wednesday, 13th October
 (Enquiries: Roy Davids or Felix Pryor)

Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co., 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA
 Telephone: (01) 493 8080

SOTHEBY'S INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 1982
 For further information about the competition (prizes totalling £21,000, entrance fee £2 per poem - by International Money Order for non-residents) please contact:

Sotheby's International Poetry Competition 1982
 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA. Telephone (01) 493 2803

R. A. Gekoski

Modern First Editions

Catalogue 1

Autumn 1982

A range of fine and important modern first editions, including Joseph Conrad's *Almayer's Folly*, inscribed on the day before publication; T. S. Eliot's *Journey of the Magi*, inscribed to his first wife, and *Ash Wednesday*, page proofs corrected by Eliot; James Joyce's *Ulysses*, *Finnegans Wake*, and *Tales of Shen and Shuen* (inscribed to Eugene Johns); D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, in the scarce dustwrapper; Wallace Stevens' *Hammam*, inscribed in the dustwrapper; the corrected typescript of Virginia Woolf's 1923 play *Freshwater*; reasonable collections of books by Ian Fleming, D. H. Lawrence, George Orwell, Anthony Powell, and Wallace Stevens; and including first books by Arnold Bennett, Somerset Maugham, Jack Kerouac, D. H. Lawrence, Doris Lessing, Denise Levertov, V. S. Naipaul, George Orwell, Anthony Powell, Thomas Pynchon, John Updike, and Angus Wilson.

Send for free copy to:

14 Portland Place West, Leamington Spa
 Warwickshire, CV32 5EU, England
 Telephone: (0926) 38599

FINE BOOKS ORIENTAL

Empire House, 34/35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA. Tel: 01-493 8080. Antiquarian, Rare and Secondhand Books on the Far East and Middle East. Catalogue available. Middle East. Japan. Telephone or write for our latest catalogue or view our stock in Central London. Casual callers welcome.

ANY American books, new or used, at 50% discount. Catalogue available. 82-84, Elliott Avenue, New York, NY 10011-1114.

THE GREENLIST FORTNIGHT
 1,000 old books in each issue. Sample copy free. Write to: Greenlist, 1114.

A CATALOGUE of Antiquarian and Secondhand Books of Great Literature, Books About Books, and Miscellaneous available shortly from J. S. K. Books, 1114.

ARABISMA, list of rare and old books from Arab. Rare Books, 1114.

CHINA/JAPAN/ASIA, list of rare books from China, Japan, and Asia. Rare Books, 1114.

TARA BOOKS LTD., Specialist in antiquarian and rare books. Details from: Tara Books, 1114.

EASTERN EUROPE, Catalogue of rare books from Eastern Europe. Details from: Eastern Europe, 1114.

LONDON

NEW BRITISH ACADEMY CATALOGUE

Over 800 titles in the Humanities including Schools and Institutes abroad. Catalogue available. 1114.

AMERICAN OUT-OF-PRINT, rare and old books from America. Details from: American Out-of-Print, 1114.

WORLD TOPOGRAPHY & TRAVEL, New catalogue. Details from: World Topography & Travel, 1114.

MISCELLANEOUS VERBS, chiefly minor, 17th-20th century. Details from: Miscellaneous Verbs, 1114.

ARAB WORLD BOOKS, rare and old books from Arab world. Details from: Arab World Books, 1114.

TWO SHORT LISTS, 1. 17th-18th century pamphlets. 2. 19th century pamphlets. Details from: Two Short Lists, 1114.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, rare and old books from modern first editions. Details from: Modern First Editions, 1114.

LITERARY

NORTHERN ARTS

WRITER IN RESIDENCE

Northern Arts is offering a two-year residency in the County of Cleveland from January 1983 for an established author, probably a poet or novelist, though other categories are not excluded. The residency is designed to offer some opportunity for the writer to pursue his or her own work, but its main purpose is within the community, to co-ordinate and enthuse writing groups, organise literary events and advise and work with local writers of all ages.

Office accommodation will be provided at the Dovecot Arts Centre in Stockton-on-Tees. An inclusive fee of £8,500 per annum is offered.

Closing date for applications: November 1st
 For full details write to: Tim Russell, Literature Officer, NORTHERN ARTS, 10 OSBORNE TERRACE, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, NE2 1NZ Tel: (0632) 815334

COURSES

LEARNING TO WRITE, Learn the technique of writing with the help of our experienced correspondents. Details from: Learning to Write, 1114.

EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH LIBRARY, 96 Russell Square, London WC1B 3DG. Tel: 01-253 3000.

BUSINESS SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS edited and arranged, catalogued and world processed. Details from: Manuscripts, 1114.

MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS, typed, proofread, and arranged. Details from: Manuscripts and Books, 1114.

MS TYPING, electronic and manual. Details from: MS Typing, 1114.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARIES, with word processor skills. Details from: Experienced Secretaries, 1114.

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE, in all fields. Details from: Research Assistance, 1114.

MANUSCRIPTS and books, typed, proofread, and arranged. Details from: Manuscripts, 1114.

FOR SALE & WANTED

MERVYN PRAKE BOOKS, rare and old books from Mervyn Prake. Details from: Mervyn Prake Books, 1114.

LEARNED, Scientific and Art. Details from: Learned, 1114.

URGENTLY secondhand, rare and old books. Details from: Urgently Secondhand, 1114.

REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 51 Deep St, Poole, Dorset. Tel: 01-493 2803.

PERSONAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCE, rare and old books. Details from: Immediate Advance, 1114.

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE, in all fields. Details from: Research Assistance, 1114.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

HENRY PORDES, in silver and gold. Details from: Henry Pordes, 1114.

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR LIBRARIAN VACANCIES IN THE TLS

FOR FURTHER DETAILS PLEASE CONTACT CHERYL DENNETT ON 01-253 3000

TLS

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 8 OCTOBER 1982 • No 4,149 • 51p

Hugh Trevor-Roper: Burckhardt as historian

The morbid Marcel Schwob

Julian Symons: Graham Greene as novelist



"Organic Life in Nature": a wood-engraving by Mortiz von Schwind for *Fliegende Blätter*, 1847-48, reproduced from William Vaughan's *German Romantic Painting* (260pp, Yale University Press, Paperback £9.95, 0 300 02917 9).

The dissentient voice of Donald Davie
 Zola's letters John Ashbery's poetry
 Philip French on the films of Alfred Hitchcock
 Fiction: John Fowles, Anatomizing Britain
 Paul Theroux, René Belletto Middle-Earth mania
 Vittorio Gassman's memoirs
 Edward Norman: 'Is democracy really Christian?'

LIBRARIANS

Library Automation Assistant

£6610

The British Council, a worldwide educational and cultural organisation, is looking for a Library Automation Assistant to work in its London headquarters.

The post will contribute to the work of project teams dealing with the automation of information systems. Work includes systems planning, development and maintenance (hardware and software), programming and documentation production, liaison with outside bodies.

Applicants should have librarianship qualifications and experience of programming and information retrieval systems. A computer option taken on a degree or other course would be appropriate. Necessary training in programming will be provided.

Starting salary including London Weighting: £6610 on scale rising by annual increment to £8787. Index-linked non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form to be returned by 20 October write or phone quoting G/8 to Staff Recruitment Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London W1Y 2AA.

tel 01-499 8011 ext 3174 or 3461.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BEXLEY

EDUCATION SERVICE, Bexley College of Further Education, Bexley, London. Tel: 01-499 8011.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Bexley College of Further Education, Bexley, London. Tel: 01-499 8011.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Bexley College of Further Education, Bexley, London. Tel: 01-499 8011.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Bexley College of Further Education, Bexley, London. Tel: 01-499 8011.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Bexley College of Further Education, Bexley, London. Tel: 01-499 8011.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Bexley College of Further Education, Bexley, London. Tel: 01-499 8011.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Bexley College of Further Education, Bexley, London. Tel: 01-499 8011.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

PAUL THEROUX, will be at MOWBRAY'S BOOKSHOP, 28 Margaret St (Oxford Circus), London W1 on Thursday, 7th October, from 1.30 to 2.30 pm.

'THE MOSQUITO COAST', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE LONDON EMBASSY', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE MOSQUITO COAST', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE LONDON EMBASSY', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE MOSQUITO COAST', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

NEW BOOKS

EQUALITY OR INEQUALITY?, by David Collier, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE MOSQUITO COAST', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE LONDON EMBASSY', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE MOSQUITO COAST', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE LONDON EMBASSY', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE MOSQUITO COAST', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE LONDON EMBASSY', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE MOSQUITO COAST', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

'THE LONDON EMBASSY', by Paul Theroux, now in PENGUIN £1.95.

METHUEN

Methuen & Co Ltd
11 New Fetter Lane
London EC4P 3EE

Methuen Inc
715 Third Avenue
New York NY 10017

Kings and Vikings

Scandinavia and Europe AD 700-1100
P. H. SAWYER

In this study Peter Sawyer assesses the consequences of the Viking raids and conquests and the changes they brought about in Scandinavia itself, the most obvious being the spread of Christianity. The development of Scandinavian society and the history of the Christian conversion are both discussed in detail, and particular attention is paid to much-neglected contemporary written evidence including runic inscriptions.

192 pages + 12 pages of plates
Hardback 0 416 74180 0 £11.00
Paperback 0 416 74190 0 £5.95

Aspects of European History 1789-1980

STEPHEN J. LEE

As a sequel to his popular *Aspects of European History 1494-1789* Stephen J. Lee here charts the most commonly encountered topics of nineteenth and twentieth century European history. He presents a series of short, analytical chapters, based on an interpretative approach to history, providing a range of viewpoints on the subject selected.

384 pages
Hardback 0 416 73170 8 £11.95
Paperback 0 416 73180 5 £5.95

The Unequal Struggle?

British socialism and the capitalist enterprise

JIM TOMLINSON

Jim Tomlinson analyses the major ideas that socialists of varying persuasions have used in trying to understand companies and firms. The socialists discussed include Marx, Cole, Holland, Crossland and the Webbs. Each of these authors is discussed from the point of view of the theories they advance, how well founded these theories are, and how well they function to advance socialist arguments in this important area.

176 pages
Hardback 0 416 73150 5 £8.95
Paperback 0 416 73160 2 £3.95

Ancient Diseases

The elements of palaeopathology
SRBOLJUB ZIVANOVIC

Translated by LOVETT F. EDWARDS

This book is a comprehensive text in palaeopathology for students and professionals written from a medical standpoint. Medical terminology used to describe the archaeological evidence of disease is fully explained, and reliability of every sign of disease is tested, compared and proved on actual archaeological specimens, most of which come from the author's own field work. The book sets out the material and methods for palaeopathological studies while the largest part is devoted to description of the diseases and pathological signs on bones and soft tissues.

320 pages
Hardback 0 416 31140 7 £17.50

Germany: A Companion to German Studies

Edited by MALCOLM PASLEY

This survey of the main aspects of German life and culture has established itself as the standard textbook which provides essential background for all students of German. Authoritative accounts of each subject are contributed by some of the outstanding scholars in the field, and the requirements of both the student and the general reader have been borne in mind. This second edition is a substantial revision, taking account of developments during the last decade.

672 pages, illustrated
Hardback 0 416 33650 7 £16.00
Paperback 0 416 33660 4 £9.95

An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation

JEREMY BENTHAM

Edited by J. H. BURNS and H. L. A. HART
Though this is one of the earliest and best-known of Bentham's works, no fully critical and annotated text has hitherto been available. Here for the first time all Bentham's modifications of the text originally printed in 1789 are incorporated and identified, and also his references are elucidated. For the paperback edition Professor Hart has added a distinctive introduction to the aims and character of the work as well as reconsidering accepted interpretations.

416 pages
Paperback 0 416 31140 7 £17.50

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Priority House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

OCTOBER 8 1982

Architecture 1095	History 1087-88, 1108
Cinema 1103-04	Italy 1109
Commentary 1100-01	Philosophy 1115
English Literature 1097-98, 1110	Poetry 1105
Fiction 1089-91	Politics 1093-94, 1107
French Literature 1096, 1106, 1113	Religion 1099
German Literature 1114	Russia and Eastern Europe 1102, 1112
United States	

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

ASHBURY, JOHN	<i>Shadow Train</i> [Blake Morrison]
BEDDOW, MICHAEL	<i>The Fiction of Humanity: Studies in the Bildungsroman from Wieland to Thomas Mann</i> [T. J. Reed]
BIER, SAMUEL H.	<i>Britain Against Itself: The Political Contradictions of Collectivism</i> [Paul Johnson]
BELLETO, RENÉ	<i>Sur la terre comme au ciel</i> [Patrick McCarthy]
BELLEZZA, DARIO	<i>Morte di Pasolini</i> [N. S. Thompson]
BERENSON, BERNARD, and MARGHERI, CLOTILDE	<i>Lo specchio doppio: Carteggio 1927-1953</i> [Ardea Fezzi Price]
BURKHARDT, JACOB	<i>Über das Studium der Geschichte</i> [Hugh Trevor-Roper]
BURGESS, ANTHONY	<i>On Going to Bed</i> [Craig Brown]
DAVIS, DONALD	<i>These Companions: Recollections. Dissident Voice: The Ward-Phillips Lectures for 1980</i> [Claudia Rawson]
FENDER, STEPHEN	<i>Plotting the Golden West: American Literature and the Rhetoric of the California Trail</i> [Rupert Christiansen]
POWLES, JOHN	<i>Manitara</i> [Peter Kemp]
GASSMAN, VITTORIO	<i>Un grande avvenire dietro le spalle</i> [Masolino d'Amico]
GASSMAN, VITTORIO, and LUCIGNANI, LUCIANO	<i>Intervista sul teatro</i> [Masolino d'Amico]
GIBSON, IAN	<i>La noche en que mataron a Calvo Sotelo</i> [Herbert Southworth]
GIONO, JEAN	<i>Cœurs, passions, caractères</i> [W. D. Redfern]
GODARD, HENRI (Editor)	<i>Cahiers Giono 2</i> [W. D. Redfern]
GOLDSTEIN, JOEL K.	<i>The Modern American Vice-Presidency: The Transformation of a Political Institution</i> [H. G. Nicholas]
GRAMSCI, ANTONIO	<i>Cronache Torinesi 1913-1917. La Città Futura 1917-1918</i> [Martin Clark]
GREENE, GRAHAM	<i>Monsieur Quixote</i> [Julian Symonds]
GUESDORF, GEORGES	<i>Fondements du Savoir Romantique</i> [Anthony Thorlby]
HEALE, M. J.	<i>The Presidential Quest: Candidates and Images in American political culture, 1787-1852</i> [H. G. Nicholas]
HENOBEL, MARTIN	<i>The Charismatic Leader and His Followers</i> [J. L. Houiden]
HONIGMANN, E. A. J.	<i>Shakespeare's Impact on his Contemporaries</i> [Graham Bradshaw]
KIRK, RUSSELL (Editor)	<i>The Portable Conservative Reader</i> [Tom Paulin]
KURTZ, MICHAEL L.	<i>Crime of the Century: The Kennedy Assassination from a Historian's Perspective</i> [John Sparrow]
LE CLÉZIO, J. M. G.	<i>La Ronde et autres faits divers</i> [Jayne Pilling]
LOUGH, JOHN	<i>The Philosophes and Post-Revolutionary France</i> [L. A. Siedentop]
MARGHERI, CLOTILDE	<i>Trilogia</i> [Ardea Fezzi Price]
MCCORMICK, RICHARD P.	<i>The Presidential Game: The Origins of American Presidential Politics</i> [H. G. Nicholas]
NARBONI, JEAN (Editor)	<i>Alfred Hitchcock</i> [Philip French]
PASOLINI, PIER PAOLO	<i>Poems</i> [N. S. Thompson]
PORPHYRIOS, DEMETRI	<i>Sources of Modern Eclecticism: Studies on Alvar Aalto</i> [Andrew Saint]
RECANATI, FRANÇOIS	<i>Les Enonces Performatifs</i> [L. Jonathan Cohen]
RILKE, RAINER MARIA, and FORREER, ANITA	<i>Briefwechsel</i> [Irma Frowen]
RIVAL, NED	<i>Les Amours perverses: Une biographie de Nicolas-Edme Réty de la Bretagne</i> [David Coward]
ROMERO, LUIS	<i>Por qué y cómo mataron a Calvo Sotelo</i> [Herbert Southworth]
ROTHMAN, WILLIAM	<i>Hitchcock: The Murderous Gaze</i> [Philip French]
RYKWERT, JOSEPH	<i>The Necessity of Artifice</i> [Andrew Saint]
SALMON, NATHAN U.	<i>Reference and Essence</i> [Christopher Peacocke]
SAMPSON, ANTHONY	<i>The Changing Anatomy of Britain</i> [Paul Johnson]
SCHAEFER, ALFRED	<i>Die Schopenhauer-Welt</i> [Daniel Johnson]
SCHWOB, MARCEL	<i>Chroniques: The King in the Golden Mask and Other Writings</i> [Peter Fawcett]
SHARPE, LESLEY	<i>Schiller and the Historical Character</i> [Helen Watanabe O'Kelly]
SHIPLEY, T. A.	<i>The Road to Middle-earth</i> [George Watson]
SICILIANO, ENZO	<i>Pasolini: A Biography</i> [N. S. Thompson]
STILBOG, JOHN R.	<i>Common Landscape of America, 1580 to 1945</i> [Carl Bridenbaugh]
THEROUX, PAUL	<i>The London Embassy</i> [Frank Tuohy]
TRISKA, JAN, and GATI, CHARLES (Editors)	<i>Blue-Collar Workers in Eastern Europe</i> [Archie Brown]
TROUSDALE, MARION	<i>Shakespeare and the Rhetoricians</i> [Brian Vickers]
YANDY, ALEXANDER	<i>The Origins of Autocracy: Ivan the Terrible in Russian History</i> [Adam B. Ulam]
YOUNGBERGER, MARGUERITE	<i>Comme l'eau qui coule</i> [Robin Buss]
ZOLA, EMILE	<i>Correspondance, Tome III: Juin 1877-Mai 1880</i> [F. W. J. Hemmings]
Cinema	<i>A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy</i> [Warner West End] [Richard Combs]
Exhibitions	<i>Joseph Wright Drawings</i> [Derby Museum and Art Gallery] [Marc Jordan]
Opera	<i>Giuseppe Verdi: Rigoletto</i> [Coliseum] [Julian Budden]
Theatre	<i>Andy Capp</i> [Aldwych Theatre] [Harold Hobson]
	<i>Bertolt Brecht: Schwerk in the Second World War</i> [Olivier Theatre] [Ronald Hayman]
Viewpoints	<i>Is Democracy Really Christian?</i> [Edward Norman]
	<i>Notes on Hannah Arendt: 'Edmund Irwin'</i> [Alexander Pasternak]

The historical spirit

Hugh Trevor-Roper

JACOB BURKHARDT

Über das Studium der Geschichte
Der Text der "Weltgeschichtlichen Betrachtungen"
Edited by Peter Ganz
582pp. Munich: Beck.
3 406 08279 3

Jacob Burckhardt stands apart from the other German-speaking historians of the nineteenth century, not only by his historical philosophy but also by his view of the purpose and method of historical teaching. The other disciples of Ranke and Droysen believed in specialization, the training of professionals, the seminar system and, as the desired end-product, either massive, heavily documented narrative histories or minuscule technical monographs. Burckhardt, having begun as an admirer of Droysen and a pupil of Ranke, ended by dissenting entirely from them. Although he always insisted on scholarly methods, he hated narrow specialization. It was, he thought, positively harmful: had not Burke suffered permanent brain damage from studying all those seventeenth-century Scotch preachers? And what, he asked, was the ultimate achievement of such historians? Before them stands the mountain of history; they make a hole in its face, leave a pile of rubble behind them, and die. He was equally contemptuous of the serried tomes of detailed narrative history: works like Droysen's fourteen-volume *History of Prussian Policy* or the unremitting publication of Ranke. These men, he wrote, forgot the shortness of the reader's life. They should recall the brevity of some great works, like Tacitus' *Agricola*.

Burckhardt's own aims were very different, and ostensibly more limited. He did not address himself to professional historians, he said, or wish to found a school. His aim, he once wrote to Nietzsche, was merely to arouse the personal interest of his students in history and culture: "I wanted them to be able to pick the fruits for themselves. I never dreamed of training scholars and disciples in the narrower sense. I wanted only to make every member of my audience feel and know that everyone may and must appropriate those aspects of the past which appeal to him personally, and that they might find happiness in so doing." Having chosen this role, he emphasized, even ironically

exaggerated it. He pretended to be a "dilettante", an amateur. In dress and manner he made himself as different as possible from the typical German professor. And although he published some famous books, he cared little for publication. He never wrote a learned article or a review. He did not seek literary fame, he said; he preferred to communicate personally, through the lecture.

In this he conformed with the tradition of his university. Lecturing was taken seriously at Basel, as was noted, not always with approval, by students from Germany. The young Dilthey, for instance, thought it a sign of provincialism: "almost no one here thinks of writing", he complained; "even the most conscientious of the professors treat lectures as the sole purpose of life". And how few persons heard those lectures! In all faculties together, Basel only had two hundred students. But Burckhardt did not mind that. He had come to love his native city. He retired from his chair in Berlin, and he was offered the succession to the most famous historical post in Europe. He declined it. "I would not have gone to Berlin at any price", he wrote. "To have left Basel would have brought a malediction on me"; and he stayed there till his death.

Burckhardt's lectures at Basel were long remembered by his audience. To have heard him, wrote his pupil and successor Heinrich Wölfflin, was an unforgettable experience. The lectures were carefully prepared, but the art was hidden behind the appearance of spontaneity. Nietzsche, who came to Basel as a young professor in 1869, was bowled over by them. "For the first time in my life", he wrote, "I have enjoyed a lecture"; he believed that he alone, in the audience of thirty, could appreciate the profound thought behind that informal manner; and he resolved to take Burckhardt as his own model: as indeed, in some respects, he did. For Nietzsche's combination of powerful thought with pregnant aphoristic style recalls that of the teacher whom, to the end of his sanity, he most venerated.

When Burckhardt died in 1897, he left a mass of lecture notes, but he also took steps to prevent their publication. "Since booksellers have taken the liberty of offering in their catalogues the lectures of deceased professors, so that incomplete and provisional notes are circulated", he instructed his

nephew and executor Jacob Oeri to ensure that his own notebooks were "unconditionally destroyed". Only two of his courses escaped this absolute condemnation, and that not finally. Oeri was permitted to read the lectures "on the Study of History" before destroying them, and (since he was himself professor of classical literature) to keep as his own property the lectures on Greek civilization, with the proviso that "nothing of them shall be printed". In other words, both were to survive merely for the personal use of Oeri. Happily for us, Oeri overcame his own scruples and, in the end, published both these works: the latter in 1902 as *Griechische Kulturgeschichte*, the former in 1905 as *Weltgeschichtliche Betrachtungen*.

It is easy to see why Burckhardt did not wish his lectures to be read before they were finished works but "provisional" notes, the bare skeleton of themes which were to be, and no doubt had been, amplified or varied in the delivery, and a true understanding of them depended on that personal rapport which he had established with his audience. His own pupils and friends could interpret inflections of voice, understand dismissive gestures, fill out elliptical phrases, and distinguish nuances of disapproval or irony—although even they, if we are to believe Nietzsche, still missed a good deal. To print such notes as they stood was to exhibit, as Burckhardt himself said, only "the underside of the tapestry": the knots and stitches, not the finished work. Nevertheless, if they were to be printed, Oeri was their best interpreter. He knew his uncle's mind and could, as editor, supply the necessary links and extensions. The *Weltgeschichtliche Betrachtungen*, as we know them, are not always easy reading. Fully to appreciate them we need, like their original hearers, to know the lecturer—that is, to have read the *Age of Constantine The Great*, the *Civilization of the Renaissance*, and Burckhardt's own letters. But we owe their intelligible form, as we owe their preservation, to the devoted disinterestedness of Jacob Oeri.

Ironically, the ephemeral, "provisional" lecture-notes of Burckhardt, which he thought could last no longer than their echo in his auditors' ears, have outlived the monumental tomes of his more prolific German contemporaries, as the Switzerland which they despised has outlived the Prusso-German Reich.

which seemed to validate their philosophy. For a generation after his death, Burckhardt was generally described, on the basis of often distorted versions of his *Kultur der Renaissance*, as an "art-historian"—a specialization which he would have repudiated. But in 1929 the great *Gesamtausgabe* of his works began to be published in Basel, and in 1947 appeared, also in Basel, the first volume of Werner Kaegi's splendid biography. That great work was almost complete when Kaegi died in 1980. Now the Burckhardt Stiftung at Basel has sponsored the publication, by Peter Ganz, of the original lecture notes which Burckhardt himself had so categorically doomed to destruction. With remarkable insensitivity (or is it irony?) the edition is dedicated *manibus auctoris*, to the shade of the author. Almost any other dedication would have been less inappropriate.

However, since we now have the text, let us consider it. It has, of course, been fully considered before, by two of the best qualified interpreters of Burckhardt: at first, briefly, by Oeri, and then, exhaustively, by Kaegi, on whom Professor Ganz naturally leans. Its history is thus, by now, well known. It is compacted into a few months in the summer and autumn of 1868.

For the first four weeks of the summer vacation of that year Burckhardt was at Konstanz, on the Bodensee. There he drew up the outline of a course of lectures "on the Study of History", which he proposed to deliver in the following term. Seventeen years before, he had given a course entitled "Introduction to the Study of History", but that course, delivered to an audience of nine, had not been a success and was never repeated. Now his plan was different. He had no books with him at Konstanz, or at least no relevant books; but he worked all day, organizing his lecture and then, in the evening—the time when his best thoughts came to him—he would stroll to an inn, an hour's walk away, opposite the Stäffa, to drink a glass of wine and re-charge his mind for the next day's composition. By the end of the month, he had outlined the major part of the course and had set it down in what he would afterwards call "the old scheme".

But he was evidently dissatisfied with this scheme, and on his return to Basel he radically re-shaped it. The evidence of this re-shaping survives in

various intermediate documents now printed as *Unbestimmte Blätter* and *Zwischenblätter*. These in turn provide the articulating cord for the "new scheme" which was the basis of the lectures actually delivered in November 1868. They were afterwards repeated, with modifications, in alternate years, in November 1870 and November 1872. From the same material Burckhardt also constructed three separate lectures on "Historical Greatness" which were delivered in November 1870 and the lecture on "Good and Bad Fortune in History" which he delivered in November 1871. After the last delivery, in 1872, Burckhardt added a few final notes and then put the documents away in an envelope marked "To be burned". These are the documents which Oeri was authorized to read before destruction. What Oeri published was, essentially, the "new scheme"; but he made use of the previous documents where necessary, and he rendered Burckhardt's shorthand into readable prose; and he gave to the whole the new title by which, for the last seventy-five years, we have known it.

What Ganz has now done is to unscramble Oeri's editorial work and restore the lectures to their original roughness. First we have the scheme of the lectures delivered in 1851, which may or may not be relevant; then there are the various stages of the lectures of 1868-72—the "old scheme", the intermediate drafts, the "new scheme", and finally Burckhardt's own *Überblick*, or skeleton summary of the course. There is a scholarly introduction, a forbidding textual apparatus with faithfully records every pencil-mark, and ample but almost exclusively bibliographical notes with a time-wasting and temper-fraying system of cross-reference. It is all very scrupulous and authentic, but it is also very austere. We do not even learn how substantial is the difference between Burckhardt's text and Oeri's version of it. That, we are told, since Oeri's version is "easily available", we need not care for culture's sake. And in one respect—this otherwise pedantically exact edition is sadly inaccurate. The classical quotations with which the notes are overlaid (whole pages of Greek followed by German translation) bristle with errors. Latin poems are deprived alike of metre and sense. These are not typographical errors—six blunders in a short passage of Manilius (including the only two words actually cited by Burckhardt).

The Tudor Constitution

Documents and Commentary

Second Edition

G. R. ELTON

A completely revised edition of a book that has proved invaluable to students. Taking into account the vast amount of research done on the period in the last twenty years, Professor Elton has left no section unaltered. Hard covers £20.00 net. Paperback £9.95 net.

New in paperback

Puritanism and Theatre

Thomas Middleton and Opposition Drama under the Early Stuarts

MARGOT HEINEMAN

... a most important book ... will make all who read it seriously rethink the cultural history of early seventeenth-century England. Christopher Hill, *Literature and History*

Past and Present Publications

Paperback £6.95 net

'The Winter's Tale' in Performance in England and America, 1611-1976

DENNIS BARTHOLOMEUS

Ranging through England and America, from the Jacobean period to the present day, Dennis Bartholomew sees the great performances as acts of criticism and creation, and pays close attention to the effect of textual cuts, grouping and movement, costume, set design and music. £27.80 net

Beethoven Studies 3

Edited by ALAN TYSON

This volume contains biographical, critical and analytical essays, as well as investigations of sketches, and will interest Beethoven enthusiasts as well as specialists. (The two previous volumes were published by W. W. Norton and OUP respectively.) £25.00 net

Universal Languages and Scientific Taxonomy in the Seventeenth Century

MARY BLAUGHTER

In the seventeenth century proposals and schemes for an artificial language intended to replace Latin as the international medium of communication gained currency. The author views the universal language movement in the context of the development of science, and discusses the particular language schemes proposed, illustrating how they evolved in tandem with scientific theory. £25.00 net

Horace on Poetry

Eclatius Book II: The Letters to Augustus and Florus

C. O. BRINK

The culminating volume in Professor Brink's three-volume commentary on Horace's critical writings, this book contains a critical text of the letters to Augustus and to Florus. The second half of the book consists of essays discussing the poet's introduction and bibliography have been provided by the translators. £27.50 net

New in paperback

A Discourse on Property

John Locke and his Adversaries

JAMES TULLY

... as a treatment of Locke's views on property (a fairly central topic in the history of political ideas) Tully's book is a huge advance on any previous account. John Dunn, *London Review of Books* Paperback £4.95 net

Abridged paperback edition

New Essays on Human Understanding

G. W. LEIBNIZ

Translated and edited by PETER REMNANT and JONATHAN BENNETT. An abridgement of the complete translation of the *New Essays* which was published in 1981, this volume is intended for use as a study text. The material extraneous to philosophy and the glossary of notes have been omitted, and a new philosophical introduction and bibliography have been provided by the translators. Paperback £6.50 net

Hegel's Dialectic and its Criticism

MICHAEL ROSEN

Michael Rosen's challenging book argues that Hegel's philosophy does not draw upon a universal and presuppositional conception of rationality. Rather, Hegel's originality lies in founding his system upon a particular, grounded, mythical conception of philosophical experience—pure Thought. £17.50 net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

How to fill the White House

H. G. Nicholas

RICHARD P. MCCORMICK

The Presidential Game: The Origins of American Presidential Politics
279pp. Oxford University Press. £14.00 19 503015 X

M. J. HEALE

The Presidential Quest: Candidates and images in American political culture, 1787-1852

268pp. Longman. £5.95. 0 582 29542 4

JOEL K. GOLDSTEIN

The Modern American Vice-Presidency: The Transformation of a Political Institution

409pp. Guilford: Princeton University Press. £19.80 (paperback, £5.60). 0 691 07636 7

The infant American republic perfectly exemplified the distrust of executive power characteristic of eighteenth-century liberal revolutionaries. What it sought first was the overthrow of a government. What it sought next was the enthronement of the principle of popular representation. Only third in its priorities was the establishment of a nation-wide administrative system of its own. Had not a Congress been adequate to direct a commander-in-chief and wage – and win – a war of independence? Had not a Congress proved adequate to effect the transition from war to peace? Was it, after all, as obvious as the pundits insisted, that in addition to executive departments there had to be a chief executive, a civilian George Washington, no less, to organize and run the federal government? What had the long rule of George III taught if not that a single chief executive meant a menacing concentration of power, that with power went patronage and with patronage corruption, and with both, faction and the elevation of sectional interests above those of the whole? Was it for this that patriots had fought and died?

So not only was it 1789 before the need for a federal executive was grudgingly conceded; at Philadelphia itself it was not until the last few weeks of the Convention that the dimensions of the presidential office began to take shape, and only in the last hectic days was an acceptable plan for election contrived. At the heart of the problem, the need to combine the classic virtues of executive energy and legislative control, initiative and restraint, federal responsibility and state (and private) liberties. Without the availability of the generally acceptable Hero of the Revolution to launch the whole experiment it is doubtful whether the gamble on a one-man executive would have been taken at all. And the moment George Washington stepped down at the end of his second term the weaknesses of the Philadelphia solution revealed themselves anew.

The aim of securing a President of all the people by eliminating, as nearly as possible, the people themselves from his selection, was immediately demonstrated to be unrealistic. The electoral college of the Pounding Fathers' convention, which in disinterested candour would sift and select the best man to lead the nation, ignoring party claims, pretensions and vulgar popularity, degenerated into an assortment of rubber stamps who merely registered the product of regional rivalry and factional conflict. The process by which these illustrious of eighteenth-century Rousseauism were shattered by the realities of Tocqueville's nineteenth-century "tyrannical majorities" is essentially the theme of both Richard P. McCormick's and M. J. Heale's books. From title to content they appear, at first sight, to cover identical ground and to reach the same conclusions. In fact they have different emphases which reflect the author's divergent interests.

Professor McCormick is primarily concerned with the evolution of constitutional and political processes. In consequence he gives prominence to the early years of the Republic, to the proceedings of the Philadelphia

Convention and sees the subsequent developments in "the game for the Presidency" as phases in the adaptation of the game to match the developments in the American party system. Those phases he identifies as four. There is an uncertain era from 1789 to 1804 when the unanticipated consequences of Art III, Section 1, 3 lead to confusion over the system of presidential selection. When this is cleared up by the passage of the Twelfth Amendment the power of the Virginia dynasty determines that until 1824 the "game" shall be played according to Virginia rules. The twenty years following the end of Virginia's ascendancy see a turbulent contest of sectional-based factions. Party is a dirty word on everyone's lips, but is taking shape in everyone's heart. Fourthly and finally, by 1841 it emerges as the accepted reality, as the essence in fact of the presidential game. The electorate reaches mass proportions. Democracy has arrived. The contest for the presidency has assumed something very like the modern shape. The contest is about parties, even if, as so often happens, the parties are about the winning of the presidency.

Both authors limit their detailed study to the period before the Civil War, though McCormick has an interesting epilogue in which he argues that the long duration of his fourth phase is now drawing to a close with the decline of the American party system, since the New Deal and Fair Deal. He indulges in some interesting speculations as to what this may mean for the presidential office. But though periods and, up to a point, contents of the two studies are similar, the differences in their treatment are substantial. Heale's "presidential quest" begins essentially after the Convention has done its work and does not look beyond 1850. This leaves him generous room, in a treatment in any case more sparsely planned, to explore the cultural and sociological evolution of the half-century. If this spaciousness has occasionally led him to indulge in a little repetition, that is a small price to pay for a treatment which gains force and colour from its breadth and detail. Heale piles a lively pen and has splendid material in his theme.

At the centre of his depiction stands the figure of the Mute Tribune, the president in *posse*, the man of the office but to whom is not supposed to seek the office but to maintain himself in a dignified posture of availability until it seeks him, ready to serve but innocent of all dangerous, monarchical aspiration to rule, free, moreover, from the perverting ties of party or faction. From this develops the fascinating paradox of the "back porch campaign", the Cincinnati syndrome, the acceptance of the presidential call with affected surprise, the fitting on of the presidential crown with modestly averted gaze, the pretence of amateur status maintained long after the professional has brought home the bacon. Heale conducts his reader on an engaging exploration of this hidden highway to the White House, and depicts the accompanying process of image-making and image-selling by every device from the hagiographic biography to the campaign button. He goes on to show how two varieties of presidential timber, the military hero and the "dark horse", lend themselves particularly well to being carved into shapes with electoral appeal. From this subtle, detailed and scholarly inquiry there emerges a penetrating portrait of the kind of man Americans sought to lead them from independence to Civil War, and the kind of process they evolved for guiding his progress from Log Cabin to White House.

In all this nothing is more complex than the role of party, which Heale unravels with patience and skill. As the republic grows up, the demands for democracy mount, yet party retains its poor odour; at its best aiming at only the partial, not the general, interest, at its worst, bringing in jobbery and corruption, sectional selfishness and religious bigotry in its wake. Heale shows how Whigs and Democrats evolved distinctive solutions to the problem, which the idea of party presented in these circumstances, the Democrats accepting their party character but claiming that their party

comprises all the virtues and patriots that the state could require and that outside their orbit there could be no salvation, the Whigs opting for the ultimately self-destructive alternative of "resorting to party forms to resist the idea of party". From this follows the contrast in their standard-bearers, the Whig claiming to transcend party and section and taking George Washington as his exemplar, his opponent boasting of his fidelity to the Democratic creed and following and taking as his model the figure of Andrew Jackson. To this is added the further paradox that because they were the minority party it was the Whigs who made the going in the development of party organization and its attendant ballyhoo, seeking to make up in efficiency what they lacked in mass devotion. All this and more, Heale delineates with care and elegance, drawing on a mass of contemporary material. Only one element is lacking from his broad coverage: like McCormick, but with less excuse (for "he is an Englishman"), he hardly ever sets the American phenomena which he understands so well in a comparative context, particularly in relation to British and French experience at roughly the same time. Here he might have found pointers a-plenty in the observations of European travellers on American goings-on, but alas the name Tocqueville occurs only twice in his pages and Charles Dickens not at all.

"Not worth a pitcher of warm spit" – "Cactus Jack" – Garner's characterization of his Vice-Presidential office does not appear in Joel K. Goldstein's pages – it is not, after all, for a doctoral dissertation to indulge in needless denigration of its topic. In fact the main thrust of Dr Goldstein's treatment begins where Garner's experience left off, in the development of the office over the past forty to fifty years. His concern is to show how the Vice-Presidency has become in the past few decades an important part of the American political system. Of course it remains true that its ultimate importance derives from the relatively good odds that its incumbent may be called upon, at no notice, to exchange the role of heir for the throne itself. In thirty-eight presidencies the lightning (often in the form of an assassin's bullet) has struck nine times, and Goldstein makes out a convincing table of twenty other instances in which it scored a near miss.

Whodunnit in Dallas?

John Sparrow

MICHAEL L. KURTZ

Crime of the Century: The Kennedy Assassination from a Historian's Perspective

291pp. Brighton: Harvester. £12.95. 0 7108 0471 7

This book surveys the circumstances of the assassination of President Kennedy and the literature it gave rise to. It reviews in some detail the reports of the two official bodies that investigated the crime – the Warren Commission and the House Select Committee on Assassinations – and provides a selective bibliography of the "secondary" sources – including seventy books and some 200 articles. Michael L. Kurtz's survey is undertaken "from a historian's perspective": it does not attempt to "say the last word" – on this mystery the last word will never be said – but it is judicious, balanced, sensible. It passes by the productions of "irresponsible muckrakers" (like those who pointed the finger of suspicion at Lyndon Johnson as an accomplice in the crime), and critics (like Mark Lane, Harold Weisberg and Sylvia Meagher) whose "inability of distinguishing reliable evidence from speculation". The body of the book consists of a detailed examination of the evidence, followed by a chapter, "Some Questions", setting out thirty-seven crucial questions arising out of the evidence, and a final chapter, "Plotters and Their Deed", in which Professor Kurtz expounds his own "Reconstruction" of the assassination. It is a fair tribute to Kurtz's

treatment of his subject to say that it would be impossible to answer, within the limits of space imposed by a review in a journal, the case that he makes for concluding that the crime was the result of a conspiracy, and not the deed of a "lone assassin". He presents his case very fairly and does not overstate the probability of his conclusion. "Because of the conflicting evidence on the head wounds and movement", he says, "no definite conclusion can be reached about the number and direction of the fatal shot(s)". "There is, however," he continues, "a scientific test by which objective and definite conclusions about the head shots can be made", namely "neutron activation analysis". This test "strongly indicates more than one rifle". But he is forced to conclude that "the medical and ballistics evidence does not prove beyond a reasonable doubt that all shots were fired from the rear. Neither does it prove beyond a reasonable doubt that any shots were fired from the front". Until the missing parts of the President's brain can be located and pathologically dissected, he concludes, and until complete and accurate neutron activation analysis can be performed, we shall not know with certainty how many shots were fired nor where they were fired from.

Kurtz's conclusions are on the whole fairly presented; but it must be said that the arguments with which he supports them and his comments on the evidence are at some points open to challenge. In particular, he is often unduly harsh in his criticisms of the Warren Commission. Take, for instance, the following: "The physical and documentary evidence, as well as the testimony of eye-witnesses, clearly establish the fact that the Warren Commission had presumed Lee



CHESTERFIELD Buy the beautiful Christmas and New Year's cards.

The President of the United States in early acting days promoting, while wearing a black tie, cigarettes, the film Hong Kong (1951) and, more indirectly, a volume of Kipling's Collected Verse. "Oh East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet!" is, however, a sentiment confounded in personal, if not political, terms by Hong Kong in which Reagan flees from evil Sino-communists with a Chinese boy who has secreted about his person a golden idol. Kipling perhaps owes his place on the table to his couplet: "A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke; And a woman is only a woman, but a good Cigar is a smoke." This advertisement is included in Advertising: Reflections of a Century by Brian Holme (324pp. Heinemann. £20. 0 434 34540 7).

The nub, however, of his argument is that the office has grown in power for supplementary reasons. Presidents increasingly make grants of power to their undersecretaries, making them members of the Cabinet and the National Security Council, and entrusting more important commissions to them at home and abroad in politics and diplomacy. This in turn is linked to a change in the selection process, with the old idea of "balancing the ticket" giving way to a modern emphasis on the Vice-

President as supporter of his chief, a campaigner and trouble-shooter – indeed as an all-purpose recipient of the spill-over of a presidential office which has become immensely demanding of its incumbent. All this, together with the current status of various notions for reforming the office (a hardly perennial), Dr Goldstein analyses with accuracy and thoroughness. His book must now stand as the most comprehensive up-to-date treatment of its theme.

Harvey Oswald guilty and [my italics] attempted to fabricate a case against him? Again with regard to the conflict of evidence about the circumstances in which Oswald escaped from the scene of the murder, Kurtz asserts that "It should be obvious to the disinterested observer that the Warren Commission was trying [again, my italics] to fabricate a case against Oswald as a lone assassin and murderer."

Further, with reference to Oswald's attempt to kill Major-General Walker in April 1963, the Warren Commission observed – surely with moderation! – that this "demonstrated his disposition to take human life". Kurtz's comment on this is that "the attempt on General Walker's life is beyond the scope of this book. Obviously, [my italics] if he had been bearing on the question of whether or not Oswald shot President Kennedy over seven months later... Does he really suggest that if Oswald's attempt on General Walker's life had occurred within, say, three months of the Kennedy assassination, that would have increased its relevance as evidence of his "disposition to take human life"?

Professor Kurtz's book is, however, likely to become a standard summary of the problem presented by the Kennedy assassination. It is a worthwhile, therefore, to record one or two points, trivial though they may be, that call for the author's attention when he is preparing a reprint. "Counsel" appears as the plural of "counsel", "affidavit" occurs on more than half-a-dozen occasions, "hemorrhaging" is a "precipitous decision", "an extremely useful [my italics] in determining, and a bogus group set up to distract [my italics] attention from".

The imbalance of power

Paul Johnson

ANTHONY SAMPSON

The Changing Anatomy of Britain 476pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £9.95. 0 340 20964 X

SAMUEL H. BEER

Britain Against Itself: The Political Contradictions of Collectivism 231pp. Faber. £9.50. 0 571 11918 2

Less than twenty years ago, academic writers on politics still cited Britain as a model of what they liked to term the "civic culture". Modern British Politics (1965) by Samuel H. Beer of Harvard was essentially a story of success. The same year Richard Rose's Politics in England asserted: "Just as Alexis de Tocqueville travelled to America in 1831 to seek the secrets of democracy, so today we might travel to England in search of the secrets of stable democracy". Today Britain is commonly seen as a model of failure: that is essentially what Professor Beer's new book is about; and Anthony Sampson, whose original Anatomy of Britain (1962) accused us of complacency, now seeks a "cure to the British post-imperial malaise".

Both the optimism of the early 1960s and the pessimism of the early 1980s were and are slightly out of date, as indeed are these two books, for 1982 has been an exceptionally busy and illuminating year for Britain. Beer presents Mrs Thatcher as someone who, like all her recent predecessors, has been forced into a U-turn, and "Thatcherism" as dead: a view which looks quaint this autumn. Sampson has struggled hard to accommodate the "Falklands Factor" in last-minute revisions. But he has still been overtaken by the news in portraying Buckingham Palace as "the most efficient" British institution: "The British car industry collapsed, corporations went bankrupt and public services went on strike, but the Palace still worked like clockwork". Did it indeed? The images both of institutions and of nations change swiftly these days, and the headlines can cruelly undermine the confident maxima of a book which has gone to press only a few weeks before.

Nevertheless it is true enough that Britain's reputation as a well-governed country declined rapidly in the 1970s, even if the elements of a revival are now being assembled. Why? Sampson sticks to his theory of complacency and resistance to change, quoting J. H. Elliott on Imperial Spain: "Heirs to a society which had over-invested in an empire, and surrounded by the increasingly shabby remnants of a dwindling inheritance, they could not bring themselves at a moment of crisis to surrender their memories and alter the antique pattern of their lives". Beer's analysis is quite different. He sees the breakdown as due to two factors: what he calls the "contradictions of collectivism", principally the failure of a socialist society to halt the wages scramble and its divisive and inflationary consequences; and a more general cultural process, termed "the collapse of deference", which has undermined all institutions and authority and produced a "fragmentation of power".

Beer uses a lot of abstract academic jargon and is reluctant to deal concretely with such massive facts as trade union legal privileges (I recommend to him the 1981 HMSO publication Trade Union Immunities, a key document of our times). Yet I believe that his diagnosis is broadly on the right lines. It is not, as Sampson suggests, resistance to change but too much change which accelerated Britain's decline. The best way to illustrate this proposition is to examine in detail Sampson's own account of where power in Britain lies, an account which is still rooted in 1960s assumptions and is now seriously misleading.

Let us begin at the very centre, the Treasury. As Sir Lewis Namier pointed out many years ago, the essence of the English system of government, from Anglo-Norman times onwards, has been sound public finance, ultimately institutionalized in the system of

Treasury control. It is Sampson's contention that the power of the Treasury has grown: "the spiders' webs of the Treasury and the Cabinet Office were now still more centralised... the flow of power towards Whitehall and the Treasury has increased over recent years." The truth is quite the reverse. Treasury control has virtually broken down. I would date the critical moment as January 1958 when Harold Macmillan, the first of the big spenders, was able to survive unscathed the indignation of resignations of his entire Treasury team. Since then it has been downhill all the way, though under Mrs Thatcher desperate and so far largely unavailing efforts are being made by a strong Treasury group of ministers to get public spending back under supervision. When I investigated the central government financial system at the end of the 1970s, I found that the auditing methods, compared with those in the United States, Canada and Australia, were grotesquely inadequate: that the Public Accounts Committee of the Commons was denied access to large areas of spending; that forty-four overburdened men were responsible for accounting for £40,000 million a year; that the staff of the Comptroller and Auditor-General was inadequate in view of the vast increase in public spending; and that the Treasury itself was overwhelmed.

These are arcane and complicated matters, tedious to describe, but immensely important; lower standards in central government finance, caused by over-rapid change in the scale and pattern of spending, are probably the biggest single cause of Britain's troubles. A book anatomizing Britain ought to have a clear description of how the system is supposed to work and why it does not. But Sampson is still mesmerized by a long-vanished Treasury paramoury. Nor is he more impressive on spending by individual departments. He has something to say about Mrs Thatcher's watchdog, Sir Derek Rayner; but he does not deal with the far more illuminating experiences of Leslie Chapman, both in central government and at London Transport, which come closer than anything else to telling us the ugly truth about the qualitative decline in British government.

Sampson is handicapped, I suspect, by the philosophical assumptions of his own progressive opinions: they were an advantage when he first wrote in 1962, they are a source of opacity and what is inclined to believe that today. He is still inclined to believe that government expenditure is a good in itself, that the rise of the public, and the decline of the private, sector is to the general advantage; and that the acquisition of private wealth is antisocial. He professes himself opposed to concentrations of power, especially occult ones, but he does not seem to grasp that the changes he advocates usually produce precisely the hidden nodules of irresponsible authority which he most deplores. He complains at length, for instance, of the overweening financial muscle of the "faceless men" who run the insurance companies and pensions funds – a reiterated grievance on the Left. But how did this irresponsible concentration of power come about? It is largely due to a collectivist tax philosophy which makes it inevitable that savings will be channelled into a few institutions rather than held and controlled individually by millions of ordinary people. Sampson deals with this crucial point in a sentence; indeed he has no real analysis of British tax policy and its social and economic consequences, another big lacuna in his book. He cannot see that the widespread distributing of property is the best underpinning of democracy and social order, a point that eludes Beer also.

The truth is that Sampson is still imprisoned in the mental climate of the 1960s. He is obsessed with public schools, especially Eton, a King Charles's head which rears itself with deafening monotony throughout the book. The fact that Old Etonians are numerous in the cabinet and the boardroom (and in Britain's jails for that matter) does not prove that Eton occupies a special place in the anatomy of British power and that there is a hidden public-school network in

operation. All it demonstrates is the truism that the rich and powerful, whose children will do well anyway, tend to send them to the best and most fashionable academies. Sampson confuses the symptom with the substance. All that he achieves is the over-simplification characteristic of Left-wing demonology. Abolish the public schools and power will return to the people! In his tables showing who controls the clearing banks, the accepting houses, the main life insurance companies and the nationalized industries, Sampson tells us which schools the chaps went to, as though this is of vital importance. Instead he might have told us how much wealth these individuals possess and what proportion of it was inherited or earned. There is a methodological point here, of course. The first category of information can be easily found in Who's Who, Sampson's indispensable source; the second, which actually tells us something important, requires hard-slogging research.

It is significant, I think, of the obsolescence of Sampson's approach that his notion of structure of power is still essentially that of a generation ago. He underplays or ignores the emergence of new centres, above all in the public sector, which has expanded enormously since 1962. To him, quangoland is largely unexplored territory. He has virtually nothing to say about the race relations industry, something which did not exist in 1962 but which is now a burgeoning growth-point especially in local government and the inner cities. He has in fact little to say about the non-white component in Britain's anatomy or, for that matter, about the women's movement. He has missed the fact that "quangos" is now increasingly institutionalized and publicly financed. He does not anatomize really important quangos like the Manpower Services Commission, which spends a billion pounds a year. Nor does he make much use of such key official sources as the Survey of Fringe Bodies, List of Members of Public Boards of a Commercial Character and a Directory of Paid Public Appointments Made by Ministers. He is silent on the names of the system of public patronage which has come into existence in the past two decades and which is one of the most prominent and objectionable features of British public life today. He writes of "interlocking directorships" and Old Etonian "tribalism" (a favourite word). But he does not tell us about a system which in 1978, for instance, gave one prominent union leader no less than thirteen quango appointments, with an academic as runner-up (eleven). There is no entry under "quango" in Sampson's index.

Equally, though Sampson deals with the expansion of the university system, he does not examine its political consequences. Since he first wrote in 1962, academia has been to a great extent radicalized, shifting the intellectual consensus in many ways markedly to the Left. Some would judge this the most important phenomenon of the past two decades, but Sampson is not interested. It is, on higher education that the stereotypes of his left-liberal opinions show most clearly. The Open University, whose more blatantly Marxist courses are now under investigation by the Department of Education, is described as "a remarkable achievement", "one of the very few brand-new institutions in Britain which has held its own". "Unique achievement" whose "test-books" are "models of careful communication". But there is no analysis of the background of its staff (a technique Sampson is quick to apply in other contexts), and no informed estimate of the value of its degrees. His passage on the OU reads, like a publicity handout. By contrast, there is only one oblique mention of what he meekly terms the "independent University" of Buckingham; a private affair which, with no public support and a great deal of official obstruction, has established a solid academic reputation.

Sampson's indifference to the impact of academia on the public mould – he does not, for instance, examine the immense changes in university curricula which have taken

Paul-Gabriel Boucé editor
07190 0865 4 £19.50 October

Descartes' philosophy of science

Desmond M. Clarke
07190 0868 9 £19.00 October
Studies in intellectual history

Newcastle upon Tyne

J. J. Anderson editor
07190 0892 1 £45.00 approx November
Records of Early English Drama

The Hallé 1858-1983

Michael Kennedy
07190 0921 9 cloth 07190 0932 4 paper
£10.00 approx and £4.50 approx November

Volpone

Ben Jonson edited by R. B. Parker
07190 1529 4 £25.00 approx November
The Revels Plays

The Corsican time-bomb

Robert Rameay
07190 0893 X £21.00 approx December

Portugal

Atwentieth-century interpretation
Tom Gallagher
07190 0876 X £19.50 approx January

The achievement of Ted Hughes

Keith Sagar editor
07190 0889 1 £25.00 approx January

Further information and catalogues available on request

Manchester University Press
Oxford Road Manchester M13 9PL

manchester



Please order directly from
Zentralantiquariat der DDR
DDR-7010 Leipzig,
Postfach 1080

Fischer, Paul
Goethe-Wortschatz. Ein sprachgeschichtliches Wörterbuch zu Goethes sämtlichen Werken. Leipzig 1929. (Reprint Leipzig 1982). 918 S. Leinen M 164.-

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang - (Bernhard Theodor Breitkopf).
Leipzig 1770. Neue Lieder in Melodie gesetzt von Bernhard Theodor Breitkopf. (Reprint Leipzig 1982). Quer-4°. 2 Blatt, 43 S. Leinen M 42.-

Koudell, Elise
Goethe als Benutzer der Weimarer Bibliothek. Ein Verzeichnis der von ihm entlehnten Werke. Mit einem Vorwort von W. Daeßler. Mit Tafel. XIII, 391 S. -

Bulling, Karl
Goethe als Erneuerer und Benutzer der Jenaischen Bibliotheken. Gedenkgabe der Universitätsbibliothek Jena zu Goethes hundertstem Todestag. Mit 14 Tafeln. XI, 87 S. (Claves Jenenses, H. 2). 2 Tle. In 1. Bd. Weimar u. Jena 1931-32. (Reprint Leipzig 1982). Leinen M 82.-

Henning, Hans
Lesings "Emilia Galotti" in der zeitgenössischen Rezeption. Erstausgabe; zeitgenössische Quellen, Anmerkungen und Register. Leipzig 1980. IV, 480 S. -

(Werk und Wirkung: Dokumentation zur deutschen Literatur. Bd. 2)

Sansoni Editore
FIRENZE

The Sansoni Dictionaries

ENGLISH - ITALIAN
ITALIAN - ENGLISH

edited by the Centro
Lessicografico Sansoni under
the general editorship of
Vladimiro Macchi
published in U.K.
by COLLINS

GERMAN - ITALIAN
ITALIAN - GERMAN

edited by the Centro
Lessicografico Sansoni under
the general editorship of
Vladimiro Macchi

Art Books

Alberto Busignani
GLI EROI DI RIACE -
DAIMON E TEICHNE

fotografie di
Liberto Perugi

English edition:
THE BRONZES OF RIACE
foreword by Michael Grant
Sansoni, Firenze
German edition:
DIE HEROEN VON RIACE
Präpflung (Ullstein Verlag,
Frankfurt am Main)

Umberto Baldini
MICHELANGELO
SCULTORE

fotografie di
Liberto Perugi
English edition:
THE SCULPTURE OF
MICHELANGELO
Rizzoli Int., New York
THE COMPLETE
SCULPTURE OF
MICHELANGELO
Thames and Hudson, London
German edition:
MICHELANGELO, DIE
SKÜLPTUREN
Klett-Cotta, Stuttgart

Giuliano Briganti
PIETRO DA
CORTONA

PALLADIO E
VENEZIA

edited by Lionello Puppi

METODO E
SCIENZA

Operatività e ricerca nel
restauro
a cura di Umberto Baldini
Catalogo della Mostra
Firenze - Palazzo Vecchio,
giugno 82 - gennaio 83
METHOD AND SCIENCE
Restoration procedures and research
edited by Umberto Baldini

Mila Mastrolocco
LE MUTAZIONI DI
PROTEO

I giardini medicei del
Chigiostro
THE MUTATIONS OF PROTEO
The Medici gardens of the Chigiostro

Angelica Alvera
Bortolotto
STORIA DELLA
CERAMICA A
VENEZIA

dagli albori alla fine della
Repubblica
HISTORY OF CERAMICS IN THE
VENETIAN REPUBLIC

in the last quarter-century - reflects a general blindness to the way that new ideas remodel institutions. His discussion of the law, though reasonable enough so far as it goes, ignores the influence on younger lawyers of Herbert Hart's philosophy of jurisprudence and its more extreme exponents. The challenge to traditional notions of lawful behaviour has been, to be sure, less strident here than in America. But it has taken place none the less - is indeed an important part of Beer's "collapse of deference". It is reflected in the rise of the Law Centres, an institution Sampson does not investigate, and has been aggravated by fundamental and ill-considered changes in the notion of jury service, another shift of power which eludes him. The deterioration of public respect for the law as it stands is analogous to the collapse of Treasury control in its practical impact on the lives of ordinary people.

Unfortunately Sampson does not deal with this last point. His section on the police is particularly subjective. They are described as "the most powerful and least accountable of any in Western Europe" on the mere assertion of Lord Gardiner, not a good authority in this context. Sampson's views on the police reflect those of the untypical John Alderson; mainstream Chief Constables are dismissed as "authoritarian" or "obsessed by the danger of Marxist conspiracies" or, at best, "a very intelligent authoritarian". Once one asks the simple question how the law, which is democratically enacted, can be enforced except in an authoritarian manner one realizes the glibness of Sampson's approach. What is missing from his analysis is a discussion of perhaps the most important development of the past two decades: the impact on the police, and still more the public's relations with them, of television portrayal of police behaviour, which has been totally transformed from Jack Warner-type reassurance to the latest hostile BBC image.

Indeed Sampson consistently

understates the role of the modern media as a dissolver of society. Of course he discusses the media at length, but in terms of old-fashioned Left-wing analysis: who is the proprietor, what institution owns the shares? The media are thus presented as an aspect of the traditional power-structure, as something that needs to be changed, "modernized", etc. Sampson does not sufficiently distinguish between ownership and control, a gap which has widened immeasurably since he first began writing. Proprietorial authority has largely collapsed under the impact of editorial prerogative reinforced by the Monopolies Commission and boards of "independent directors", the rise of a militant NUJ and the imposition of journalistic closed shops, the obstacles presented by the 1975 Employment Protection Act and NUJ rules to editorial discipline and, not least, the growth of "Media Studies" at the universities. Sampson gives little weight to these factors. He has no discussion of the relentless pressures exerted by such new institutions as the Glasgow Media Group and the Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom or the growing tendency of closed-shop print unions to impose editorial censorship. All this is part of Sampson's ineradicable tendency to see power in board-room terms only; while mesmerized by Rupert Murdoch and "Tiny" Rowland (who, he correctly remarks, were the only big shots who declined to see him), he ignores novel developments lower down.

The divorce between ownership and control is, of course, still more pronounced in television. The BBC is supposedly owned by the nation but in fact firmly in the hands of a left-liberal oligarchy. The table on pages 412-3 of Sampson's book, showing the structure of independent TV suggests, and is meant to suggest, that it is the playground of big business and the Right. No one would know, from Sampson's account, that Arthur Scargill, for instance, was made boss of the miners largely through the massive

and continuous publicity he was accorded by Yorkshire TV and the BBC. Sampson rightly recognizes that the re-allocation of television licences in the winter of 1980-1 was an indefensible exercise in pure patronage. He does not tell us that it constituted a marked shift to the Left. To discover the anatomy of power in British television I do not want to be told that EMI hold 50 per cent of the shares of Thames: I want to know the backgrounds of its heads of programmes and documentaries. It matters little that George Howard is "an old Etonian who went to Balliol" and owns a "vast country house". What do matter are the views of the people who run BBC current affairs and documentaries, *Pahorana*, *Nationwide* and so forth. Sampson is not much good for this kind of information. He does not, for instance, take us inside the power-structure of the most durable Left-wing station, Granada; he does not examine the senior personnel appointed by Jeremy Isaacs to run Channel Four. Though critical of the power wielded by traditional elites, he is sympathetic to the monopolistic claims of the unrepresentative but progressive TV elite, with their fly-blown philosophy of "public service broadcasting". He misses the point about the current debate on cable TV and other forms of expansion, which is not about quality (that is pure BBC-TV propaganda) but the freedom to publish, as Peter Jay has so eloquently insisted. Nor has he much to say about another and complementary phenomenon which has developed since 1962: the vast expansion of public-sector culture, now costing central government alone over £100 million a year, plus rising sums from local authorities, overwhelmingly reflecting the views of a narrow-based and generally intolerant ultra-liberal elite.

If I have dwelt on Sampson's shortcomings at length and with some severity, it is a testimony to the importance I attach to the *Anatomy of Britain* and its successors. It has been

one of the most influential publishing enterprises of our time, and is in no small degree to blame for some of the destructive illusions which, as Beer puts it, have divided Britain against itself. As the present volume seems likely to continue the run of success, it is necessary to point out that Sampson's analysis of where power lies in Britain today is much more subjective than it appears and even covertly partisan. It is a pity that it presents in many ways closer to the realities of the 1960s than to the new Britain created by the gigantism of the public sector, hyperinflation and long-term recession. Old Etonian Conspiracy Theory no longer works, it ever did. If one is asked where power in Britain lies today one might be inclined to answer: everywhere - and nowhere. Power has become widely diffused in Britain, but it is chiefly negative power: the right or ability to prevent, impede, destroy, delay and brake. The problem is how to create a superior concentration of positive and creative power, which can carry on into the twenty-first century in the end it may well be by a return to traditional English values and by a wholesale repudiation of the 1960s conventional wisdom which Sampson's *Anatomies* so accurately reflect.

The sixth series of 1:250,000 Ordnance Survey maps, has recently been published in a single book, *The Ordnance Survey Atlas of Great Britain* (224pp, Country Life Books, £12.95, 0 600 35005 3), together with an index of more than 32,000 place names accompanied by their National Grid reference numbers. In addition to the maps, the changing anatomy of Britain is traced in some detail in two essays by R. A. Butlin and M. J. Wise, illustrated by seventeen further maps depicting such things as the movement and changing distribution of population, the agricultural and industrial revolutions, "The Crisis of the 1930s", "Planning for Leisure" and "Cultural Diversity".

showing to what marks the male-grub was expected to grow; and two inch deep honey-magazines, empty, but still magnificent; the whole gummed and glued into twisted scrap-work, awry on the wires; half-cells, beginnings abandoned, or grandiose, weak-walled, composite cells pieced out with rubbish and capped with dirt.

This extraordinary structure is reminiscent both of an ancient Indian ruin and the Bodleian Library: it is a piece of sacred architecture and perfected culture which the ancestral side of Kipling's imagination reveres even as his ruthlessly progressive commitment welcomes the cleansing of the hive. In a brusque switch of tone he adds: "Good or bad, every inch of it was so riddled by the tunnels of the Wax-moth that it broke in clouds of dust as it was flung on the heap." This is what is meant by saying "1919 is dead" and it has something of the destructive joy which can be felt in so many of Yeats's poems. A joy that is pushed so far it eventually prays for its creative opposite: "O honey-bees, Come build in the empty house of the stare". Significantly, this prayer for form and honey issued from a state of civil war, and for the patrician or traditional Tory the art of government lies in avoiding the civil disorder which follows from polarization.

The possession of a conservative temperament has very little to do with actual politics and it is perfectly possible for someone to have a natural affection for rats and changeable backwaters without voting for a party that believes in the status quo. My own experience of growing up in an inert and timid conservative state which then disintegrated into tragic violence has made me incapable of ever voting Tory. However, I have to recognize that while the imagination depends for its dangerous thrills on a dedicated and innovative urgency, it ultimately draws on those ancestral genealogies which too many non-conservatives ignore. On the other hand, the dullness of most of the contributors to this anthology, its drab and lacklustre design, and Mr Kirk's complacently undistinguished prose inspire neither confidence nor respect.

Built-in meanings

Andrew Saint

JOSEPH RYKWERT

The Necessity of Artifice

143pp with black-and-white illustrations. Academy Editions. £15.95 (paperback, £9.95). 85670 761 9

DEMETRI PORPHYRIOS

Sources of Modern Eclecticism: Studies on Alvar Aalto

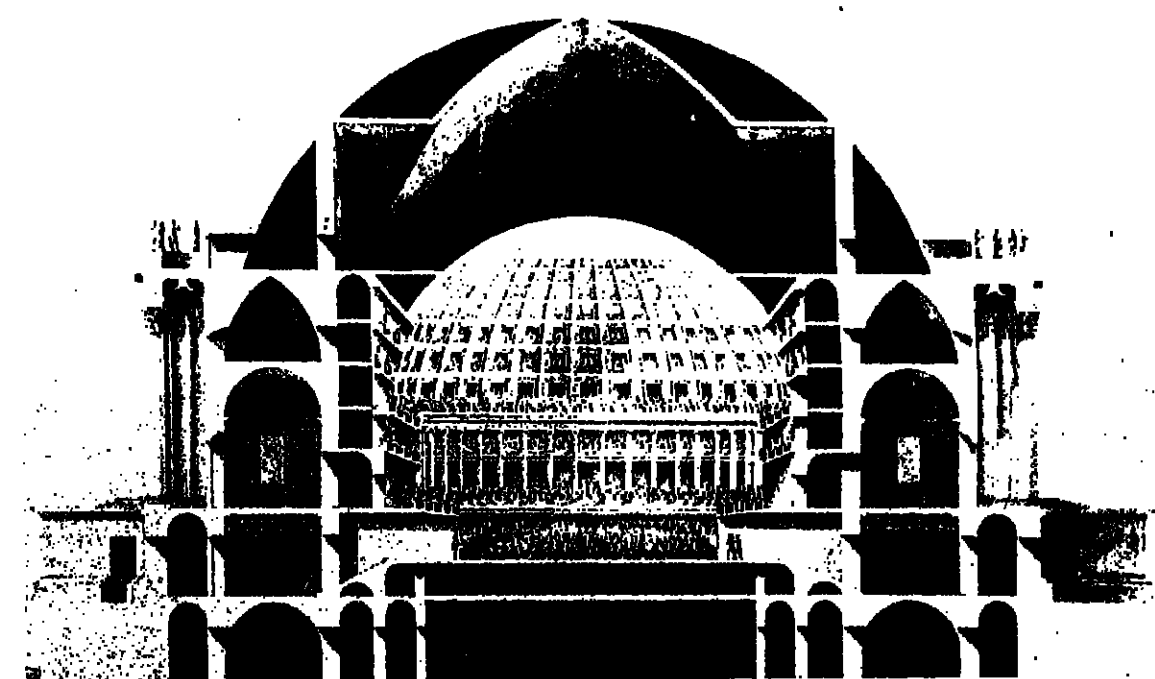
138pp with black-and-white illustrations. Academy Editions. £15.95 (paperback, £12.50). 85670 766 X

Having bequeathed their past to professional historians, architects now do not write in as much depth as they once did about their history. Here are two very erudite exceptions. At first sight they could hardly differ more. Joseph Rykwert, our leading architectural scholar in Britain today, has collected a set of essays which range easily and cleverly over a vast plain of artistic enquiry; by contrast Demetri Porphyrios contributes a jargon-laden study centred upon a single architect, Alvar Aalto. Yet the books are linked by a common purpose which lifts them above the drudgeries of the workaday historian - the urge to advance the contemporary theory and practice of design through a broader understanding of "meaning" in architecture.

In the broadest of terms, the gospel which the two authors preach is the same. It is neatly encapsulated in Rykwert's title: *The Necessity of Artifice*. Architects and designers, the authors agree, must extend themselves beyond what is just rational or functional or scientific. But however they present that extra element which we call art, it must be deeply conceived, humanely ordered and surely revealed. Set forth thus, the idea is a mere platitudinous symptom of the forces luring today's architects away from the once limpid-seeming waters of Modern-Movement ideology to the richer but darker pools of artistic theory. It is in the manner of this idea's development that the books' merits lie.

Joseph Rykwert's eighteen essays cover a span going back twenty-five years; almost all attempt to move forward from this "core" position in a similar direction. This consistency, more perhaps than the quality of any individual essay, is what makes his book impressive. To see Rykwert's approach to the puzzle of meaning in architecture regularly deployed with depth and erudition is both fascinating and rewarding. Very properly, the general lines of what he has to say are laid out in the first essay, an early piece entitled "Meaning and Building". Surveying modern architecture from the standpoint of the late 1950s, when the first cracks in the façade of rationalist theory were starting to show, the author urges designers to attend to "memory and association" and instill into their work the significance which psychologists and anthropologists say lies hidden in familiar objects. Not, he adds, that architects should manipulate these symbols as does the advertising industry; rather, they should be used to "make every building an integrating, reconciling and cleansing form".

This European (one might say Warburgian) obsession with hermetic, beneficial meanings in architectural form pervades Rykwert's historical writings as well as his purer "think pieces". A typical essay, allusive but charming, muses upon a passage in Vitruvius which most readers pass over as childish on the evolution of the Corinthian order, to make the point that architectural elements which may seem formal and stale often have rich, half-perceived cultural resonances. Another piece inveighs against the much-admired French classicists Boullée and Durand from a similar position. In reducing the language of architecture to mere elements and shapes, argues Rykwert, they impoverished it, and made it ossified and meaningless - the kind of symbolism embodied in Boullée's fantasies is rigidly geometrical and leaves nothing to the unconscious. A third essay, on the early or "dark"



A section of Etienne-Louis Boullée's plan for a "Salle d'Opéra" in Paris. Few of his projects, conceived with the inflexible laws of nature in mind, ever got past the watercolour stage - like the vast, spherical "Cenotaph to Newton". Reproduced from *The Necessity of Artifice*, reviewed here.

period of the Bauhaus, upholds the speculative teaching methods practised by the garlic-chewing Johannes Itten against the technological heresies which increasingly overtook the school after 1923.

Rykwert's heroes are those who have wrestled most closely with this business of meaning in architecture. That is to say, he admires most not so much those who have defined the concept in a particular way and then expressed it clearly, like Gottfried Semper, who earns a scholarly but not specially sympathetic essay, as those for whom the significance of architectural form was a continuing enigma. Chief among the latter are the Viennese architect Adolf Loos and the eighteenth-century Venetian friar Carlo Lodoli, each of whom is honoured with an essay. In either case Rykwert is less concerned to endorse or even fully interpret their views (given the fragmentary sources, this would be an impossibility for Lodoli),

than to induce his reader to struggle with the self-same problems of representation, ornament and meaning. This crusade for due attention to meaning in architectural form is carried through with immense versatility, in essays ranging from primitive anthropology to the latest piece of chic at the Italian Biennale. One hesitates to call too crude a halt to so entertaining an enterprise. Nevertheless the coarser reader cannot help but ask: is any of this brilliant but often esoteric history of assistance to architects? What tangible advice is Rykwert really offering?

The short essay which gives the book its title mainly recapitulates "Meaning and Building", but is also the only one to go beyond it, by offering as a preliminary task for architects the restoration of some form of common "syntax" in architectural language. The thought is left hanging in the air, but it does not take much to see its

limitations. Our culture is too quick-moving for the unconscious meanings to which Rykwert is addicted to be satisfactorily generated; and it is too heterogeneous to suffer the imposition of a conscious, unified language of form of the type represented by the classical tradition of architecture. Architects lack the social authority to perform such tasks; they have other more urgent and more menial ones to do. No doubt their work has a "meaning", but it will be in vain to seek it merely in the outward forms which they employ.

The quest for a grander, more dignified philosophy of meaning for today's intellectually inclined architect to cherish, as he is in the shadows of post-modernism, also informs Porphyrios's *Sources of Modern Eclecticism*. Porphyrios's chances of pertinence are perhaps better than Rykwert's, because he confines himself to the plight of the twentieth-century architect. Yet his field of vision

is too narrow to offer all that much consolation, since his book concentrates upon a single architect, Alvar Aalto. It is not a monograph (of those there have been several already), but a work of theory centred upon the achievement of the great Finn. According to his assistant Karl Fleig, Aalto loathed theorizing, answering all such enquiries with the words "I build". But since Aalto also said "with every construction I write ten volumes of philosophy", to use him as a jumping-off point of departure seems fair enough.

Aalto's architecture, as is often observed, remained complex and expressive in a manner unique among accepted "masters" of the Modern Movement. Some of this came from the traditions of Scandinavian culture and building, which Porphyrios has studied thoroughly and illustrates helpfully. But it was also in great part the fruit of a very subtle and humane personal enterprise in architecture. The author's purpose boils down to a simple one: to encourage architects nurtured on the rigidities of the Beaux Arts and orthodox modernism to emulate Aalto's broad and imaginative sense of how buildings may be ordered and planned, and so to invest them with a richer and deeper meaning.

So far, so very good. What is wretched is the laboriousness with which this task is carried through. We endure "heterotopia" (cheers!) versus "homotopia" (groans!); "onomatopoeic and metaphoric modes of signification" (hurrah!); the "aesthetic, scientific and ethical valorization of nature" (muted foot-shuffling); and architecture as "disinterested *sensois* in search of a touch of culture" (gasps of respect). Who is going to read this dismal stuff? Underneath the verbiage it is all intelligent, deeply researched and well intended, but it is not going to gain any converts to Aalto's admirable approach to design. Unless, of course, one is cynical and concludes that a self-perpetuating conspiracy of architects and writers exists who will only take each other agoniously if they wrap what are relatively simple (though not so simple as the academic vocabulary) in such people cannot speak plainly with words, how can they convey their meaning in the infinitely more abstruse and more exciting medium of building?

The School of Criticism and Theory

SEVENTH SUMMER SESSION

at

Northwestern University

June 27-August 5, 1983

Directors: Geoffrey H. Hartman, Yale University
Faculty: Northrop Frye, University of Toronto
Geoffrey H. Hartman, Yale University
Ronald Hoar, Hunter College, City University of New York
W. J. T. Mitchell, University of Chicago
Michael Riffkind, Columbia University
Richard Rorty, University of Virginia
Hayden White, University of California, Santa Cruz

The School of Criticism and Theory will hold its seventh session from June 27 to August 5, 1983 on the Northwestern University campus. Those admitted to the School will work together as a community for six weeks to explore recent theoretical developments in literary and humanistic studies. Postdoctoral and graduate students from the fields of literature, the arts, the humanities, and the related social sciences are invited to apply for the approximately sixty spaces in the program. Tuition to \$845. Northwestern University offers ten fellowships for postdoctoral scholars who are still in the first ten years of their professional careers; some tuition scholarships are available. Since awards are so limited in number, candidates are urged to seek support from their home institutions.

Applications will be judged beginning on January 14, 1983. Decisions on admissions and on fellowships and scholarships will be announced on a "rolling basis" beginning in mid-February. The final roster of the School is expected to be complete by the end of April. Northwestern University practices a total program of non-discrimination in admission and employment.

For further information about the program and for application forms, write:

The School of Criticism and Theory
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
2003 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois 60201
815/499-8850

The School of Criticism and Theory is under the direction of its Board of Senior Fellows:
M. H. Abrams (Honorary)
Harold Adams
Ralph Freedman
Northrop Frye (Honorary)

Leonard B. Meyer
Michael Riffkind
Edward W. Said
Hayden White

LE MOYEN AGE

sous la direction de
ROBERT FOSSIER

- I. Les mondes nouveaux
350-950
- II. L'éveil de l'Europe
950-1250
- III. Le temps des crises
1250-1520

Toute une époque
dans sa longue durée

Un tableau d'ensemble qui
envisage simultanément :
l'Occident, l'Islam et Byzance,
leurs multiples contacts
leurs successives
prédominances.

Une histoire générale
qui aborde tous les aspects
de la vie des peuples :
social, économique,
politique, culturel, religieux
et artistique.

Une redécouverte du millénaire
où l'Europe a pris racines
et dont l'héritage
est toujours vivant.

Trois volumes abondamment
illustrés en noir et en couleur.
T.1 et 2: oct. 82 - T.3: mars 83

armand colin

FOIRE DE FRANCFORT
Stand G 907 Hall 5

THE OLEANDER PRESS LIMITED

THE LIFE AND MURDER OF
HENRY MORSEHEAD

Ian Morghaus
Whatever happened to Morghaus? Everard 1981 and
1982 and Survey of India cartography? His son
describes Morghaus' life in the Raj, and offers a
solution to the discrepancy Morghaus mystery.
Fully illustrated. Just out. £10.50 (US \$18.95
available).

THE OLEANDER PRESS GREGUERIAS

Ramón Gómez de la Serna

1800 of the widest aphorisms from a writer who is
in literature's ability to do in good his readers
education than an entertainment or relaxation. It is
not an easy read - even, or especially, great
books - not on so directly or predictably as that.
But, assuming they did, how was, how readable,
how knowledgeable, how intelligent, how tolerant,
how cultured one would be? - Neil Philip, British
Book News, £13.50 (Paperback \$24.95)

CHRISTMAS GAMES FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN

Oliver DeGeyre

Original, ingenious, such as: "Sudoku", "Crossword",
"Hangman", "Headlines", and "The Equator"
complement old favorites like the phonetic. Just out.
£4.95 (Paperback, \$1.99)

A LIFETIME'S READING

Philip Ward

"The touching thing about the book is the author's
wish in literature's ability to do in good his readers
education than an entertainment or relaxation. It is
not an easy read - even, or especially, great
books - not on so directly or predictably as that.
But, assuming they did, how was, how readable,
how knowledgeable, how intelligent, how tolerant,
how cultured one would be? - Neil Philip, British
Book News, £13.50 (Paperback \$24.95)

ART TREASURES OF SEOUL

Edward B. Adams

A comprehensive account of Korean art to be seen
in Seoul, with numerous color plates and maps.
£15.00

17 STANSFORD AVENUE
CAMBRIDGE CB2 2DZ

Openings on to the unknown

Peter Fawcett

MARCEL SCHWOB

Chroniques
Edited by John Alden Green
210pp. Geneva: Droz.

The King in the Golden Mask and
Other Writings
Selected, translated and introduced
by Iain White
186pp. Manchester: Carcanet New
Press. £6.95.

Like the archetypal Symbolist writer in
Oide's *Paludes*, Marcel Schwob lived
couped up in two tiny rooms in the Rue
de l'Université and dreamed of
faraway places. Occasionally he
dressed up as a Stevensonian pirate
and struck fear into the hearts of
passengers on cross-Channel steamers.
The furthest he ever went was to visit
Stevenson's tomb in the Pacific, but he
was so ill on arrival that he had to turn
back without even setting foot on
Samoa soil.

Of all the young writers who burst
upon the French literary scene in the
early 1890s, he was one of the strangest
and most interesting. The son of a
provincial newspaper-owner, he came
to Paris in 1882 to complete his
education. In 1889 he published his
first story in *L'Echo de Paris*, and two
years later was invited by Camille
Mendès to join him in the editorship of
his new literary supplement.

He was, it was said, phenomenally
intelligent. Reputed to have been
fluent in English and German by the
time he was three, he came top of the
list of *licenciés* in 1889. He studied
philology and Greek palaeography at
the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and did
research into Villon and the language
of the Coquillards under Auguste
Longnon at the Archives Nationales.
In 1889 he published an *Etude sur
l'argot français*, written in
collaboration with his colleague
Georges Guittey, who committed
suicide before it appeared.

His literary appearance was the cue
for much comment. Extremely short,
fat and ugly, he shaved his head almost
bald, provoking one contemporary to
describe him as being like a hard-boiled
egg without its shell. Wherever
he went, he carried a book stuffed in
his pocket, from which he gave
impromptu after-dinner readings. His
"plot" as he called it, anything from
Tacitus to Whitman. His apartment,
sandwiched between two floors, was
crowded with books and manuscripts,
and the mirror was covered over with
papers so that he should not catch sight
of himself unawares.

His own first book, *Cœur double*,
appeared in 1891. It was a collection of
stories, all previously published
elsewhere, preceded by a preface in
which it was explained that the stories
were arranged in a particular order to
illustrate the development of man from
the egoistic emotion of terror to the
altruistic feeling of pity. The preface
also launched in France the concept,
borrowed from Stevenson, of a "roman
d'aventures", which was to bear such
fruit eventually in Rivière's famous
articles in 1913.

The stories themselves are
masterpieces of the macabre, after the
manner of Poe, Stevenson and Mark
Twain. Schwob believed that, parallel
to ordinary society, there existed an
underworld community which it was
necessary to get to know in order to
understand the true character of an
age. This, together with his self-
confessed "goût de la criminalité",
explains his lifelong interest in Villon.
Although he became (rate when others
coloured that Villon could not be a
great poet because he was a thief, he
himself, tended towards the opposite
extreme of regarding Villon as a great
poet, simply because he had been a
thief.

His love of Stevenson dated from his
reading of *Treasure Island* during a
train-journey to the Midi. He wrote the
first of his four articles on Stevenson in
August 1888 and sent it, together with
an admiring letter, to his publisher,
from whom he heard that Stevenson
was "yaching in the Pacific".
Nevertheless, a correspondence was
struck up between them, which lasted

until Stevenson's death in 1894. What
Schwob particularly admired about
Stevenson was what he called his
"réalisme irréel", exemplified in such
phrases as the description of Long John
Silver "with his face as big as a ham".
No man has a face as big as a ham,
wrote Schwob. It was a similar
hallucinatory quality that he sought in
his own writing.

Cœur double was followed in 1892 by
a further collection of stories, *Le Roi
au masque d'or*. Schwob also believed
that there was only one thing left for
the writers of his generation to do after
their elders, "bien écrire". Nearly all
his stories, therefore, have their source
in his erudition and they aspire to the
status of myth. His aesthetic theories
were opposed to the kind of novel
being written by Zola or Bourget. He
thought that art was about to enter a
new period of synthesis, following one



Marcel Schwob drawn by Theodore
Spicer-Simon in 1900 (?). The frontis-
piece of the 1920 edition of Schwob's
collection of stories *Le Roi au Masque-
d'or* (Les Editions G. Cres).

of analysis, and that form would
become more important than content.
A novel of adventures, for him, was an
account of the successive coincidences
between the crises of the internal world
of human beings and the external
world of events, and *Hamlet* was its
modern archetype.

Aside from his own writings,
Schwob had a considerable influence
on a number of his contemporaries. He
was Claudel's closest confidant for a
while before the trainee-consul left for
America, and he encouraged him to
start translating Aeschylus. He became
the dedicatee of Valéry's *Introduction
à la méthode de Léonard de Vinci*. He
introduced Claudel to philology and to
Ibsen, and published Valéry's first works
in the supplement to *L'Echo de Paris*.

In 1893 he published *Mimesis*, an
exquisite series of pastiches of the
style of literature had fallen into
disrepute to be replaced by a more
natural and spontaneous kind of
writing. One who knew him only in his
last few years, Paul Léautaud, admired
him as a man but found his work
"triqué au possible". At his funeral
Alfred Jarry, who had dedicated *Ubu
roi* to him and had worn a pair of
Recluse shoes to Mallarmé's funeral,
removed his trousers from his socks as
a final mark of respect.

Schwob's memory was preserved
after his death by his widow and by his
disciple, Pierre Champion, who in the
1920s produced two rather
hagiographic studies of him and then,
between 1927 and 1930, in
collaboration with Marguerite
Moreno, ten volumes of *Œuvres
complètes*. In 1979 Hubert Juin made
the essential Schwob available again in
three volumes. In 10/18, Borges is one
of the modern writers who shows signs
of his influence, and Michel Raimond
has described him as "le plus intelligent
des conteurs de la génération
symboliste".

It is doubtful if the volume
Chroniques will do much to enhance
his reputation. John Alden Green has
for many years been collecting Schwob
memorabilia at a Brigham Young
University and is a leading authority
on his subject. He demonstrates
convincingly that, throughout most of
his life, Schwob was contributing daily
anonymous "lettres parisiennes" to his
father's newspaper, *Le Phare de la
Loire*, a selection of which are
reprinted here. They are, on the whole,
as ephemeral as their form
suggests. In the first half of the volume,
a number of little-known texts are
published, including the early article
"Paroles de Monelle" mentioned in
George de la Serna's *Paludes* (1949). There is a

hint that a third section was originally
envisaged - potentially the most
interesting - containing some of
Schwob's unpublished com-

ments. It seems a pity that the same title
should have been chosen as that
already given to a volume of the
Œuvres complètes and also intended
for Hubert Juin's proposed fourth
volume. There are a number of
irritating misprints, and Professor
Green's annotations vary both in their
usefulness and in their accuracy. The
Payne who translated Villon, for
example, was not John Howard Payne
(1791-1852), the actor and dramatist to
be found in the pages of *Encyclopædia
Britannica*, but John Payne (1890-
1916), the poet described in the British
Library catalogue as "author of *The
Mask of Shadows*".

Iain White makes much of the
Borges connection in the introduction
to his translation of a comprehensive
selection of Schwob's stories under the
title *The King in the Golden Mask*,
reminding us, for example, that
Victoria Ocampo, who in 1931
founded the *Journal Sur*, received
Marguerite Moreno, in exile in Buenos
Aires, and that Borges himself
translated Schwob's "Burlesque and
Hare" for the literary supplement of
the Buenos Aires paper *Crítica*. The way
titles in *A Universal History of Love*
have a Schwobian ring - "The Widow
Ching, Lady Pirate", "Monk Eastman,
Purveyor of Iniquities" and so on.

Schwob is not easy to translate. The
extreme concision of his style, which
strikes one at times as being as much
the result of journalistic constraints as
artistic choice, makes for occasional
difficulties in comprehension. While,
who seems to share his author's
fondness for unusual words -
"adumbration" and "exceperible" both
appear in his introduction - has pro-
duced translations which on the whole
are accurate and flow smoothly,
I noted only one obvious gallicism.

The title-story, on which Claudel
probably drew for *Le Repos du
septième jour*, is one of Schwob's
longest and most impressive fables,
recounting the tale of the last of a
line of masked kings who discovers he is
leprous and, having blinded himself
with his mask and renounced his
kingdom, is miraculously cured,
without his knowledge, before he dies.
There is a suggestion here of
redemption through suffering which is
a feature of much of Schwob's work.
The other stories from *Cœur
double* and *Le Roi au masque d'or*
demonstrate the range of his writings;
set in anything from neolithic times to
the present, including in "Train 91"
his eerie account of the coming of the
dreaded blue cholera from Marseilles
to Paris in 1865. Each is, in the words of
another unsettling train-story, "The
Veiled Man", "a lurid opening on to
the unknown".

The morbid slant of Schwob's
imagination is well in evidence in this
selection, but the last two stories from
Vies Imaginaires, "Major Stob
Bonnet, pirate by vagary" and "Burle
et Hare, murderers", regarded by
many as his masterpiece, are also fine
examples of his ironic humour. The
volume ends with a complete work, the
very short *Children's Crusade* (1896),
described by Gourmont as "un petit
livre miraculeux" and set to music
using Schwob's libretto, by Pierre in
1902.

Nothing is included from *Le Livre de
Monelle* on the somewhat specious
grounds that "it must be taken as a
whole" and "defies the anthology's
scissors". The argument is hardly
acceptable in view of the way in which
it was pasted together in the first place.
Nor is White correct in suggesting that
Schwob's popularity is due to have kept
his writings in print for over eighty
years. There have been long periods
when the reverse has been true.

It is good to have so much Schwob
available in English at last. He was a
good friend to English literature, and
Bennett and Gosse were among those
who visited his "salon" on the Ile
Saint-Louis at the start of the century.
Nevertheless, nearly eighty years after
his death, a proper assessment of his
work and influence, in any language, is
still awaited.

Donald Davie

These the Companions: Recollections
176pp. Cambridge University Press.
£12.50.
0 521 24511 7

Dissenting Voice: The Ward-Phillips
Lectures for 1980

154pp. University of Notre Dame
Press. £11.
0 268 00852 3

These the Companions, Donald
Davie's autobiographical memoir,
takes its title and epigraph from
Pound's *Pisan Cantos*:

Lordly men are to earth o'ergiven
and William who dreamed of nobility
and Jim the comedian singing:
"Barney castle me darlin'
you're nothing now but a
STOWNE"

The idiom was one which the early
modern masters, not only Pound but
also Yeats, fashioned for the
celebration of coterie friendships,
witty, affectionate and (where
appropriate) nostalgic. Its antecedents
probably go back to the Renaissance.
They include some memorable lines
from the circle of Swift and Pope, and
Goldsmith's "Retaliation" is a
backhanded variant from a later
eighteenth-century coterie. The style is
not confined to verse. Yeats's
Autobiography is full of passages
which parallel the stanzas of "In
Memory of Major Robert Gregory"
and other poems about Yeats's friends.
There is often an upish glow or high
heroic note ("Lordly men are to earth
o'ergiven"), which contains or
transcends some affectionately
remembered fallibilities and comic
lapses, contributing a poignant
mythology of greatness and loss.

Davie's autobiography, though it
invokes Pound's precedent, does not
live up to these associations and
perhaps was not meant to. Any parallel
can only be ironic, though I suspect no
irony was intended either, just an
unconscious gesture. The book does not
affect heroic accents. It is rather short
on wit and affection. And Davie's
friendships do not seem to have been of
the coterie sort anyway. His
membership of the Movement was
perhaps the exception, and the
Movement, in its public face at least,
was a rather different kind of group. Its

members may have been close
personal friends, but their group
identity was that of a common public
image rather than of friendships which
were in any deep or striking sense the
subject of their writings. Blake
Morrison's recent study shows that
although they sometimes assumed
their readers to be "confined to what
Amis called 'a circle of intimates' and
Davie's coterie of personal friends and
other poets", they were ambiguous in
their feelings about this, disliking in
particular the arrogant exclusiveness of
the Modernist or Poundian stance.
Both by temperament and on
principle, they shied from the self-
mythologizing grandeur, the
evocation of proud convivialities of
intellect and art and wit, which are the
subject of Yeatsian or Poundian
remembrance.

In any case, the Movement appears
very little in this highly selective
record, either as a group in its own
right or as an episode in Davie's life-
story. The few sporadic references to
"such comrades of 'The Movement'" as
Kingsley Amis and Philip Larkin are
really about individuals, and where
Davie sees a lingering group-ethos, eg.
of Little Englandism, he tends to
dissociate himself from it. His Russian
experience and his love of Italy convey
a sense of wider sympathies. Both are
attractively covered in this book. They
come together in a moving evocation of
how Mandelstam, "hounded by Stalin
in the 1930s", clung to "Dante and
Aristotle, obscurely comforting himself
by the assurance that the waters of his
own Black Sea flowed into and out of
the Mediterranean". Not for the first
time, however, a sensitive insight is
mixed up with, and devalued by, a self-
regarding and fretful hysteria, which
ends up by insulting the memory of the
Russian poet. For Davie sees himself
as similarly turning to "the images of
individuality that were created... by
the masterful artificers of Renaissance
Italy", in the face of a neo-Stalinist
menace which presses upon him,
abetted by a conspiracy of socialists
and knee-jerk liberals. The latter
sentiment he shares, more or less, with
some old Movement associates. That
being so, he might do better to leave
such talk to Robert Conquest, who is
more knowledgeable, or Kingsley
Amis, who is more amusing.

Davie praises the Companions. Of
Amis: "There is no [contemporary]
British writer whom I have
admired more", but the fact is a matter
of a rather different kind of group. Its

Disliking and dissenting

Claude Rawson

DONALD DAVIE

These the Companions: Recollections
176pp. Cambridge University Press.
£12.50.
0 521 24511 7

Dissenting Voice: The Ward-Phillips
Lectures for 1980

154pp. University of Notre Dame
Press. £11.
0 268 00852 3

These the Companions, Donald
Davie's autobiographical memoir,
takes its title and epigraph from
Pound's *Pisan Cantos*:

Lordly men are to earth o'ergiven
and William who dreamed of nobility
and Jim the comedian singing:
"Barney castle me darlin'
you're nothing now but a
STOWNE"

The idiom was one which the early
modern masters, not only Pound but
also Yeats, fashioned for the
celebration of coterie friendships,
witty, affectionate and (where
appropriate) nostalgic. Its antecedents
probably go back to the Renaissance.
They include some memorable lines
from the circle of Swift and Pope, and
Goldsmith's "Retaliation" is a
backhanded variant from a later
eighteenth-century coterie. The style is
not confined to verse. Yeats's
Autobiography is full of passages
which parallel the stanzas of "In
Memory of Major Robert Gregory"
and other poems about Yeats's friends.
There is often an upish glow or high
heroic note ("Lordly men are to earth
o'ergiven"), which contains or
transcends some affectionately
remembered fallibilities and comic
lapses, contributing a poignant
mythology of greatness and loss.

Davie's autobiography, though it
invokes Pound's precedent, does not
live up to these associations and
perhaps was not meant to. Any parallel
can only be ironic, though I suspect no
irony was intended either, just an
unconscious gesture. The book does not
affect heroic accents. It is rather short
on wit and affection. And Davie's
friendships do not seem to have been of
the coterie sort anyway. His
membership of the Movement was
perhaps the exception, and the
Movement, in its public face at least,
was a rather different kind of group. Its

members may have been close
personal friends, but their group
identity was that of a common public
image rather than of friendships which
were in any deep or striking sense the
subject of their writings. Blake
Morrison's recent study shows that
although they sometimes assumed
their readers to be "confined to what
Amis called 'a circle of intimates' and
Davie's coterie of personal friends and
other poets", they were ambiguous in
their feelings about this, disliking in
particular the arrogant exclusiveness of
the Modernist or Poundian stance.
Both by temperament and on
principle, they shied from the self-
mythologizing grandeur, the
evocation of proud convivialities of
intellect and art and wit, which are the
subject of Yeatsian or Poundian
remembrance.

In any case, the Movement appears
very little in this highly selective
record, either as a group in its own
right or as an episode in Davie's life-
story. The few sporadic references to
"such comrades of 'The Movement'" as
Kingsley Amis and Philip Larkin are
really about individuals, and where
Davie sees a lingering group-ethos, eg.
of Little Englandism, he tends to
dissociate himself from it. His Russian
experience and his love of Italy convey
a sense of wider sympathies. Both are
attractively covered in this book. They
come together in a moving evocation of
how Mandelstam, "hounded by Stalin
in the 1930s", clung to "Dante and
Aristotle, obscurely comforting himself
by the assurance that the waters of his
own Black Sea flowed into and out of
the Mediterranean". Not for the first
time, however, a sensitive insight is
mixed up with, and devalued by, a self-
regarding and fretful hysteria, which
ends up by insulting the memory of the
Russian poet. For Davie sees himself
as similarly turning to "the images of
individuality that were created... by
the masterful artificers of Renaissance
Italy", in the face of a neo-Stalinist
menace which presses upon him,
abetted by a conspiracy of socialists
and knee-jerk liberals. The latter
sentiment he shares, more or less, with
some old Movement associates. That
being so, he might do better to leave
such talk to Robert Conquest, who is
more knowledgeable, or Kingsley
Amis, who is more amusing.

Davie praises the Companions. Of
Amis: "There is no [contemporary]
British writer whom I have
admired more", but the fact is a matter
of a rather different kind of group. Its

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

The rise and fall of an ideal
Philip Mason
"An enjoyable series of vignettes to illustrate
his subtly observed themes."
Hugh Massingberd, *The Standard*.
£9.95 colour + b/w illustrations
233 97489 X

HOW TO BE SEVENTY

An Autobiography
George Mikes

"Brimming with zest, happy-go-lucky joy
and civilised laughter... a charming book."
Graham Lord, *Sunday Express*
£7.95 233 97453 9

ANDRE DEUTSCH

Frankfurt Book Fair
Stand No. 5/m909

THE PRIVATE EYE IN TIBET

The first twenty-one years
Patrick Marnham
Published to celebrate the twenty-first
anniversary of the satirical magazine which
has survived six Prime Ministers and
countless law suits to remain the terror of the
establishment.
£19.95 233 97460 3

THE PRIVATE EYE IN TIBET

The first twenty-one years
Patrick Marnham

Published to celebrate the twenty-first
anniversary of the satirical magazine which
has survived six Prime Ministers and
countless law suits to remain the terror of the
establishment.
£19.95 233 97460 3

THE PRIVATE EYE IN TIBET

The first twenty-one years
Patrick Marnham

Published to celebrate the twenty-first
anniversary of the satirical magazine which
has survived six Prime Ministers and
countless law suits to remain the terror of the
establishment.
£19.95 233 97460 3

A MOUNTAIN IN TIBET

The search for Mount Kailas and the
sources of the great rivers of Asia.
Charles Allen
For centuries the enigma of Kailas and its
attendant rivers challenged man's
imagination and ambition. This is a true
story of exploration and high adventure
imbued with all the excitement and romance
that the subject demands.
£19.95 60 b/w illus. 7 maps 233 97481 X

THE PRIVATE EYE IN TIBET

The first twenty-one years
Patrick Marnham

Published to celebrate the twenty-first
anniversary of the satirical magazine which
has survived six Prime Ministers and
countless law suits to remain the terror of the
establishment.
£19.95 233 97460 3

THE PRIVATE EYE IN TIBET

The first twenty-one years
Patrick Marnham

Published to celebrate the twenty-first
anniversary of the satirical magazine which
has survived six Prime Ministers and
countless law suits to remain the terror of the
establishment.
£19.95 233 97460 3

SOUR SWEET

Timothy Mo
£7.95 233 97365 6

AGAINST THE STREAM

James Hanley
The product of a literary talent of unusual
force, and an entirely authentic vision.
Frank Tushy, *TLS*
£6.95 233 97458 X

AGAINST THE STREAM

James Hanley
The product of a literary talent of unusual
force, and an entirely authentic vision.
Frank Tushy, *TLS*
£6.95 233 97458 X

CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU

Ray Sahsbury
"Very fine - in a class, say, with Laurie Lee.
Ray Sahsbury manages to catch both the
limp perception of childhood and its awful
bewilderment and to give to its seemingly
incoherent and endless nature a satisfying
dramatic image."
Lester Jones, *New Statesman*
£7.95 233 97460 3

Very fine - in a class, say, with Laurie Lee.
Ray Sahsbury manages to catch both the
limp perception of childhood and its awful
bewilderment and to give to its seemingly
incoherent and endless nature a satisfying
dramatic image.
Lester Jones, *New Statesman*
£7.95 233 97460 3

Very fine - in a class, say, with Laurie Lee.
Ray Sahsbury manages to catch both the
limp perception of childhood and its awful
bewilderment and to give to its seemingly
incoherent and endless nature a satisfying
dramatic image.
Lester Jones, *New Statesman*
£7.95 233 97460 3

Very fine - in a class, say, with Laurie Lee.
Ray Sahsbury manages to catch both the
limp perception of childhood and its awful
bewilderment and to give to its seemingly
incoherent and endless nature a satisfying
dramatic image.
Lester Jones, *New Statesman*
£7.95 233 97460 3

Very fine - in a class, say, with Laurie Lee.
Ray Sahsbury manages to catch both the
limp perception of childhood and its awful
bewilderment and to give to its seemingly
incoherent and endless nature a satisfying
dramatic image.
Lester Jones, *New Statesman*
£7.95 233 97460 3

outrageous: "How dare she," I furiously ask myself, "when she promises entertainment, only turn my stomach over?" Kingsley Amis, my favourite novelist among my British peers, earns my gratitude by rather consistently taking me to the point where I think I am going to heave in nausea, but then at the crucial point just spinning me—chiefly because he never forgets that sex . . . is . . . in the last analysis comical.

Malcolm Muggeridge could hardly do the closing sentence, while "seldom proved wrong" and the unquestioning assumption that the whole of literature is exclusively addressed to the purpose of his personal well-being are worthy of A. L. Rowse. When "the admirable Mrs Mary Whitehouse" is respectfully invoked on the same page the reader may feel that the high-minded detritus of a whole culture has been offered up to him in a more concentrated form than his own stomach can easily take.

The description of Amis taking Davie to the point just short of nausea may not seem as much of a compliment to its recipient as Davie appears to intend. He does his best to make it sound like a smutty turn inside out, a sort of pornography in which you thrill to abscences, not presences, of lust. But for all its agitated shrillness, the passage touches on an issue of literary reticence on which Davie elsewhere writes sensitively.

Describing his mother in the first chapter, he speaks of inheriting her inability "to give her feelings unimpeded expression". Hence "one more reason for treasuring literature; as a . . . repertoire of masks and conventions, by and through which one may speak out without seeming to." He adds that his fellow-feeling "goes out to those artists—Thomas Hardy certainly, T. S. Eliot less directly—who are devoted to past styles as to a way of saying and yet saying, laying bare and yet covering up, confessional and reticent at once."

This is one of several accounts of early memories which shape the best elements of a sensibility which later expression often allows itself to be strident and crude. Another is the portrait of his father, a Baptist deacon, genuinely religious but gently devoted to the "social side" of chapel life, lively, a good mimic and entertainer to his children and grandchildren as "on chapel outings and in fund-raising shows". He is an engaging personal illustration of a point on which Davie's other new book, *Dissenting Voice*, is naggingly and cantankerously insistent: that the English Dissenting tradition is neither philistine nor joyless nor indissolubly bound up with anti-Monarchism or the radical left.

Dissenting Voice consists of four lectures delivered at the University of Notre Dame in 1981, and six papers on related themes. It is a sequel to *Gathered Church*, Davie's Clark Lectures for 1976, surveying "the same ground" but using different and more exclusively literary examples. Its main theme is that Dissent, though a deplorable influence on poetry in the nineteenth century, was central to the English Enlightenment in the eighteenth.

Was there an English Enlightenment? The instinct has been to shy away from a term more readily used in relation to Continental Europe, to North and South America, even to Scotland. One reason may be that the towering figures of English writing in the eighteenth century—writers of imaginative fiction rather than philosophers, or social thinkers—another, that the greatest of these were either pessimistic and embattled conservatives (Swift, Pope, Johnson), or radical visionaries (Blinke), both equally removed from the liberal rationalism and the conceptions of social and political progress normally associated with the Enlightenment in the customary usage of the term.

Davie doesn't like the idea of a foreign monopoly over a nice word like enlightenment. What's more the term has infidel and revolutionary overtones and he doesn't like infidels or revolutionaries. Englishmen and especially English Dissenters are just as enlightened as anyone else, so he says we recognized this, and it is occasionally means collecting technical phrase into its colloquial series. The great voice of an English Enlightenment, says Thomson, Crilly, Colclough and many others, means

uniformly English (one Scot and one Irishman) and not exactly Dissenters to a man either.

He begins with Thomson's evocation of "vast savannas" in the torrid zone, and his view, as though from "a jet aircraft", of the Orinoco "emptying out into the ocean". Davie sees these as examples of how the "insular or European sense of scale" has been enlarged by the imaginative contemplation of American immensities "opened up for the British imagination" in the eighteenth century. But American immensities had in fact been available to British imaginations since the sixteenth, and Spenser's "Amazon huge river" might be set beside Thomson's Orinoco, unless the jet's eye view is essential to the argument. Davie also uses the jet image to describe Goldsmith's view of the Dutch coast in "The Traveller", so his point must apply to smaller European perspectives as much as to American vastnesses. If Davie is not suggesting that the discovery of America brought jet-travel to eighteenth-century poets, then he presumably believes that it was not until that century that poets began to imagine themselves looking down from heights or responding to "the elementary dynamics of sea encountering land".

After two lectures on eighteenth-century poets, Davie turns to the nineteenth century, when Dissent became unenlightened. Browning is the subject of Lecture Three, and his greatness is seen to be most evident where his Dissenting roots are least visible. The argument is enforced with barely a single quotation from Browning himself.

Lecture Four is on "Two of Browning's Heirs". The first heir is Jack Clegg, a poet who has been deeply sustained by Browning's work and was brought up on Calvinistic Methodism. The opening pages are an

attractive introduction to a writer who deserves to be better known. Then Davie notes Clegg's admiration for unCalvinistic persons like St Teresa, and quotes with special approval Clegg's praise of C. S. Lewis: "He was no Calvinist, but Calvinism is a statement of how Christianity works . . . I don't know what Clegg had in mind, but in the context of this book it's clear that the attraction of these words for Davie is as a handy any-old-thing-will-do model for shoring up his own argument. At the end of the previous lecture, when Davie suddenly remembers that Goldsmith, one of his four pillars of the English Enlightenment, "to be sure, was no Dissenter, nor with any sympathies in that direction," he quickly makes it all right by adding "Yet there have been religious Dissenters who held such views", the view being in this case that monotheism is a good thing. The real payoff about Clegg is that he wrote a poem called "Royal Wedding", about Princess Anne, thus further confirming the governing classes, who believe that only Anglicans have monarchist sentiments, and also "those more or less marxist politicians" who believe, well, more or less the same.

Kipling, the other heir of Browning, confutes those who believe "that imperialists and racists are, by definition, stupid", because Kipling wasn't stupid. Davie rightly points out that "Recessional" shares its Old Testament idiom with the hymns of Watts and Wesley, but, like any line about the "racism" of the "lesser breeds without the Law", this, he delights to inform us, refers to "white Germans, not brown Africans". Maybe this is why he dislikes it, as well as delighting to inform us: he makes a point of repeating the observation almost verbatim in another essay in the book. And then that "idiom of the Old Testament" shared with Watts and Wesley is really a perversion of their

Christianity. It is, though Kipling became "embarrassingly anti-Semite" later, a throwback to Hebraism, the God of Israel (that too is rubbed in again in the other essay), on top of being beastly to white Germans.

So "one does not have to be a knee-jerk liberal . . . to believe that . . . Kipling . . . is indeed in many ways the diabolical figure that many of us supposed him to be". And his weakness is that he derives not from the eighteenth-century Enlightenment of Thomson and Goldsmith but from the nineteenth-century unenlightenment which followed it. Davie very astutely points out that Kipling's pseudo-Horatian Lollius, who buys his knighthood, "Content to honour his own self / With his own cheques", is a pointed reversal of Pope's Horatian happy man, "Content to breathe his native air, / In his own ground". The change from an "agrarian" to a "commercial" culture which this registers, and which "Pope himself saw the start of", is noted with some pathos, but its rough justice may be accepted.

For Davie this marks the abyss of separation of Kipling from the eighteenth century. "And yet . . .", he ponders longingly. Doesn't "Kipling's imperialism in its pristine, innocent state . . . reach back across two centuries" to James Thomson . . . exhorting his countrymen to attain a "historical perspective"? What a by this and by the White Man's Burden told! This thought is one which Davie, at the end of his lecture, is "daunted by", but he knows that "it has, at any rate, a lot to do with Dissenting Christianity . . . and something to do with 'Enlightenment'". Things which have to do with things are what this book has to do with, and this will have to do. For the Ward-Phillips Lectures for 1980 close with Davie expansively consigning further exploration to "those who are more

energetic, and more intrepid, than I am".

There follow six essays, including the second one on Kipling already mentioned. "The Language of the Eighteenth Century Hymn" seems to me largely for fanciers of the Stuart protracted forms of embarrassment. The verbal analysis of "God Save the Queen" and of a Jubilee poem by Betjemann reads like a dim-witted criticism class mercilessly written up by Davie's favourite novelist. At one point he rebukes the "beauteous" calling Her Majesty "beauteous" (Davie must however have mystified his audience at Notre Dame by announcing in Lecture Two that "The Palace is a tourist attraction; but isn't its sole not its most important significance", and then not letting them in on the secret).

"An Episode in the History of Candor" ingeniously uses the history of an eighteenth-century word to expose the foolish tolerance of the Western liberal, who is soft on Communism and couldn't predict (and now won't remember) the rise of Joe Stalin, a earlier man of "false candor" similarly brought in the Revolution and the ensuing Bonapartist thing. Then there is "A Day with the DNB", a whole day devoted to assorted sarcasms against the historian H. T. Dickinson, who thought John Martin and Joe Orton (less worthy of mention than Tom Paine) were worthy of mention in the "sahara" (surely we boggle), and who travelled doggedly in the "sahara" of the DNB. Not that that venerable institution escapes the sting of Davie's caustic pen either. The further essays are on "Dissenters and Antiquity" and "Dissent and Individualism", but my space is running out.

Both Tolkien and Lewis were conservative democrats, in an unenthusiastic sort of way: something quite distinct from the Right of Eliot or the Left of Auden. Neither was born in England, as it happens, but they strike one now as defiantly English, and the well-known joke about intellectuals in the Thirties taking their cooking from Paris and their opinions from Moscow would have appealed to them. Their world was convivial, even cosy, and they loved hot scones and beer. Their politics, too, were English. Like Aslan, Tolkien believed that power of corrupts, and Shippey persuasively offers this as the real political point of *The Lord of the Rings*, while stressing that the book is in no way written to a thesis. All this is a paradox, as he explains, since Tolkien was nothing of a liberal or a humanist. But then it is Britishness that Tolkien loved; and democracy is right because it is British. So is the defiance of arbitrary power, be it the Kaiser's, or Hitler's, or Stalin's. *The Rings* prefigures the era of ecology and Small-is-Better. It embodies the ethic of the small man, even of dwarfs or dwarves, and above all the endurance of the put-upon Tommy of the trenches in the First World War where Tolkien (like Lewis) had fought and suffered.

The *Lord of the Rings* is in the end more of a phenomenon, I suspect, than a work of literature, and more of an addiction than either. Nobody seems to like it only a little. The real literary difficulty is one that Shippey does not even arrive at till his first appendix, and then he touches on it only fleetingly: it is that an awful lot of the *Rings* is not all, in its inspiration, but more like watered-down William Morris or Kipling of *Rewards and Fairies*. Tolkien is the last Victorian of our literature, which helps to explain our exasperation of Edmund Wilson, Tolkien and their like. Just when we thought we'd got rid of them, being popular was bad enough; being Victorian popular, to the modernist mind, was the last straw. It was a phenomenon no one in the Fifties foresaw, or could be expected to have.

The long dissension over Tolkien's *Rings* will not be killed by this book; the generation gap remains. Those who love it already will find ever more reasons here for thinking it profound as well as gripping; those who do not will feel that the Kipling-and-water objection has not even been met, let alone answered. (The objection is not to the Kipling but to the water.) The Road to Middle-Earth will divide as surely as Middle-Earth itself has done. The riddle remains, the sphinx herself will not speak. One can only continue to contemplate with astonishment the group that called itself the Inklings: that it should have existed at all; that it should have succeeded; that it should be succeeding still, now that almost all of them are dead. By the 1920s Christian conservatism, English-style, looked like an intellectual dead duck. Over the next thirty years it took to the air, producing three novelists (Dorothy Sayers, Charles Williams and C. S. Lewis), a fire-breathing polemicist (Lewis again) and, in Tolkien, the author of the most widely read romance in the language since Sidney's *Arcadia* or Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Of course the issue of quality remains to be debated. But there can be no question about the scale of the success. There are today thriving circles in the Commonwealth and the United States where the Inklings are held to be the greatest British school of letters in this century.

The phenomenon remains: an astonishing judgment on academic taste, where commercial success is seldom an option, still less a fact; and a commonly thought-of as vulgar when it appears at all. A sale in millions must always astound. For myself, I recall Tolkien's Oxford lectures on medieval texts just after the war as more remarkable for their display of personality than for their ordered scholarship. (Shippey's textual details, if less amusing, are far better arranged.) We had all been told, and unnecessarily, that Tolkien was neglecting his professional duties. I charge I now learn that he resented. We did not know, and would not have believed, that he was busy writing the biggest fictional best-seller of his age. Such behaviour is not encouraged in professors, least of all those in medieval subjects. Still less is it expected of them. Even those who cannot wait to *The Lord of the Rings*, and who find his posthumously published *Silmarillion* flatulent and pretentious, must concede a momentary pang of admiration for a man who, in his sixties could so resoundingly defy convention and beat the system.

Viewpoint: is democracy really Christian?

Edward Norman

It is frequently assumed, and often stated explicitly, that Christianity is committed to the defence of democratic practices. This is of course merely one of the ways in which churchmen show their integration to the values of the society in which they are placed: around the rhetoric of democratic principles the moral seriousness of both Western and Eastern nations, the bourgeois judgment of each citizen — which Christians are always arguing are the basis for Christian endorsement of democratic society — are plainly irrelevant to this. They might equally well operate to sanction the authority for just about any device whereby the values of society are honoured, and, as a matter of historical record, they have actually done so.

This brings me to the second feature of contemporary practice: it assumes the unseen existence of what Marxists call the "false consciousness" of the masses. Voters in Western societies, that is to say, are a sounding-board for the elites who in reality set up the terms of reference in which political and moral debate is conducted. The appearance of diversity, again, is not because the masses are "thinking for themselves": it is because the elites who formulate the discourse are themselves internally divided, not about fundamentals but about the means of securing their desired ends and about the personnel or the agencies who are to accomplish them.

Just occasionally, in a country like England, their incoherence allows a wider public some slight chance to operate in some slight measure of independence, but it is too narrowly circumscribed to be of importance. Sections of society, given its plural nature, do complicate the operation of the elites. But, again, their independence of voice is deceptive. The leaders of organized labour, for example, are not really independent in this sense, either because they are themselves manipulated through the media or directly, by elite opinion, or because they have themselves become one of the elites, and so have separated from the mass of their own membership in intellectual style and social assumptions.

Democracy, therefore, is not the means whereby the individual participates in the creation of a majority of independent political views. It is a periodic test of the issues set by the elites to determine which of them shall have the decisive voice in operating the mechanisms of public opinion. Christian endorsement of existing democratic practice is not the conservation of a political embodiment of human equality, as Christians think. It is the endorsement of bourgeois democracy, of the elite values of those who formulate public issues.

Democracy in the socialist states acquires the same sort of endorsement from Christian opinion as Western liberal democracy does. Observers who note the support given to the Soviet system by Orthodox church leaders at the World Council of Churches, for example, tend to assume that they are acting on expediency — that articulated defence of the regime, when overseas, is one of the ways of preventing active persecution at home. But that is not the case. Christians in the Soviet Union support the socialist basis of society for the same reasons that Western Christians support liberal democracy: it is the form of the moral seriousness of their contemporaries.

The Western press has laid emphasis on the Christian dissidents in the Soviet Union to the point at which it is almost possible to assume that most sections of Christian opinion are opposed to the Soviet practice of democracy. Such is not the case, however. The overwhelming majority of Christians in the Soviet Union support the political basis of society (although they obviously regret the atheism of philosophical materialism) and they do so not out of opportunism or expedience, but out of conviction. They argue that democracy, Soviet-style, is the way for the ordering of society more consonant with the Gospels. They regard the dissidents as having absorbed the main tenets of liberal-consensus democracies in

apparent innocence of how far they are from genuine political choice is an indication of how confused their identification of the consensus with Christianity itself actually is. Everyone in the mainstream of political life really agrees with the basics: democracy exists out to be the device whereby existing political values are given authority. Such concepts as human equality, or respect for the individual judgment of each citizen — which Christians are always arguing are the basis for Christian endorsement of democratic society — are plainly irrelevant to this. They might equally well operate to sanction the authority for just about any device whereby the values of society are honoured, and, as a matter of historical record, they have actually done so.

This brings me to the second feature of contemporary practice: it assumes the unseen existence of what Marxists call the "false consciousness" of the masses. Voters in Western societies, that is to say, are a sounding-board for the elites who in reality set up the terms of reference in which political and moral debate is conducted. The appearance of diversity, again, is not because the masses are "thinking for themselves": it is because the elites who formulate the discourse are themselves internally divided, not about fundamentals but about the means of securing their desired ends and about the personnel or the agencies who are to accomplish them. Just occasionally, in a country like England, their incoherence allows a wider public some slight chance to operate in some slight measure of independence, but it is too narrowly circumscribed to be of importance. Sections of society, given its plural nature, do complicate the operation of the elites. But, again, their independence of voice is deceptive. The leaders of organized labour, for example, are not really independent in this sense, either because they are themselves manipulated through the media or directly, by elite opinion, or because they have themselves become one of the elites, and so have separated from the mass of their own membership in intellectual style and social assumptions.

Democracy, therefore, is not the means whereby the individual participates in the creation of a majority of independent political views. It is a periodic test of the issues set by the elites to determine which of them shall have the decisive voice in operating the mechanisms of public opinion. Christian endorsement of existing democratic practice is not the conservation of a political embodiment of human equality, as Christians think. It is the endorsement of bourgeois democracy, of the elite values of those who formulate public issues.

Democracy in the socialist states acquires the same sort of endorsement from Christian opinion as Western liberal democracy does. Observers who note the support given to the Soviet system by Orthodox church leaders at the World Council of Churches, for example, tend to assume that they are acting on expediency — that articulated defence of the regime, when overseas, is one of the ways of preventing active persecution at home. But that is not the case. Christians in the Soviet Union support the socialist basis of society for the same reasons that Western Christians support liberal democracy: it is the form of the moral seriousness of their contemporaries.

The Western press has laid emphasis on the Christian dissidents in the Soviet Union to the point at which it is almost possible to assume that most sections of Christian opinion are opposed to the Soviet practice of democracy. Such is not the case, however. The overwhelming majority of Christians in the Soviet Union support the political basis of society (although they obviously regret the atheism of philosophical materialism) and they do so not out of opportunism or expedience, but out of conviction. They argue that democracy, Soviet-style, is the way for the ordering of society more consonant with the Gospels. They regard the dissidents as having absorbed the main tenets of liberal-consensus democracies in

having, in consequence, raised serious threats to the moral basis of the state.

How, then, do Christians in socialist societies consider democracy? They see, first, the state as the agency of ethical idealism in a total sense. It is the realization — or the means to realization, in classical Marxism — of the inherent virtues of the people, the displacement of selfish individualist motivation by the collective responsibility of all for all. As in the West, indeed, the means to the creation of socialist democracy begins with an elite: a revolutionary elite imbued with a sense of the people's virtue, dedicated to the transformation of society — by its education, in other words — so that the masses themselves shed the false consciousness of their situation and grasp their own destiny. The rhetoric of socialism is always heroic.

In practice, of course, this meant that groups of progressive bourgeois intellectuals succeeded in removing political power from their competitors within the elites of liberal society, and created machinery for the accomplishment of a unitary state. Since that state is organized around an ethical ideal whose inspiration is human worth and human equality, a true democracy derives from the consent of the masses to their own values. Individual elements can scarcely be tolerated at length in the political processes, because they would operate against the ethical purposes of the will of the people. Christian endorsement of socialist democracy is as consistent as Western Christian support for liberal democracy. It is done, that is to say, because of moralistic attachment to ideals of higher human interests, and like all such attachments to ideals, it is characterized by exclusivity, and intolerance of alternatives. At the very least, however, the incompatibility of liberal and socialist understandings of "democracy" ought to inspire Christians to think twice before identifying Christianity itself with democratic values, since there is no universally accepted canon to describe what those values actually are.

What, then, is Christianity up to when it acclaims democracy? Does it still hanker after some primary vision of "real" democracy, a genuine counting of heads which have somehow thought up their "own" values? A lot of Christian writing of the present day seems to think so, and to imagine, furthermore, that the masses are subjected to some sort of manipulative force. The Christian ideology of democracy, if one may use such an expression, is very unequalitarian, but it seems to rest upon equalitarian presuppositions. God has placed men in the world with social responsibilities, and he is best served by social action of the type most

conducive to the cultivation of an equality of goods, services and opportunities amongst mankind. Whereas it is recognized that men have different talents and capabilities, and differing developments of moral sense, they are all to be regarded as of equal political weight because that is in accordance with social justice — each should have an equal voice in his own destiny. How far this ideology is from modern democratic practice, I have already indicated. It is, in itself, a desirable or consistent scheme of things? I think there is no clear answer to that, but I do not think I can conceive an ordering of society in which it can ever be achieved.

"Vox populi vox dei: what nonsense!" said William Temple in 1944: "the defence of government by a majority is not that the majority is always right; on the contrary, the only thing you know for certain about a majority with regard to any new issue is that it's sure to be a little wrong." He added: "You have no earthly means of finding out which of the minorities, if any, is right, and it is very unlikely that the majority will be as wrong as some of the minorities are likely to be." His conclusion was that "it is a great deal safer to let the majority rule than the minority". There is much merit in the view. My own conviction is that democracy, as practised in liberal societies, has some advantage for the present time and the present context. There is no reason why each man's voice should be regarded as of equal weight in the determination of collective, or even of individual human organization — very much the reverse. In fact,

Education is involved in this, since it is surely indisputable that those who can make an educated choice between alternatives are to be preferred, from a political point of view, to those who cannot. Hence, of course, the case for universal education. But even the accomplishment of that does not solve the problem, since our experience of mass education has shown that the expectations held out for it, by our Victorian predecessors, have not been fulfilled. People are not made better morally, nor apparently more capable of rational choice, by the degree of education they receive. Nor will an examination of the fashions of thought and emotional investments in ephemeral panaceas that have characterized the wisdom of the intelligentsia indicate that the very highly educated are to be given a preferential voice in public issues. Who, then, can make an educated choice between alternatives? There is no answer; and in practice each particular section within the competing elites who constitute the liberal intelligentsia will claim that theirs is the most balanced assessment of every matter at issue.

The prophet's call

J. L. Houlden

MARTIN HENGEL
The Charismatic Leader and His Followers
Translated by James C. G. Greig
112pp, Edinburgh: T and T Clark
£7.95.
0 567 03001 6

The attempt to delineate the social and political setting in which Jesus lived remains under constant scrutiny, and the perspective in which it is felt right to see him shifts continually. No one has done more to create that perspective for the present generation than Martin Hengel of Tübingen, notably in his major work, *Judaism and Hellenism*, 1974. In it he demonstrated the great extent to which even the Judaism of Palestine in the first century of our era was Hellenized in its thought and institutions. But despite, and because of, appreciation of the setting, it remains uncertain what exactly was the character of the work of

Jesus and the movement immediately associated with him. Was it, in any sense, "political"? To which movements of the same period, and place was it closest in style and objectives? Was Jesus a kind of rabbi or a kind of freedom fighter? Could he perhaps be, in that setting, a bit of both?

In *The Charismatic Leader and His Followers*, which appeared in German as long ago as 1968, Hengel adopts the method of concentrating on one highly problematic and important saying of Jesus: "Let the dead bury their dead" (Matt. 8.22), and then following up its ramifications. What kind of Jew could utter such teaching and what kind of movement, within a first-century Judaism could dream of preserving it? It flies in the face of the basic duties of piety and testifies to a sense of crisis in which ordinary values are simply banished. Certainly it accords ill with one common picture of Jesus and his followers: that he was like a rabbi with a group of pupils whose task it was to study the law with him and perpetuate his teaching. It is hard in fact to put the charism of Jesus satisfactorily into any

There, it seems to me, is the best defence of contemporary liberal democracy — that the various elites, in order to acquire an ascendancy for their ideas, require to get them accepted by the *demos* at an election, and require, thereafter, to achieve a continuing measure of public support to retain the moral authority to govern or to influence government. Democracy creates a screen between the ideas-practitioners and the fulfilment of their ideas: it introduces a measure of scepticism, it makes it more difficult for the elites to further their schemes, it introduces a degree of hazard into the calculations of power, it makes authority answerable, if not entirely satisfactorily, at least enough to matter. Perhaps more importantly, it throws the elites into sharper competition — disclosing just how relative so many of their claims are; and even though the general culture of opinion and acceptable theoretical framework within which they operate may still constitute a fairly narrow band in the conceivable spectrum of political and moral choice, nevertheless the elites are forced to shake out their own differences before public scrutiny in a fashion which diminishes some ultimate claims. That is the utility of democracy.

In a society which is morally incoherent, which is incapable of defining its objectives with precision — which is not a monolithic ethical state — where there is a pluralism of values, in however imperfect a form: in such a society democracy can operate to protect the public against the imperialism of political ideas. By obliging the elites who set up its terms of reference to present their schemes before public opinion, they are themselves blunted ideologically. It is a salutary condition for the public. Democracy, therefore, is not to be understood, as it may be defended because of any supposed moral superiority resident in equalitarian mass numbers, as so many of the Christian apologists now suppose, but because it is a device, if an imperfect and unstable one, for protecting men against ideology. It is difficult to see how such grounds of defence can be expressed in specifically Christian terms.

Democracy, as defined, has this leading advantage: that in declining absolute moral qualities and ethical justifications — by being merely a filter of competing human enthusiasms — it diminishes the whole realm of the political, and re-establishes the nature of men as the seat and pivot of human action in the world. Alas, in the Christian understanding of today, the moral claims made for democracy operate to foster attitudes of a contrary nature. A very good case has gone by default.

This picture results from a careful sifting of the data of the Synoptic Gospels. Hengel represents one still powerful tradition of German scholarship, for which "the central feature of Synoptic research must continue to be the attempt to get back to Jesus himself". Much recent study, partly despairing of the success of that enquiry, that preferred to concentrate on the thought and literary activity of the gospel-writers whose words are visible on the page. Anything else is bound to be more exposed to uncertainty — and subjectivity of judgment. But this study shows that it is far from impossible to make well-supported claims about the probable ethos and teaching of the Jesus of history.

GRAHAM GREENE

Monsignor Quixote

'Witty, energetic and ingeniously persuasive.' SUNDAY TELEGRAPH
'This profound and funny novel.' GUARDIAN

'Deliciously funny.' THE TIMES

'A devastating blend of humour and sharp insight.' NEW STATESMAN
0370309235 £5.95

In Search of Gandhi

Richard Attenborough

Profusely illustrated with full colour and black and white photographs. Publication is timed to coincide with the premiere of Richard Attenborough's film 'Gandhi' in late November.
0370309433 £9.95

Rights are also available in the following titles

FICTION

David Wheldon

The Viaduct

Winner of the
Triple First Award
0370305181 £5.95

John Hutton

Accidental Crimes

0370304985 £7.50

Stephen Benatar

Wish Her Safe at Home

0370304918 £5.95

Rex Warner

The Aerodrome

037030928X £5.95

GENERAL

Famous Sporting Fiascos

Stephen Winkworth

0370304604 £5.95

Edible Gifts

Claire Clifton & Martina Nicolls

Illustrations by Glynn Boyd Harte
0370304454 £4.95

BODLEY HEAD

Stand No. 9/1092
at the Frankfurt Book Fair

commentary

Hitler versus the common man

Ronald Hayman

BERTOLT BRECHT

Schweyk in the Second World War
Olivier Theatre

Brecht called his Schweyk "a counter-play to *Mutter Courage*". Living like a flea on the back of a long European war, and outliving the three baby fleas it claims as victims, *Courage* is there to teach the lesson the fleas learn: that war will continue as long as people believe there are profits to be made out of it. Schweyk's survival has more optimistic implications: in spite of war, the common man is indestructible.

Unlike Meyerhold and Piscator, who found ways of pushing the anonymous crowd into the foreground, Brecht usually needed to structure his action around an individual. (*Die Tage der Commune* is his only play to spread its focus evenly over a group.) Sometimes he opted for a revolutionary heroine — a convert to radicalism who dies as a martyr — but his principal male characters are as disoriented as he was to risk martyrdom, and as cunning in the art of survival. Of the Brechtian anti-heroes who preceded Schweyk, most are either glorified for siding with the people (like Azdak) or vilified (like Calisto) for failing to.

Brecht admitted to borrowing from Hasek in giving both *Courage* and Matti (in *Pantifa*) a Schweykian tone. Even with people of their own class,

they seldom come out into the open, though embedded in their rambling anecdotes are sharply subversive points. The only character who is roughly comparable to Schweyk is Galy Gay in the 1924 play *Mann ist Mann* — a passive "hunk of flesh who proliferates inordinately, who, only because he has no centre, survives each transformation, just as water flows into any shape. . . . A man who takes this attitude is bound to come out on top."

The Schweyk Brecht created nineteen years later may not proliferate inordinately, but he is more like a plural character, a personification of the masses. His immortality is impersonal. If he is stronger than Hitler, it is not as an individual but as a representative of the common sense that will resist bad leadership and the common people who will survive it.

So how should Schweyk be cast? Writing the script for a Broadway production, Brecht was eager to have either Zero Mostel or Peter Lorre in the role, which means that he had no rigid preconceptions about physical type and no objections to actors who were mesmerically watchable. I think his only objection to Bill Paterson's performance would have been that he is too authoritative. His timing is impeccable, and he makes superb comic use of his Glasgow accent. In winding himself into contortions and unwinding himself gracefully, his balletic virtuosity is eye-catching and intensely enjoyable without carrying him out of character. But, ironically, though Schweyk's obsequiousness is, he should seem to be as pliable as

plasticine — never formidable, even when inflicting a crushing defeat on a superior. He must appear capable of absorbing any amount of ill-treatment and abuse, even if he can't flow like water into any shape, it should be impossible to locate his centre.

On the whole, Richard Eyre's production is efficient and pleasing, if not quite taut enough. Throughout the first half, the actors come close to setting their own pace, and more pressure is needed in the Gesto scenes. Though Brecht often portrayed Nazis as comic figures, he never made the mistake of forgetting how sharp their teeth were. It is understandable that Richard Eyre should aim his satirical artillery less at Hitler and his henchmen and more at war-mongering and capitalism in general, but it is a mistake to flank the gigantic cartoon cut-outs of Hitler, Himmler, Goering and Goebbels with Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt. The prologue is about a secret conclave in which the three Nazi leaders prematurely reassure Hitler that he has nothing to fear from the common man.

It is also understandable that Richard Eyre should want to go on using the same actors he used so well in *Gyps and Dolls* and (not so well) in *The Beggar's Opera*. There are excellent, sturdy performances from Julia McKenzie as Anna Kopecka — the part Brecht intended for Lotte Lenya when he thought Kurt Weill was going to write the music — and from Imelda Staunton as the other Anna, the maid. But the policy does not pay off with some of the other actors. Harry Towse is miscast and over-relaxed as the SS

Lieutenant, while James Cossage is effective enough as the SS double as Hitler and fails to deliver a Hitlerian voice or a way of doing the right bizarre in the sequence, when the large life-size Hitler is outdone by Schweyk. The best of the support performances is given by the wrestler Brian Glover, who is Blousier's lust for food drive him comic agonies of ignominy. There are also fetching performances from dogs.

It is no mean feat to make the palatable as this, but it is, arguably, a mean trick. There is an unnerving, even, in the appearance of the parcel containing the *Pommes* that Schweyk has slaughtered, provide a goulash for Baloun, the snow meant to call up the Russian steppes is pretty enough for a Christmas card. Brecht hated what he called "culinary theatre", and over the reasons Weill did not write a score is that Brecht was determined that it should be a play with music — a musical. Music and showbiz were too prominent in the "production" though Hans Eilers' score is superb. The debt to Smetana is too obvious in the high attractive Moldau Song, but the music is joined symbiotically to the text. The ballad Anna and Kai is amusingly distracting them. Schweyk is wearing his way under the park bench before making off with the pretty Pomeranian, and the chilling "Song of the Nazi Soldier Wife" is even more disturbing a context.

amounts to a parody — of the period which it is set, or the Bergman to which it is borrowed — is Leopold, an intellectual man for all seasons, a academic convertant in all the scenes and humanities. He is also, of course, a figure to stir the deepest insecurity of the intellectual, and he is only really comic coupling in the film when Leopold's philosophical disdain for all spiritualists, monks, jumbo and Andrew's spiritualist belief in life's mysteries. The plot is its own revenge on Leopold when he passes away in *flagrant delicto* and joins all the mayfly spirits who attend this midsummer night's sexual attack.

Andrew's connections with the world (and Ariel's name) are seen Shakespeare than Bergman, and the film is all the better for these touches that avoid the inhibiting influence of the artist whom Allen is embarrassed about claiming as his model.

The only character in this who

Bergmanhattan island

Richard Combs

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy
Warner West End

Despite the title it is not Shakespeare but Bergman (once again) who is the High Culture source being both mocked and emulated in this Woody Allen comedy. Bergman and Allen are surely one of the cinema's oddest couples, but Allen has worked hard enough at the marriage (reducing his comic schtick to essential dialogue, filming aesthetically in black-and-white and employing Bergman's distinctively staccato credit titles) to make it last. Part of this is presumably the familiar syndrome of the clown who wants to make Serious Art. Manhattan's professional pessimist feels that he is talking about much the same things as the gloomy Swede. It's just that they strike him as funny. But part of it also is a pessimism of achievement. Allen's interest in Bergman is intellectual — his film *homages* — have always been intellectually the most respectable, not to say conventional: Bogart and *Casablanca* as well as Bergman and *Fellini* — and one of the worries of his screen character is how inadequate he feels in the presence of his idols.

Nothing makes Allen more pessimistic than the chance of being as *profoundly* pessimistic as the film-makers he admires. His comedy then becomes a peculiar switchback of the self-aggrandizing — the self-deprecating, denying in one breath the artistic pretensions he is launching into in the next. In *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, this has become a split style had content, between period setting and contemporary humour, between the intellectual frame and ambition. He has to begin with, not imported him, the plot is a reworking of Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*, 1955, in which four sets of couples, of varying age and social station, are mixed and matched during a country sojourn at the turn of the century. Allen has relocated it in the update (New York), reduced the numbers (to three couples), but most significantly has dispensed with the social satire in order to play off his

own, very contemporary, neuroses (of inadequacy, mainly) against the conceit, the stylistic suggestions, of a mellow, sophisticated, bitter-sweet "la ronde".

The trouble is that, having introduced Bergman as an idea, Allen is too insecure to do more than reduce him to a visual gag. Buechle tricycle runs rampant in the way the film is shot (lusciously but with a wry undertone of self-parody) by Allen's regular cinematographer Gordon Willis). But this has little to do with the comedy of the film, which is not at all mellow or sophisticated, since Allen has done is to send his usual Manhattanites back in time, into a context where they don't belong and are not very funny. In this respect, he has deserted Bergman altogether and run for cover to his most tried and tested routine.

His own character, Andrew Hobbs,

The power of the Pub

Harold Hobson

ANDY CAPP

Aldwych Theatre

Nothing makes Allen more pessimistic than the chance of being as *profoundly* pessimistic as the film-makers he admires. His comedy then becomes a peculiar switchback of the self-aggrandizing — the self-deprecating, denying in one breath the artistic pretensions he is launching into in the next. In *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, this has become a split style had content, between period setting and contemporary humour, between the intellectual frame and ambition. He has to begin with, not imported him, the plot is a reworking of Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*, 1955, in which four sets of couples, of varying age and social station, are mixed and matched during a country sojourn at the turn of the century. Allen has relocated it in the update (New York), reduced the numbers (to three couples), but most significantly has dispensed with the social satire in order to play off his

own, very contemporary, neuroses (of inadequacy, mainly) against the conceit, the stylistic suggestions, of a mellow, sophisticated, bitter-sweet "la ronde".

The trouble is that, having introduced Bergman as an idea, Allen is too insecure to do more than reduce him to a visual gag. Buechle tricycle runs rampant in the way the film is shot (lusciously but with a wry undertone of self-parody) by Allen's regular cinematographer Gordon Willis). But this has little to do with the comedy of the film, which is not at all mellow or sophisticated, since Allen has done is to send his usual Manhattanites back in time, into a context where they don't belong and are not very funny. In this respect, he has deserted Bergman altogether and run for cover to his most tried and tested routine.

His own character, Andrew Hobbs,

own, very contemporary, neuroses (of inadequacy, mainly) against the conceit, the stylistic suggestions, of a mellow, sophisticated, bitter-sweet "la ronde".

The trouble is that, having introduced Bergman as an idea, Allen is too insecure to do more than reduce him to a visual gag. Buechle tricycle runs rampant in the way the film is shot (lusciously but with a wry undertone of self-parody) by Allen's regular cinematographer Gordon Willis). But this has little to do with the comedy of the film, which is not at all mellow or sophisticated, since Allen has done is to send his usual Manhattanites back in time, into a context where they don't belong and are not very funny. In this respect, he has deserted Bergman altogether and run for cover to his most tried and tested routine.

His own character, Andrew Hobbs,

commentary

The rational and the romantic

Marc Jordan

Joseph Wright Drawings
Derby Museum and Art Gallery

There is an irreducible core of provincialism in much British painting of the eighteenth century, a provincialism which study in Italy and immersion in fashionable London often could not disguise. It was hard for many people to believe before Benedict Nicolson wrote his pioneering study of Joseph Wright of Derby in 1968 that a painter who turned his back on London and did not go to Italy before middle age could paint two masterpieces which belong so firmly to the history of European art. In "An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump" (Tate Gallery) and "A Philosopher Lecturing on the Orrery" (Derby Museum and Art Gallery) Wright married modern, British subject-matter to the European tradition and seemingly without effort produced great art of a kind that Reynolds for all his flam about the "grand manner" never achieved.

Derby Museum and Art Gallery has the best and most representative collection of Wright's work in the country and as a British one-man show it is matched in range and quality only by the Tate's holdings of Turner. David Fraser's selection from Derby's Wright drawings (on view until October 16) is an excellent reason to revisit the gallery. Some major new canvases have been bought in the last two or three years (the City Fathers are particularly generous when Wrights come on the market) including the lugubrious "Romeo and Juliet" and a beautiful late moonlight landscape "Virgil's Tomb". But it is the chance of seeing the drawings hung in the next room to the famous oils and thus the chance to follow the workings of Wright's mind, part rational, part romantic, which makes the journey to Derby particularly rewarding.

Much is, of course, conventional. There are nasty Hudsonesque costume studies by the young portraitist and drawings after the antique made by the middle-aged student in Rome. There is very little colour to beguile the eyes among these private notations. But there are some remarkably evocative *chiaroscuro* studies by an artist who was fascinated by artificial light, fire and moonlight. The roots of Wright's mature style are as Italian as anything in Reynolds's *Discourses*. But for

Raphael and the Carracci, the gods of the academic pantheon. Wright substituted Caravaggio filtered through his Netherlandish followers Honthorst and Terbrugghen. Their combination of descriptive realism with dramatic lighting effects perfectly suited the position Wright found

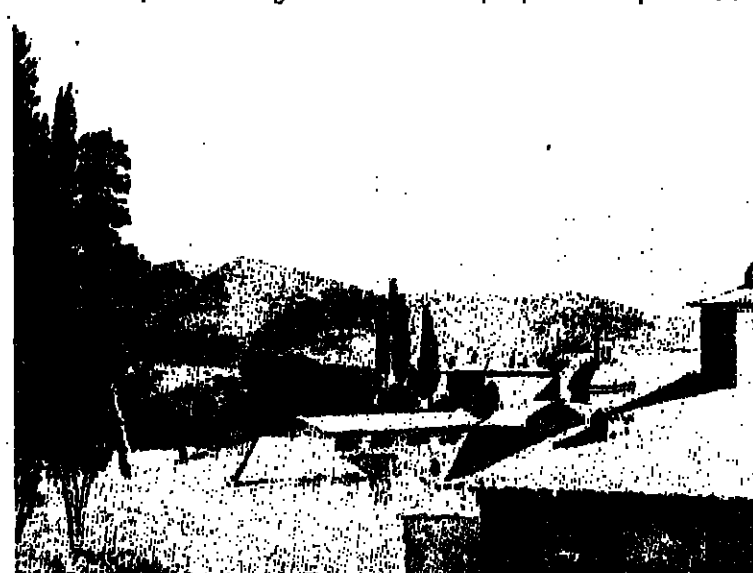
an artist Wright was able to feel and express not just the layman's intellectual curiosity about the new science and the new mechanized industrial processes, but his sense of the magic command over life and death exercised by the lecturer with his vacuum pump in "An Experiment".

Wright found two new night subjects in Italy. Looking at the spectacular drawings he made (still in monochrome) of the Girandola, the great firework display at the Castel Sant' Angelo, we see a new *joie de vivre* as rockets and flares light up the inky darkness surrounding a plausible capriccio of Roman monuments. The artificial light in the early works is steady, solemn, slightly melancholy. Now it becomes hot, mobile and evanescent. Even more intense than his experience of the Girandola was his reaction to Vesuvius. A hotly coloured gouache of the erupting volcano stands out among the subtle monochromes.

To judge by the urgency with which the slashes of red and orange bodycolour are slashed on over the deep dusty blues of mountain and sky it must have been painted on the spot in a state of high excitement. It was a magnificent subject for Wright's talents but he never came near the urgency of his first effort again. David Fraser has resurrected from store an enormous canvas of "Vesuvius in Eruption" which was probably painted by Wright in Rome when the memory was still fresh. It strains the eighteenth-century concept of the sublime in the direction of Turner's visions of uncontrollable nature. But though it was too violent to find a buyer in Wright's lifetime it seems very contrived now. As Wright repeated what became a favourite theme and as he became more remote from the original experience his Vesuvius paintings softened into pink and red picture-making.

Picture-making was largely what his art was concerned with after his return from Italy. He went from strength to strength as a portraitist, died to the conventional admirer and doggedly covered the course from the Barberian Faun to the Dying Gaul. His attitude has just a little of that uncertainty before grand things which later led him to call on the poet Hayley to play Diderot to his Greuze in a series of insipid literary subject pictures.

But the southern light clearly fascinated Wright. A group of grey wash drawings of Roman ruins are, not without point, reminiscent of the Dutchman Breenbergh, another northerner who went south and was



A pen and wash sketch of an Italian landscape by Joseph Wright of Derby: from the exhibition reviewed here.

where in the course of a single movement he passes from contemporary fury to the most grovelling abjection, acquiring a strangely moving dignity in the process. But "My Friends!" is not the same as "My Lords!" by altering Rigoletto's social position you curb the trajectory of his emotion.

This raises the matter of James Fenton's new translation. Resourceful and for the most part singable, it seems to aim, as do so many of today's translations, at an idiom which is neither contemporary nor archaic, though occasionally descending towards modern slang ("Rigoletto's going crazy"). Doubtless many will welcome it for its avoidance of "operaese". Yet "operaese" is exactly what Flava wrote, and no satisfactory equivalent in English has ever been found (Julian Sturgis's libretto for *Janhoe* comes nearest to it). Nowadays we no longer accept Edward Dene's compromise solutions with their cloying inversions and thees and thous; but I must confess to preferring "O ye courtiers, vile rabble accursed to heartless bastards, you flares, you cowards!" because it approximates more nearly to the original. It is a pity, too, that Fenton has evidently not understood the meaning of "An presso del patholo/Begono ben l'atara", which encapsulates the entire tragedy in a single sentence.

So much for the negative aspects. On

the other side the new setting inspires a number of felicitous touches. The Veronica Lake secretary in Act II is a neat variation on the usual pet travesti page. The glass-fronted bar by the quayside with its brilliant illumination spares Rigoletto and Gilda the necessity of peering through cracks in the wall to spy on the Duke. The set-off the *trionfo* to "La donna è mobile" by putting another nickel in the nickelodeon was obviously too good to be resisted. Gilbertian though it be, in fact it makes sense of a nonsensical convention.

Most of all the necessity to think out the drama afresh in the light of his New York setting — about performances of remarkable strength. John Rawnley encompasses the emotional range of the title role without ever making an ugly sound, even if a certain vocal tension in the duets with Gilda suggests that he would be unwise to undertake this part too often. Marie McLaughlin is a top-notch Gilda, highly accomplished and musical. Arthur Davies is rapidly developing into one of our finest lyric tenors. To Spina Queller John Tomlinson brings all the sinister brutality one would expect. Somewhat sad in the storm scene, Mark Elder's direction is otherwise powerful and well paced. What is more, he gives us Verdi's score, with not a bar out and all the original cadenzas. That is the kind of purism of which we can all approve.

New Oxford books: Philosophy

A History of Philosophy

Volume 1, Antiquity and the Middle Ages
Volume 2, The Modern Age to Romanticism
Anders Wedberg

These are the first two of three volumes covering the history of the Western tradition of philosophy which originated in ancient Greece. The purpose of the work is to give an insight into the nature of problems, themes, and theories which are of present-day, and possibly permanent, philosophical interest. Volume 1 £10.50, paperback £3.95; Volume 2 £12.50, paperback £4.50

The Nature of the Beast

Are Animals Moral?
Stephen R. L. Clark

Stephen Clark's new book is an attempt to come to grips with our contradictory views about animals. He invites moral philosophers to take more account of the findings of ethologists and animal psychologists, and suggests that scientists who study animal behaviour and motivation would benefit from a more philosophically careful approach. The shifts and ambiguities that lie behind many of the arguments based on ethological research — especially those involving such concepts as 'territory', 'altruism' and 'aggression' — are roundly exposed. £7.95

Men of Ideas

Some Creators of Contemporary Philosophy
Bryan Magee

In his BBC television series 'Men of Ideas' Bryan Magee talked to some of the outstanding thinkers of our day. The resulting discussions, edited transcripts of which appear in this book, were described by *The Observer* as 'intellectual instruction and entertainment of a high order'. £3.50 Oxford Paperbacks

Aristotle

Jonathan Barnes

The influence of Aristotle, the prince of philosophers, on the intellectual history of the West, is second to none. Jonathan Barnes has written a critical account of his fundamental teachings which places him in his historical context. The main aim of the book is to delineate as clearly as possible the peculiar genius of Aristotle and to show how he was above all else a philosopher, scientist in whose thought empirical research and theoretical speculation are complementary parts of a unitary whole. £5.95 paperback £1.95 *Past Masters*

Plato

R. M. Hare

Even after twenty-three centuries, Plato's work remains the starting-point for the study of logic, metaphysics, and moral and political philosophy. But though his dialogues retain their freshness and immediacy, they can be difficult to follow. R. M. Hare has provided a short, introduction to Plato's work that makes their meaning clear. £3.95 paperback £1.50 *Past Masters*

Oxford University Press

to the editor

Hannah Arendt

Sir, — As an example of innuendo, Ernest Gellner's review of Elisabeth Young-Bruehl's biography of Hannah Arendt (August 6) would be quite amusing if it were not totally off the mark. We presume that he tried his hand at parody and failed.

Ernest Gellner reviews Arendt's complex writings stretching over many years. From one century assumption: Arendt represented the kind of German Romanticism that culminated in the extermination of the Jews. Although he objects to "phenomenological history" in Arendt, he indulges himself in the kind of large-scale generalizations that have long given "intellectual history" a bad name: "the Enlightenment", "directly or by reaction", has killed the Jews. Has it?

Arendt's episodic relationship to Martin Heidegger during her student days in Weimar Germany is represented as cause and symbol of her infatuation with "Romanticism". How? Heidegger turned Nazi in 1933, Nazism derives from Romanticism, Arendt retained the existential mode of philosophy, thus Arendt is an adherent of Heidegger Romanticism. Logical?

Hannah Arendt's study of a Jewish *salonarde* of the early nineteenth century, written when she was twenty-seven years old, is added as an example of her enduring link to the German Romantic tradition. Has Gellner ever read her later works including her study of totalitarianism? It may well be an unsuccessful study of the subject, as many historians (including one of the undersigned) believe, but it hardly glorifies Romanticism. Nor do her other political tracts. Responsible reviewing?

Finally, Gellner's sneers suggest that your reviewer has sacrificed fairness and truth for the sake of a bon mot. It is possible that Arendt deserved some come-uppance for her own bonmotism in the Eichmann tract; but to equate her with the SS (because the biographer refers to Arendt's "loyalty" in one of her chapter headings, and the SS believed in loyalty) certainly overshoots the mark. Arendt's ideas deserve a good deal of criticism on the part of historians and political philosophers

alike. Gellner's review is hardly a step in the right direction.

IRVING L. HOROWITZ,
Hannah Arendt Professor of Political Science and Sociology, Rutgers University.

JOSEPH MAIER,
Professor Emeritus of Sociology, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08903.

HERBERT A. STRAUSS,
Professor of Modern History, Technical University, Berlin.

'Edmund Ironside'

Sir, — No one knows who wrote *Edmund Ironside*. Eric Sams is persuaded that it is an early work of Shakespeare. I am not — yet. My previous letter (September 17), however, was not prompted by any wish to refute but by dissatisfaction with the case presented in his article.

I look forward to considering, when he publishes it, his evidence for regarding the manuscript as authorial and the hand as Shakespeare's. I confess to having misapprehended, and consequently confused, his point about the Archbishop of Canterbury, which indeed affords strong evidence against a date of composition in the months, or even perhaps years, immediately following November 1589.

Eric Sams (Letters, September 24) chooses to allude to the fact that I supervised the work of Eliot Slater for his excellent University of London thesis on the vocabulary of *The Reign of King Edward III*, 1596, often attributed to Shakespeare since Edward Capell first modestly offered the suggestion in 1760. I count it my privilege to have done so. But neither I, nor I believe Dr Slater, would claim that his thorough statistical analysis of the rarer vocabulary of *Edward III* and of its relation to Shakespeare's vocabulary presents more than one side of the question. He has shown, in detail and much more clearly than earlier investigators, that the vocabulary of the whole of *Edward III* stands in so close a relation to the plays within the Shakespeare canon as to be quite compatible with common authorship. He has not attempted the far larger task of demonstrating that the rarer vocabulary of *Edward III* is incom-

patible with authorship by any other known dramatist of the period (except Marlowe, whose plays, having been adequately concorded, were available for his investigation). Eliot Slater's method has real positive value as corroborative evidence for the attribution of *Edward III* to Shakespeare, but it stops far short of conclusive demonstration, and must continue to do so until more systematic study of the vocabulary of the other playwrights has been completed. Nor do Slater's conclusions, however encouraging they may be to those of us who believe that common authorship affords the best explanation of the many and various links between *Edward III* and Shakespeare's plays, remove all difficulties from the attribution, among them the decision of Heminge and Condell to exclude it from the Folio of 1623.

RICHARD PROUDFOOT,
Department of English, King's College, London, Strand, London WC2.

Alexander Pasternak

Sir, — In the course of reviewing *The Correspondence of Boris Pasternak and Olga Freidenberg* (noticed in the TLS, October 1) in *Time Magazine* of August 9 this year, Patricia Blake asserted that "From Olga Freidenberg's diary, which Editor Mossman has used to illuminate the letters, we also learn that Pasternak's brother Alexander was a member of the Cheka, the first Soviet secret police, during the Great Purge." If this charge were substantiated, it would be extremely discreditable. If not, it is a monstrous allegation to have made. Alexander Pasternak, alas, is no longer alive to reply in person; he died in January 1982. It is therefore important to state very firmly that there is no evidence whatever to support the allegation and that Patricia Blake's interpretation of one paragraph in Olga Freidenberg's retrospective diary is a product of her own ignorance, grafted on to the defective editing and translation of Elliott Mossman.

The paragraph occurs on page 176 of the English-language edition of the book. It refers to 1936 or 1937, the period of the Great Purge.

Alexander came from Moscow with wife, Irina, and Fedya, his son. Both Alexander and Irina were architects. Alexander was building the Moscow-Volga Canal at the time, so he was in

uniform and had the expectation of being decorated. He was afraid of the anticipated medal and of his Chekist uniform. Sasha wasted no time in asking him to slip Kalinin a petition to have Musya freed when he received the medal from Kalinin's hands. The idea was preposterous and utterly hopeless.

(Editor's note) Chekist: a member of the Cheka (Extraordinary Commission), the first Soviet secret police.

Architects of the Moscow-Volga Canal were uniformed because they were on the payroll of the Interior Ministry (NKVD), all or many of whose employees were uniformed. That does not make architects into secret policemen — even though, as it happens, the same Ministry was from 1934 onwards in charge of the secret police and even though the uniforms of the two professions resembled one another.

It was this resemblance which, according to Freidenberg, made Alexander "afraid" of his uniform. Her epithet for the uniform itself is the compound *voyenno-chekistaya* (literally, "military-Chekist"), a vague and all-embracing expression which describes the flavour of the garment and not the affiliation of its wearer. Mossman's translation and editorial note are therefore seriously misleading. For that matter, every "chekist" on its own is a casual conversational term, rather than a technical one; as Mossman ought to have pointed out (and as Patricia Blake ought to know), "Cheka" ceased to be the official title of the Soviet secret police in February 1922, some fifteen years before the Great Purge and some thirty years before Freidenberg compiled her retrospective diary.

As for the proposed petition to Kalinin (then titular head of the Soviet Government) to seek the release from detention of Freidenberg's sister-in-law Musya: if Alexander had been a secret policeman, we may be sure that his relatives would have expected him to undertake something to get Musya released that was a good deal more substantial and the head of state a petition in the middle of a presentation parade.

PETER M. OPPENHEIMER,
Christ Church, Oxford.

The Cambridge Lawrence

Sir, — I have only just caught up with the article by Michael Holroyd and Sandra Jobson on the Lawrence

copyright (September 3), in which I am several times quoted. It is a pity that I have "questioned" the most authoritative for additions, in the case of *Sons and Lovers*. . . a good deal of material that was edited out of the original manuscript by Edward Gellner. The first point is that no one has yet added anything to *Sons and Lovers*, since the Cambridge edition is not yet completed, let alone published. The last time I discussed the matter with its editor, Carl Brown, he said that he had not yet decided whether to restore the passages cut by Gellner to the text, or to print them as an appendix. There is a strong argument for restoring them to the text; I happen to think that the argument against is stronger. Either way it is a matter of scholarly and critical judgment, not of "authorial authority". Every Cambridge editor is striving to be true to Lawrence's final intention. Inevitably, some of their decisions will be questioned, but we can hardly question their motives, or their morality.

KEITH SAGAR,
11 Leys Close, Wiswell, Blackburn.

Editing Frances Yates

Sir, — In his interesting review (August 27) of Volume 1 of the *Collected Essays of Frances Yates*, Robin Briggs criticizes the publisher of the book for not having found "an editor who could have coped with [the] obvious difficulties" in the early articles on Giordano Bruno contained in the volume. Any reproach for not having done this should perhaps rather be addressed to the undersigned as Dame Frances's literary executor. Perhaps they may also be absolved because the volume in question was handed to the publishers by its author well before her death. She had decided not to "update" the articles on Bruno. She knew, of course, how much her views on him had changed since they were written. Indeed she says so in the preface she added to the volume. She thought, however, that the articles contained material not to be found in her later book *Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition*, material which was worth making more easily available.

J. N. HILLGARTH,
J. B. TRAPP,
Warburg Institute, University of London, Woburn Square, London WC1.

Among this week's contributors

GRAHAM BRADSHAW is a lecturer in English at the University of St Andrews.

CARL BRIDENBAUGH's books include *The Spirit of '76: The Growth of American Patriotism before Independence, 1607-1770, 1976*.

ARCHIE BROWN is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford.

JULIAN BUDDEN's *The Operas of Verdi* was published in three volumes in 1973, 1979 and 1980.

MARTIN CLARK's *Antonio Gramsci and the Revolution that Failed* was published in 1977.

L. JONATHAN COHEN is a Fellow of The Queen's College, Oxford. His books include *The Probable and the Possible, 1977*.

DAVID COWARD is a lecturer in French at the University of Leeds.

MASOLINO D'AMICO is Professor of English at the University of Rome.

PETER FAWCETT is a lecturer in French at the University of Leicester.

PHILIP FRENCH is the author of *The Movie Mugs*, 1969, and *Waterways: aspects of a movie genre*, 1974.

P. W. J. HEMMING'S books include *Culture and Society in France 1848-1898, 1971*.

PAUL JOHNSON's books include *A Life in History, 1974*, and *A History of Christianity, 1976*.

BLAKE MORRISON is the author of *The Movement: English Poetry and Fiction of the 1950s, 1980*, and *Seamus Heaney, 1982*.

H. G. NICHOLAS's books include *The Nature of American Politics, 1980*.

EDWARD NORMAN's books include *Church and Society in England 1770-1970, 1976*.

TOM PAULIN's most recent collection of poems is *In the Strange Museum, 1980*.

CHRISTOPHER PRACOCKE's *Holistic Explanation: action, space, interpretation* was published in 1979.

CLAUDE RAWSON's books include *Gulliver and the Gentle Reader: Studies in Swift and Our Time, 1973*.

T. J. REED's books include *The Classical Centre: Goethe and Weimar 1735-1832, 1979*.

ANDREW SAINT is architectural editor of *The Survey*, London.

L. A. SIBBENTOP is a Fellow of Keble College, Oxford.

HERBERT SOUTHWORTH is the author of *La destruction de Guernica: Spéculisme, diplomatie, propagande et histoire, 1975*.

JOHN SPARROW was Warden of All Souls College, Oxford from 1952 to 1977.

ANTHONY THORLEY is the editor of *The Penguin Companion to the Literature of Europe, 1971*.

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER's books include *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change, 1972*, and *Princes and Artists, 1977*.

FRANK TUOHY's collection of stories *Live Bait* was published in 1978.

ADAM B. ULAM is Gurney Professor of History and Political Science at Harvard University.

BRIAN VICKERS is a Visiting Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and the author of *Classical Rhetoric in English Poetry, 1970*.

GEORGE WATSON is a Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge.

CINEMA

The highbrow's favourite lowbrow

Philip French

WILLIAM ROTHMAN

Hitchcock — *The Murderous Gaze*
371pp. Harvard University Press.
£19.25.
0 674 40410 6

JEAN NARBONNI (Editor)

Alfred Hitchcock

Cahiers du Cinéma: Hors Série 8
108pp. Paris: L'Etoile. 60 fr.

There are certain things moviegoers the world over know about Alfred Hitchcock. They've known them for over forty years and in consequence he is just about the only directorial personality in the history of cinema to have imposed himself upon popular audiences. He is pre-eminently "the master of suspense", a cherished sobriquet (possibly invented by his own press agents) that became more famous than George Robey's "Prime Minister of Mirth". Starting with his first fully achieved picture, *The Lodger*, he signed his works with brief personal appearances that became over the years increasingly comic, studied and emblematic. His real signature, however, was visual, "the Hitchcock Touch", which in the small gesture (a traitor's missing finger, a windmill's sails turning in the wrong direction, a still face in a shifting tennis crowd) or the big scene (a crop-dusting plane machine-gunning a New York advertising executive in a middle-western cornfield) provided us with unforgettable nightmare-images of danger in broad daylight, of extraordinary things happening to ordinary people. He was also the friendly magician who first surprised us, then took us behind the scenes to show how the tricks were done, and talked about his simple philosophy. He wanted to disturb and to be loved, to frighten and entertain, and in the ambivalent genre he helped shape, the comedy-thriller, he achieved this. No other movie-maker — except at his zenith Hitchcock's fellow Londoner, the aloof Charlie Chaplin — ever excited so warmly personal a response.

William Rothman, in *Hitchcock: the Murderous Gaze*, challenges this simple view of Hitchcock. For him "the knowing Hitchcock who emerges in this book is a strikingly different figure", from "the Master of Suspense" celebrated at the American Film Institute's Life Achievement Award Dinner in 1979 and honoured in lengthy obituaries the following year. Indeed he goes so far as to regard his book as "a life and death struggle" between himself and Hitchcock for the fellow's true identity. In a symbolic re-enactment of the final sequence of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, he sees himself playing Hannay to Hitchcock's Mr Memory and exposing the music hall entertainer as an agent of darker forces.

Rothman escorts us almost shot by shot through five of the Master's black-and-white movies, beginning with *The Lodger*, where "at the outset of his career, he announced his central concerns and declared a position — at once a philosophical one on the conditions of human existence and a critical one on the powers and limitations of the medium and the art of film — in which he remained faithful for over fifty-five years". The others are two British films — *Murder! (1930)*, the first thriller conceived in the sound era (*Blackmail*, his first talking picture, was a half-completed when sound came), and *The Thirty-Nine Steps (1935)*, the picture that established his international reputation — and two American films — *Shadow of a Doubt (1943)*, the film which invariably cited as the personal favourite among his Hollywood pictures, and *Psycho (1960)*, his last monochrome film and the most profitable he ever made (it was also among the cheapest, being produced under TV conditions, and the only one for which he put up most of the budget himself). Rothman's text is accompanied by over 600 smallish frame enlargements — the most expensive and unattractive way of illustrating a book. But these blow-ups are essential to Rothman's purpose because the cardinal element of his argument is that the precise positioning

of the camera (and our consciousness of this) is central to an understanding of Hitchcock:

a measure and expression of the modernity of the Hitchcock film is its call upon us to acknowledge at every moment, not only what is on view within the frame but the camera as well. One of his deepest insights is that no comment can be fully comprehended without accounting for the camera. Another is that, in the camera's tense and shifting relationships with its human subjects, the author's and viewer's roles are intimately revealed. Yet another is that the camera's presence is fundamentally ambiguous. It frames our views: the instrument of

crucial by Eric Rohmer and Claude Chabrol, who in their seminal book of 1957 treated Hitchcock as "a Catholic auteur" but one "who refuses to sermonise, to proselytise".

These claims for Hitchcock and for Hawks were subjected to a great deal of ridicule at the time, and it is important to note the climate in which they appeared. In 1954 *Sight and Sound*, then as now the voice of the Establishment in British film criticism, had assigned an inexperienced young critic (later to be an assistant editor on the TLS and literary editor of *The Listener*) to review both *Dial M for Murder* and *Rear Window* in half a page. "Gracelessness is the word one wants to describe the overall quality of



"Just another manhunt story wrapped up in pseudo-psychanalysis" is how Hitchcock described his film *Spellbound (1945)* in which a psychiatrist (Ingrid Bergman) falls in love with her new boss (Gregory Peck) before discovering that he is an amnesiac who has assumed the identity of a murdered doctor. The master of suspense, however, was far from unconcerned with the representation of the unconscious in the film and he asked Salvador Dalí, whom he admired for the literal precision with which he depicted the oniric world, to provide surrealistic designs for its startling dream sequences. (The above example of Dalí's work for *Spellbound* is taken from *Movies of the Forties*, edited by Ann Lloyd: 21pp. Orbis. £7.95. 0 85613 454 6).

our gaze, it shares our passivity. But it also represents the author: it is the instrument of his presentation to us, his "narration", and manifests to us his godlike power over the world of the film, a world over which he presides.

Had Rothman published his book twenty years ago, it would have been not only the eloquent, intelligent work that it so clearly is, but also the wholly original one he misleadingly claims it to be. Following the radical re-appraisal of Hitchcock in France, there began in 1962 a transformation of Hitchcock's status in the English-speaking world that has produced a sizeable body of writing that Rothman is clearly acquainted with but only occasionally, and with the greatest reluctance, acknowledges.

In 1962 Peter Bogdanovich organized a Hitchcock retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, publishing a pioneering monograph to accompany it. The same year in London a group of young critics launched the magazine *Movie* to challenge the prevailing orthodoxies and snobberies that patronized Hollywood, preached "commitment", and elevated Continental and Eastern European cinema for its superior moral seriousness. The first issue of *Movie* contained a long and lively discussion of the English-speaking cinema into six categories: "Great", "Brilliant", "Very Talented", "Promising", "Competent or Ambitious", and "The Rest". Hitchcock and Howard Hawks alone were considered "Great".

During the following year *Movie* contained several articles on Hitchcock: most of which were concerned with his mastery of the medium, and not at all with his theological matters that were thought

Hitchcock's latest film *Rear Window* . . . the unpredictable twist of the plot that one is expecting never comes", he wrote. On the other hand, "Dial M for Murder is excellent, but it remains predominantly a success for the playwright Frederick Knott". In the following issue of *Sight and Sound*, Lindsay Anderson savaged the special October 1954 number of *Cahiers du Cinéma* (reprinted this year in facsimile as the second half of the eighth *Hors Série* edition of *Cahiers*) containing articles by Chabrol, Truffaut, Bazin and others:

This magazine seems now to have been almost completely taken over by the covey of bright young things whose eccentric, enthusiastic, paraded, so generously in recent issues, have already sadly impaired its reputation. Here they are more vociferous and preposterous than ever. To the accompaniment of a ceremonial tattoo of mutual back-slaughting, Hitchcock is hoisted into the pantheon — up there with Murnau, Renoir and Howard Hawks.

No major review was accorded to any subsequent picture, and when *Psycho* appeared in 1960 it was reviewed together with Billy Wilder's *The Apartment* by Peter John Dyer, who found it "a very minor work" and thought both Hitchcock and Wilder "notoriously and exuberantly vulgar". He was not alone in doing so, though in *Psycho*, at all he was in a minority. The film received a generally bad press, a civilized revulsion from its apparently heartless violence being widely expressed. An old friend of Hitchcock's, C.A. Lejeune, disliked the movie so much that its popularity was such that its indication of the direction the cinema was taking, figured in her decision to retire after

thirty years as *The Observer's* film critic and hand her mantle to Penelope Giliatt.

But *Movie's* critical views came to be widely accepted, and what perhaps clinched the argument so far as Hitchcock is concerned was the appearance in 1965 of a book (the first about his work in English) by one of its regular contributors, Robin Wood, at the time a grammar-school English teacher in the Home Counties. His scrupulously argued account of Hitchcock as a major moralist was concerned largely with the American films from *Strangers on a Train* to *Marnie*. The looming influence here was less *Cahiers du Cinéma* and their *politique des auteurs*, than *Scrutiny*, the Great Tradition and P. R. Leavis, under whom Wood had studied at Cambridge. Wood was very aware of, and slightly embarrassed by, Hitchcock the showman, and his chapter on *Psycho* (compared favourably with *Macbeth* and *Heart of Darkness* and considered "one of the key works of our age") concluded with the observation that "Hitchcock (again, if his interviews are to be trusted) is a much greater artist than he knows". Another, less frequent contributor to *Movie*, though equally anti-establishment in his attitude, Raymond Durgnat, began a series of *Film and Filming* during the late 1960s, which became *The Strange Case of Alfred Hitchcock*, the first book to give equal weight to the English and American films, and still the most complex reading of his career.

A few months before the appearance of Robin Wood's study, John Russell Taylor brought out a book on the key directors of the time, *Cinema Eye, Cinema Eye*, which was a strong indication of the critical tide. Taylor was film critic of *The Times* and a *Sight and Sound* stalwart; a decade later he was to be invited to be Hitchcock's authorized biographer. He had absorbed the lessons of *Movie* and *Cahiers*, and in *Cinema Eye, Cinema Eye*, for the first time, he treated Hitchcock circles, *Rear Window* and *Vertigo* were given their due and Hitchcock accorded equal status with Bergman, Antonioni, Fellini and other international art-house luminaries. Nevertheless it was some time before this idea became generally accepted. I recall in the autumn of 1965 suggesting to a senior editor of *Time* that the appearance of Hitchcock's fiftieth film, *Torn Curtain* (then in production), might be a suitable occasion to make him the subject of a cover story. The magazine had, after all, recently bestowed this accolade on both Bergman and the so-called British-New Wave directors. He respectfully noted the suggestion, but nothing came of it, and Hitchcock was not to be taken seriously by *Time* until they published an effusive double-page obituary in 1980.

Shortly thereafter François Truffaut's book-length interview *Le Cinéma selon Hitchcock* made its long-awaited appearance, but it was the eminence of the interviewer that led to an English version two years later, for at the time Truffaut's reputation — among the book-buying intelligentsia at least — stood far higher than Hitchcock's. It was, in this shallow, evasive, immensely entertaining book that Hitchcock so masterfully brought together the burgeoning critical esteem with the public persona forged by his own publicity machine.

That Hitchcock's critical reputation came first to equal Truffaut's, then to exceed it, is partly but not exclusively the rapid growth of film studies in the late 1960s, and it is no coincidence that both Robin Wood and Raymond Durgnat crossed the Atlantic to take up teaching appointments at North American universities. In order to expand the curriculum (and accommodate students unwilling to master foreign languages and cultures) the new film schools had to lay claim to the native film industry, and there ready-made was an academically respectable European hierarchy of Hollywood auteurs and *maîtres en scène* with Hitchcock at its apex, willing to be adapted for local use. (There was even for a short while a *Cahiers du Cinéma* in English, edited in New York

HISTOIRE

- l'Égypte au XIX^e siècle (colloque) 170 F
- la péninsule arabique d'aujourd'hui, par P. Bonenfant 130 F
- l'importance de l'exploration maritime au siècle des lumières (à propos du voyage de Bougainville) 130 F
- Hélopolis - Le Caire (1905-1922) Genès d'une ville 120 F
- l'examen des écritures : l'ast et la musique, essai de méthodologie 80 F
- le commerce du café en Haïti - habitants, spéculateurs et explorateurs, par Chr. Groult 140 F

LITTÉRATURE

- cultures populaires et cultures savantes en Espagne, du moyen âge aux Lumières, par J. Saugnier 60 F
- Emile Zola, correspondance III (1877-1880) 225 F
- dossier de : La ville des exilés, de Balanché, dir. J.R. Derré 60 F
- Elias, roman inédit du XVII^e siècle 85 F

à la foire de FRANCFORT

HALLE	STAND
5	A. 924

ART - MUSIQUE - THEATRE

- les vitraux de Sanas, premières recherches sur leurs décors, leur symbolisme et leur histoire, par G.P. Bonenfant 130 F
- la théâtre noir aux États-Unis, par G. Fabre 145 F
- la musique de juif en France au XVI^e siècle 260 F

DROIT - SOCIOLOGIE

- l'islam contemporain dans l'Océan indien 40 F
- la création du droit, aspects sociaux 90 F

NUTRITION - MÉDECINE

- hygiène et médecine de la viande - fraîche (coll.) 180 F
- Géo. Ba. Rig. Pa. le système médical tibétain, par F. Meyer 130 F
- nutrition des poissons (coll.) 210 F

Editions du CNRS

by America's leading exponent of the auteur theory, Andrew Sarris. Meanwhile, students of practical film making responded to the creator of "pure cinema," who had come to such happy terms with Hollywood. As the attractions of free-style French New Wave and Swinging London directors faded, as an obsession with self-expression was superseded by a fascination with power, as an interest in ideas was replaced by a preoccupation with technique, as a new will to succeed took over from an almost deliberate courting of failure, so the cunning old manipulator of popular audiences became the most influential and imitated director since D. W. Griffith.

By 1970 Hitchcock had achieved the best of both worlds – to be idolized by the public and the critics alike, but with concessions had to be made in order to achieve this. As far back as 1931 John Grierson had written, of the man he considered "the world's best director of unimportant pictures," "I believe the highbrows, in praising him, have sent Hitchcock off in the wrong direction, as they have sent off many another: Chaplin for example."

Grierson was writing then about *Rich and Strange*, the commercial and critical failure of which played a major part in narrowing Hitchcock's dramatic focus. Although deliberate compromise set in after this satire on the fragility of middle-class marriage, he was in complete control of his career from the mid-1930s. Of no other director in the English-speaking cinema can this be said. He never accepted an uncongenial project and, because he meticulously planned every picture before it went on the floor, none of his films either became bogged down during production or reached the screen in a version different from his final cut. With the single exception of the minor marital comedy *Mr and Mrs Smith* (made in 1941 as an act of friendship to please Carole Lombard), he devoted himself from the 1934 version of *The Man Who Knew Too Much* to his final comedy thriller *Family Plot* in 1976 to producing characteristically Hitchcockian films. This is not to say that there is not a great deal of variety in his pictures, though it would be true to say that the most obviously personal undertakings – *Under Capricorn*, *I Confess*, *The*

Wrong Man, *The Trouble With Harry* and *Venice* – were his least successful both financially and with the popular newspaper critics.

He was, however, a conventional man, never going far beyond the permissible and never consciously offending the studio bosses. "My weakness," Hitchcock told André Bazin in 1954, "is my consciousness of the money for which I'm responsible." Rothman writes of *I Confess* (1952): "its story about the courage and despair of a man scorned for his refusal to testify under interrogation is a thinly veiled allegory of McCarthyism and the blacklist." That may be so, but it isn't much of a statement, and it is the only occasion on which he stood out against black-listing. When his friend Ben Hecht was declared *persona non grata* in Britain for some injudicious remarks about Palestine, Hitchcock remained silent (though it meant the removal of Hecht's name from copies of *Spellbound* and *Notorious* in distribution throughout the Commonwealth). When Ingrid Bergman was forced to leave Hollywood as a result of her liaison with Roberto Rossellini, he made no public statement on her behalf. He said nothing when old collaborators like Ivor Montagu (editor of *The Lodger* and producer of four of the major films of the 1930s) were prevented from entering America because of their political opinions. His reticence, however, might have been partly due to the fact that he did not become an American citizen until 1955 – two years, that is, after the virtual expulsion of Chaplin.

There has been a certain failure on the part of British critics to understand what America meant to Hitchcock in terms of artistic and psychological freedom, and on the part of Americans to see what England continued to mean to him in terms of class and of moral rootedness in the warm Edwardian society of his childhood. Neither Rothman nor Donald Spoto, author of *The Art of Alfred Hitchcock* (1979), note the recurrence of British actors and actresses as figures of authority in all but a couple of Hitchcock's American movies (including Cathleen Nesbitt, ten-year-old Hitch's senior, making her final appearance as the determining dowager in his last film *Family Plot*). Rothman makes a great

deal of a scene in which the heroine and the wrongly suspected sex murderer (played by Ivor Novello) in *The Lodger* stake the life together. He devotes half a page to explicating its sexual symbolism not to mention "Hitchcock metaphorically stoking the fires of his narration". Rothman is not necessarily wrong in his reading of the scene, but there is little doubt that this was in part a black joke between Hitch and his composer-matinee idol star about Novello's most famous song, "Keep the home fires burning". Spoto in his discussion of *Murder!* makes a big point of the fact that the attorney for the prosecution is "a woman, dressed up, of course, as a male in imitation of Britain's courtroom costume tradition" and that "in a twist of ironic coincidence, the attorney (Anthony Brandon Thomas) bears a striking resemblance to Esmé Percy" who plays the real murderer, a transvestite. What Spoto does not recognize is that Hitchcock cast her for the role because her father, Brandon Thomas, was the author of the classic drag comedy, *Charley's Aunt*. To protect himself from having to pay attention to Hitchcock's Englishness ("to forget that Hitchcock is a quasi-Cockney is like forgetting that Losey is an American or Fritz Lang a German") is a telling Durgan footnote Spoto has certainly read, Spoto comes up in his chapter on *Shadow of a Doubt* with this astonishing comment:

Hitchcock seems to me the quintessentially American film maker, far more closely in touch with the country's literary and philosophical roots than Howard Hawks, Raoul Walsh or John Huston. Hitchcock rejects Emerson's idealism and he is equally uncomfortable with Thoreau's optimism and simplicity. His dark view of man more closely resembles the New England puritan view.

By an odd coincidence that remote Californian community of Santa Rosa where Hitchcock went with his screenwriter Thornton Wilder, author of *Our Town*, to make *Shadow of a Doubt*, was the very place that Raymond Chandler, another Londoner exiled to Southern California, cited as the hometown of his knight-errant private eye, Philip Marlowe. One might have expected Chandler to have admired Hitchcock,

but such was not the case. Chandler, who was engaged to adapt Patricia Highsmith's *Strangers on a Train* in 1945, enjoyed his company ("he is as nice as can be to argue with"), but disliked the way he wanted his writers "to rationalize the shots he wants to make rather than the story". Chandler concluded that Hitchcock "has a strong feeling for stage business and mood and background, not so much for the guts of the business". Several suspense practitioners have concurred in this judgment. Fritz Lang once told me that he couldn't understand the classical status of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and indeed he professed himself somewhat baffled by Hitchcock's reputation in general. Graham Greene, who never had a

good word to say for his co-religionist, during the 1930s when Greene was reviewing movies for *The Spectator*, was unimpressed when introducing his collected film criticism in 1972: "Hitchcock's 'inadequate sense of reality' irritated me and still does – how inexcusably he spoils *The Thirty-Nine Steps*". The strictures of Chandler, Greene and Lang cannot be dismissed as so much sour grape-shot. But they do draw attention to the mysticism of his work – a central, not a peripheral aspect, that might disturb the minds that produced the fatalistic logic of Lang, the psychological patterning of Chandler and the narrative niceties of Greene.

French critics, of course, have failed to understand the pull of either America or England. This is why there has been an abstract quality to their interpretations, stressing theology (Chabrol and Rohmer), technique (Truffaut) or structure (François Regnaud's elegant "Système formel d'Hitchcock – Fascicule de résultats" in the section of new essays in the Hors Série memorial edition of *Cahiers*). What all of Hitchcock's critics agree about, however, is his obsession with controlling his life, his career, his medium and his audience. "The essence of Hitchcock: that order and life depends on the rigorous and unrelenting repression of a powerfully seductive underworld of desire", is how Robin Wood puts it. Those who are forced into that underworld can escape, those who freely embrace it are likely to be destroyed. It is no coincidence that the sexually provocative lower-middle-class girls, Miriam Haines (adulterous wife of the social-climbing tennis player in *Strangers on a Train*) and Marion Crane (larcenous secretary and lover of a socially-trapped storekeeper in *Psycho*), are both on islands of desire (the first on a real one in a fun-fair, the second "trying to flee to a private island") when they are suddenly, and shockingly murdered by total strangers claiming to be acting as disinterested agents.

Arising from this need to control, it is natural that a man growing up with the cinema, helping to shape its development, seizing on it as a means of escape from his own petty world, should use the movies not merely as a means of organizing his life, but as a metaphor for life itself. Nevertheless, this unobjectionable proposition can lead to some often dubious claims. Rothman, for instance, believes that Rebecca is actually about the relationship between Hitchcock and his producer David O. Selznick, and that the Bates Motel in *Psycho* is an ironic image of Hitchcock's idea of his own outmoded cinema.

In a postscript to *Hitchcock: The Murderous Gaze*, William Rothman speculates as to why Hitchcock submitted to being embalmied by the American Film Institute at its embarrassing 1979 television spectacular. Was it a last opportunity to display his wit on camera, was it the final burning of that jovial public figure (like an Oscar melted down to resemble a Buddha) the darker Hitch

Kipping down

Craig Brown

ANTHONY BURGESS

On Going to Bed
95pp. With illustrations. Deutsch:
£4.95.
0 233 97470 9

There is a radio quiz show in which panelists must speak on a given subject for a minute without deviation, repetition or hesitation. I do not know whether Anthony Burgess has ever been invited to compete, but if not this 10,000-word sprint on going to bed should ensure that a contestant's chair is reserved for him.

As with the radio quiz, the choice of subject was someone else's – the copyright page: "The text of On Going to Bed by Anthony Burgess was developed around an idea by Gabriele Pantazzi." At the bottom of the same text of the illustrated page is by the Editor of the illustrated page: "The Burgess's task was to fill in the blanks with an essay about twenty times the length of this review."

But if the book is read again, when one is wide awake, Burgess becomes less and less reliable, not in his prose style, which is as full of life and anguish as ever, nor in the truth behind his anecdotes (though some of his personal habits seem a trifle peculiar), but in his advice and observations. Are cot really "miniature prisons complete with bars"? Should the wise parent really believe that "If a child wishes to stay in bed even in summer, it is because he has been exhausted with his phantasmal experiences of the night"? And how can Burgess be so sure that "none of us wants to die at home"? One of us must be wrong, and I think

hid behind, or was it simply a gesture towards his professional wishers? The April 1982 issue contains a revealing account of a young screenwriter David Lodge who worked with Hitchcock in December 1978 to May 1979 on a thriller inspired by the plot of the traitor George Blake. The title became a joke around the Studios when Hitchcock was told in the 1980 New Year's Honours. According to Freeman, Hitchcock collaborated with the author of the AFI celebration until the minute when he threw himself into an octogenarian equipped with a little interested in any of the books and articles written about him or in anyone else's picture of him. Out of a private screen of his *Autumn Sonata*, saying "I'm a writer of movies", and could not be titled of a single movie by him. Truffaut or Buñuel, the two movies he spoke most warmly of. The way in which Hitch moved over times in his later years was an advantage of new stars and relaxation of censorship. The direct reference to anyone else's movies that Rothman notes in *Psycho* – the hand gripping the curtain he believes to be an allusion to the young mother seizing her own stomach in the Oedipal scene. He does not mention, however, the central visual idea of the influential scene is to be found in *Seventh Victim*, one of the low-budget horror movies produced by Lewton at RKO in the 1940s. Hitchcock is known to have

What Hitchcock was interested in was the minute and expensive preparation of a movie he knew he'd never make. It was a pain, suffering from severe depression, worrying about his wife's incapacity, consuming quantities of liquor, he worked steadily day after day. *Short Night*. To plan the movie was to structure his life and control the world. It was a way too of allowing his full rein. Any murderous of impulse could be talked out of dramatized, if only as a failed impossible sequence in a proposed movie. Furthermore, the screenwriter to be performed for the amusement of his wife and collaborator Alma Reville, to whom he was faithful for more than fifty years, whose judgment he respected as were that of an appellate court. There is evidence in Freeman's account about the last days to support every possible view of Hitchcock. Including Rothman's. The incontrovertible fact is that he put into the films he made rather than into his life, to such an extent that his ideas became his life. Movement and chatter of typewriters, knowledge starts "picking its way through various landscapes", only to be obstructed or to peter out; habits are alluded to – "one turned as one each turned back, as is customary" – but the context of memory or custom isn't made clear; there are dates and place-names, but they don't help to give us any bearings. It is a topography we've come to know from his earlier work, bright promises of ideas, but they might more explicitly be a Larkin poem, in the face of appointment and lost time.

As usual, Ashbery reserves his most difficult moments for references to poetry itself, particularly his own. He has been wise to the kind of critical response his work elicits, and he lards poems with self-conscious hints as to what he's up to (hence part of his popularity with academics, who find his so wonderfully quotable about himself). Here there's a kind of sly commentary on what the common reader or student seminar might be making of him – "It's like watching a movie of a nightmare", "the words that get lost / Are the reasonable and in answer Ashbery hurls his manifestos and apologies: 'I'm all there; wrapped up in the essence and persistence of the world' – there is a blur around / The world that hatches me into reason." Of course, Ashbery slouches these self-statements before they go too far: one that poem itself, and some shorter poems from his last volume *Trasmutar e organizar*.

What kind of a poet emerges? As may be expected of a writer who is

POETRY
Missing one another
Blake Morrison
JOHN ASHBERY
Shadow Train
Dopp. Manchester: Carcanet. £3.25.
0 2363 424 4

not the self-vindicating "but" we expect, and the poem moves off in another direction.

The word "reason" turns up several times in these critical exchanges, suggesting that Ashbery is not as indifferent to its presence in poetry as is often claimed. And certainly "Paradoxes and Oxymorons" seem a perfectly plain, reasonable investigation of the relationship between writer and reader: This poem is concerned with language on a very plain level. Look at it talking to you. You look out a window Or pretend to fidget. You have it but you don't have it. You miss it, it misses you. You miss each other.

The poem is sad because it wants to be yours, and cannot . . . The poem reads like a gloss on the chapter "The Mode of Existence of a Literary Work of Art" in Wellek and Warren's classic *Theory of Literature*. To whom can a poem be said to "belong", the writer or the reader? For Ashbery it belongs to neither, existing in limbo between the reader's failure to concentrate and the writer's to communicate: "You miss it, it misses you". This communication breakdown is sad but also comic; it leads the poet to recognize that since there is no possibility in language of a "plain level", other more playful and open-ended modes of discourse are licensed.

"Play", he assures his suspicious interrogator, is in any case not mere fun and games; it can provide access to some "deeper outside thing, a dreamed role-pattern". And the reader is as much a participant in the play as is the writer: he teases the poet into words ("I think you exist only / To tease me

Poet into man

N. S. Thompson

PIER PAOLO PASOLINI

Poems
Translated by Norman MacAfee and Luciano Martignolo.
Dual text. 231pp. New York: Random House. \$10.50. (Vintage paperback, \$5.95.)
0 394 70825 5

ENZO SICILIANO

Pasolini: A Biography
Translated by John Shepley
435pp. New York: Random House. \$20.
0 394 52299 0

DARIO BELLEZZA

Morte di Pasolini
164pp. Milano: Mondadori. L7500.
0 020583 6

As a poet, Pier Paolo Pasolini was an arch-traditionalist; as a man, a "politikon zoon", he was a radical romantic whose disillusion drove to despair. The man frustrated the poet and forced him, first, to relinquish his traditional means in favour of a freer approach to poetry, and later, to abandon his poetry – ostensibly, at least – for the cinema.

The present volume of *Poems*, as the translators state, represents about a sixth of Pasolini's published work in Italian and none of his early lyrics in the Friulan dialect. It is based on a selection Pasolini himself made for an edition in 1970, and includes his introduction to this volume as an appendix. Certainly, making a first, rigorous choice from among the works of such a wide-ranging poet is an exceedingly difficult task, and while this selection is inclusive, showing the move from rational public poet to tortured private man, the picture it presents is inevitably incomplete. Quite rightly, the long title poems of his first two collections, *The Ashes of Gramsci* and *The Religion of My Time* have been included, but the translators have preferred the agonized *"A Desperate Vitality"* from *Poesia in forma di rosa*, rather than that poem itself, and some shorter poems from his last volume *Trasmutar e organizar*. What kind of a poet emerges? As may be expected of a writer who is

into doing it on your level") and is in turn tantalized by them. This, it appears, is what Ashbery believes poetry should be: a mutual acceptance of the playful rather than the plain, the ludic rather than the lucid. His sonnet ends with a triumphant paradox: writer and reader, having cleared away their misconceptions about poetry and given themselves up to its game of hide-and-seek, are able miraculously to discover each other after all: "And the poem / Has set me softly down beside you. The poem is you." The intelligibility of this poem may fly in the face of what it has to impart, which is that intelligibility is not poetry's main requirement, but it confirms how conventionally humanist Ashbery's preoccupations are: communication, consciousness, identity, the function of art.

Not that there aren't other sonnets here which make themselves plain. "Night Life" is a love poem, reflecting on separateness and togetherness, can be ending in frank sensuality – "the husky fragrance / Breaking out of your voice". In "A Prison all the Same" the poet assumes the persona of a haughty Olympian appalled at the lumpenproletariat's lack of poise and detachment: "A crisis or catastrophe goes off in their lives / Every few minutes. They don't get used to it, having no memory." "Quail" is about fame and mortality, contrasting the reluctant rise of Warren C. Harding with the celebrity thrust on a contemporary sports-star:

This protected summer of high, white clouds, a new golf star
Flashes like confetti against the intoxicating early part
Of summer, almost to the end of August.
The crowd is hysterical.
Fickle as always, they follow him to the edge

Of the inferno. But the fall is, deliciously, only his.

Despite that clumsy repetition of "summer", the passage typifies Ashbery's skill at finding powerful images and half-anecdotes which momentarily light up the darkness.

There are enough such moments – just – to carry the reader through. After the High Ambition of *As We Knew*, this is a relaxed book meant to be read in a relaxed way – one picks and chooses from the bright fragments rather than searching for fully unified or successful poems. It is often said that Ashbery's work is impossible to assess because it has "no context" – except perhaps the Modernist one, which states that to demand a context is in some way illegitimate. This, for British readers who want to judge for themselves that in such-and-such a context this is the right choice of word or the clinching metaphor, can be ending in frank sensuality – "the husky fragrance / Breaking out of your voice". In "A Prison all the Same" the poet assumes the persona of a haughty Olympian appalled at the lumpenproletariat's lack of poise and detachment: "A crisis or catastrophe goes off in their lives / Every few minutes. They don't get used to it, having no memory." "Quail" is about fame and mortality, contrasting the reluctant rise of Warren C. Harding with the celebrity thrust on a contemporary sports-star:

This protected summer of high, white clouds, a new golf star
Flashes like confetti against the intoxicating early part
Of summer, almost to the end of August.
The crowd is hysterical.
Fickle as always, they follow him to the edge

Painted, and later turned to film, a very visual one; the two poems in *terza rima* – are intense – metaphysical meditations, but firmly located in time and place. A visit to the grave of Antonio Gramsci in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome is the setting for a scrupulously honest self-examination in the course of which the rational Communist finds that he does not want his beloved working class to change, to lose its traditional vital qualities; "Two days of fever" give rise to a scrutiny of his concepts of religion and love, where he remembers his earlier Catholicism, contrasting it with his present Marxism. In both poems descriptions of his environment amplify and extend his state of mind. But, unlike the *ermelici*, Pasolini is not locked inside himself; the problems he examines, albeit from a personal, even private point of view, are universal: society, religion, social change. As most critics agree, Pasolini's great contribution was the creation of "una poesia civile", the rational argument of a civilized mind. But the adjective also carries the meaning of "civil": his is a public poetry, even if there is no consensus of acceptance by the public. After the strenuous effort to arrive at these well-reasoned, balanced poems of the 1950s, he changed direction, turning inwards to become a "linguist poet"; his subjective reactions are given first place, making for an engaging warmth, until they become the agony of his later years. However, in both modes, Pasolini was a skilled prosodist, especially in his resurrection of Dante's *terza rima* – who twisted and broke the rules to great effect. Naturally, this causes problems for the translator and MacAfee, while his versions are "correct", ignore this important aspect of a "civil (ized) poem".

Reviewing Pasolini's first small book of dialect poetry in the *Cavaliere di Lugano* in 1943, Gianfranco Contini, then a young professor, hit a prophetic note in remarking on the "scandal" which he introduced into the "analysis of dialect literature". The scandal was in trying to use dialect for the expression of honest, personal sentiment rather than as a medium for folk tales.

Contini's review is noted by Enzo Siciliano in his excellent biography, which, while giving a sensitive appreciation of his literary and cinematographic production, simply chronicles Pasolini's own personal struggles. These, centred on his

homosexuality, which caused scandal enough in the 1940s and 50s. In 1950, when he was twenty-eight, it led to his being expelled from his post as schoolteacher and local Communist Party secretary in Friuli, and with his mother he fled to Rome. There he sought work as a teacher until script-writing in the burgeoning film industry enabled him to concentrate on writing. His two novels, *Ragazzi di via* and *Una vita violenta*, brought him fame, and more scandal, mainly because of their use of obscenity, but also because of his accurate descriptions of living conditions in the borgate, the shanty towns around Rome, which the reading public was either unaware of or refused to acknowledge. Given the opportunities of the day and the contacts he had already established in Cinecittà, it seemed a simple step to make a film himself, and *Accattone* (1961), the story of a young pimp who can find no place in the world, was actually set in these desolate outskirts. It was the first of many films in which a young man is stigmatized or martyred, whether it be Oedipus or Christ or Ettore (*Maiurina Roma*). In the polemics of his last years, which were confined to the Italian political scene, Pasolini appeared to offer himself up in the same way as his heroes.

According to Dario Bellezza, Pasolini's one-time literary secretary and friend (and himself a poet), Pasolini's last scandal was in "choosing" his death. In *Morte di Pasolini*, Bellezza examines the prefigurations of it in his poetry, especially in the *Poesia in forma di rosa* volume (1964), where the poet leaves his earlier rationality behind; the poetry becomes a cry of *profundus* and the figure of a "poeta martirizzato" constantly appears. In his biography, Siciliano presents the detailed evidence and hypotheses surrounding Pasolini's death (he was found beaten and crushed to death in Gstaï in 1975), and casts doubt on the court's final decision. Though not ignoring the doubts or the contradictory evidence, Bellezza is more concerned to present a picture of a man who was looking for death: a man who, well into middle age, should have been reaching some stage, but who was more than ever tormented by his sexual instincts and who felt betrayed by the new liberality and the embourgeoisement of the proletarian youths he desired. It is a very convincing portrait.

NEW
Tony Benn
Parliament, People and Power
Agenda for a Free Society
In these interviews with New Left Review, Tony Benn discusses the impact of the political experience of the past thirty years on the evolution of his own thinking. He maps the course that Labour must, in his view, now pursue towards a socialist resolution of the British crisis. This is Benn's most comprehensive political and personal statement to date.
£14.00 cloth £3.95 paper
FIRST ENGLISH PAPERBACK EDITION
Jean-Paul Sartre
Critique of Dialectical Reason
£8.95 paper
NEW
Michelle Barrett & Mary McIntosh
The Anti-social Family
£14.00 cloth £3.95 paper
NEW
Peter Weller
Readings and Writings
Semiotic Counter-strategies
£18.00 cloth £4.95 paper
NEW
Adolfo Gilly
The Mexican Revolution
£17.50 cloth £3.95 paper
NOW IN PAPERBACK
Paul Feyerabend
Science in a Free Society
£4.95 paper
REISSUED
Louis Althusser
Montaigne, Rousseau, Marx
Politics and History
£8.95 paper
Verso/NLR
18 Creek Street, London W1

PRESSES UNIVERSITAIRES DE FRANCE
300 new titles this year: there is bound to be one of interest to you, such as:
DICTIONNAIRE CRITIQUE DE SOCIOLOGIE
par Raymond Boudon et François Bourricaud.
L'ÉURASIE (XI^e - XIII^e siècles)
par Georges Duby, Robert Mantran et divers auteurs.
Collection "Peuples et Civilisations".
DICTIONNAIRE CRITIQUE DU MARXISME
sous la direction de Georges Labica, et avec la collaboration de Gérard Benamou et d'autres auteurs.
Hall 5 - Groupe 9
Stand B - 909
puf
LES ÉDITIONS DE LA PUF
OUEST-UNIVERSITÉ DE MONTE

Zwiegespräch

Kurt Böttcher / Johannes Mittenzwei
Deutschsprachige Dichter als Zeichner und Maler
German Poets as Drawers and Painters

Twin talent in art is an absorbing topic in literary science and history of civilization studies. So far, however, it has received no particular attention. With the present work a comprehensive documentation is presented for the first time of German-speaking artists who as poets had the additional gift of expressing themselves in painting or drawing. Its historical span reaches from the 13th century to the present day – from Heinrich Seuse to Friedrich Dürrenmatt and Peter Weiss. At the same time, the reader comes to know many pictures which have not yet been published in book editions.

407 pages with 511 black and white illustrations. 20.5cm by 27.0cm. Full cloth binding. Retail price: 72,- M.
Order No. 592 684 3 Böttcher, Doppelbeg.

For readers interested in German literature and art, art historians and interested laymen.
A detailed brochure in German is available on request to interested parties.

Regarding orders please write to your book-seller or to our publishing house.

EDITION LEIPZIG

Verlag für Kunst und Wissenschaft
GDR 7010 Leipzig P.O. Box 340

The stage-struck novelist

F. W. J. Hemmings

ÉMILE ZOLA

Correspondance
Tome III, Juin 1877 - Mai 1880
Edited by B. H. Bakker and others
543pp. Montreal: Les Presses de
l'Université de Montréal. \$45.
2 7606 0547 7

The first two volumes of Zola's collected letters (reviewed here on October 3, 1980) covered the first thirty-seven years of the writer's life. The third covers the next three years, and succeeding volumes are likely to have a similar time-span. After a disheartening period of critical neglect, the sudden notoriety Zola acquired with the publication of *L'Assommoir* early in 1877 widened his circle of correspondents, who also tended more often than in the past to preserve his letters, if only for the sake of the signature.

Beyond this, the increased flow of letters can be seen as an incidental consequence of his increased income, which allowed him to indulge in a six-month holiday away from Paris from May to November 1877. The following summer he escaped once more, this time to the little hamlet of Médan, near where the river Oise flows into the Seine, "un trou où je passe l'été, loin de toute station", as he described it to the director of the Odéon Theatre. Here he bought a cottage with plenty of ground, built on to it, and used it as his principal residence for the rest of his life, returning to town only for the winter season.

The move from Paris obliged him to rely much more heavily on letter-writing as a means of keeping in touch with his friends and professional contacts in the capital, who could seldom be persuaded to make the tiresome train journey to Triel, followed by a half-hour's walk back beside the tracks to reach Médan. The previous summer, at L'Estaque, then a very cultivated village on the outskirts of Paris, he had been even more "in the sticks". He appreciated the peace and quiet, which was what he had come for, the proximity of the sea and the splendour of the châteaux - not to mention "les bouillottes-bouillottes, la cuisine au plume, les coquillages et les salades exquises dont je mange sans mesure". But the isolation was a little too complete; he found himself sadly missing "tous les canons dont nous vivons à Paris". So the letters over this period - to his younger disciples Alexis, Céard, and Hennique, and to more elderly friends like Turgeniev and Edmond de Goncourt - are clamorous for "news" of the kind the newspapers cannot give him: "les journaux m'ennuient plus qu'ils ne m'instruisent". They gave far too much space to political comment and far too little to the literary scene.

For a writer who professed so exclusive an interest in his own times, Zola appears to have been extraordinarily indifferent to the crisis the country was going through in 1877: a crisis precipitated by the decision of Marshal MacMahon, President of the Republic, to dismiss his prime minister on May 16, in spite of the fact that no other parliamentary leader could command a majority. Eventually he had to dissolve the Chamber and risk the results of fresh elections. Gambetta made his famous remark that, once the country had spoken through the ballot-box, MacMahon would have only two choices: "se démettre" or "se démettre". The elections took place on October 14 and in spite of a desperate campaign by the royalists, the republicans were returned with a working majority, and MacMahon had to "submit". The long-term implications were profound: for the next sixty years, France was to remain a parliamentary, not a presidential democracy. But Zola, who one must not forget had proved himself a brilliant parliamentary correspondent at Bordeaux and Versailles during and immediately after the 1870 war, shut his ears and eyes to all this. It is questionable whether he even troubled to read the papers.

What he evidently found far more exciting than this tiresome, *apogée politique* was a private dream which

about this time he fancied was nearing realization - the dream of becoming the first truly modern dramatist of his age (Zola had not heard of Ibsen at this date). Even the total failure of his farce *Le Boulon de rose* in May 1878 could not discourage him. He confided to Flaubert on November 30 that he remained "toujours très tourmenté par l'idée de faire du théâtre", adding that he had been reading Augier, Dumas fils and Labiche to see if he could not match or even surpass them. He indulged this fantasy secretly, as though it were something he was a little ashamed of. He had agreed to let a professional playwright, William Busnach, adapt his novel *L'Assommoir* for the stage, but he insisted on a covert collaboration and wrote him long letters from L'Estaque criticizing the scenario Busnach had submitted and suggesting various ways of improving it. Back in Paris, he took a close interest in the casting, attended all the rehearsals, and even though he steadfastly refused to allow his name to appear as co-author, the melodrama, which in fact proved a great popular success, must have owed much to the work he put into it. Emboldened by this experience, he enlisted the help of his younger friends Céard and Hennique to prepare a dramatization of an earlier novel, *La Conquête de Plassans*. There are several references to this project in letters written in the autumn of 1879, but in the end nothing came of it.

One result of this *hantise du théâtre* was that Zola, for perhaps the first time in his life, found himself having close dealings with actors, actresses, and theatre directors, and this may well have helped determine the direction taken by *Nana*, which was his next masterpiece after *L'Assommoir*. For *Nana* is very much a novel of the

theatre, though it was not originally conceived as such, but rather as a novel about prostitution; yet there was no obvious connection between these two themes. Even though, judged by the strict standards of the time, actresses in the nineteenth century often led irregular, not to say rakish lives, the demarcation line between the theatrical world and the *demi-monde* was quite firmly drawn. In the *Grand Seize*, the private room in the Café Anglais where men of fashion played baccarat till the sun came up, they would sometimes invite actresses to supper, and sometimes Indies exercising a much older profession, but they never mixed the categories, and if a woman of the town tried to gatecrash she was politely but firmly told to come back the following evening.

Zola's *fièvre théâtrale*, as he called it in a letter to Hennique, was further heightened when in August 1879 he heard from the Italian actress Giacinta Pezzatta that, having read the text of the dramatized version of *Thérèse Raquin*, she had decided to stage the play in Naples with Eleonora Duse in the title-part. It had been a wild success, so she reported, the curtain having been raised seven times at the end of the third act. This was only one of the numerous letters from Italy Zola was receiving at this time, all showing that it was in this country - appropriately enough, since he was half Italian himself - that he had the greatest following outside France. He had been in touch with the dramatist Alessandro Parodi since 1876. Parodi had brought the visiting journalist Edmondo De Amicis to see him in July 1878, and De Amicis published a detailed account of the interview on his return to Milan. He had a daughter, champion in Felice Camerini, no fewer than sixty-four letters to Zola.

Wholly apologetic

David Coward

NED RIVAL

Les Amours pervers: Une biographie de Nicolas-Edme Rétif de la Bretonne
351pp. Paris: Perrin. 78fr.

Stendhal detected a whiff of the real eighteenth century in him. Henri Murger read him in hospital. Baudelaire told his publisher of a volume of "ravissants extraits" to be had for the compiling. His name was hurled as an insult at Zola and his biographers of the specialized sort rushed out to acquire first editions. His "frank" books were reprinted and his reputation as a downmarket Sade was confirmed. Yet Voltaire set him above Rousseau and Simone de Beauvoir once claimed to have read all of him in the autumn of 1930.

This is something which has been done by very few people and Rétif's latest biographer is not of their number. Of course one sympathizes. Rétif left a mountain of books: 60,000 pages of novels, stories, plays, reforming tracts and philosophical disquisitions, some unobtainable now, others still unreadable - there are forty-two volumes of *Les Contemplations*, for example - and all autobiographical to some degree.

His writings are more than confessional: they are distinctly

apologetic, the occupational therapy of an unquiet man. His entire output is an extension of his personality, which occupied the forefront and pervades the background. Prickly and unapproachable, he was also incurably shy and he confided bold but embellished truths to his anonymous reader in the public intimacy of the printed page. The whole of his work is more than the sum of its many parts, however. For while some of the parts are exceedingly dull, they do add up to a fascinating portrait of a man at war with himself.

Born into a family of Burgundian *cultivateurs*, Rétif was apprenticed to a printer at Auxerre and worked as a typesetter in Paris for a dozen years before publishing his first novel in 1767 at the age of thirty-three. He made his name with *Le Paysan pervers* (1775) which also marked the first appearance of Gaudet d'Arras, a powerful and disturbing philosophical tempter who urged that the path to freedom for "superior" beings lay in the rejection of conventional moral values. Rétif himself could never act on this advice and remained bound by a rigidly Jansenist sense of sin. He tried to deal with his insistent sexuality by reforming society to accommodate it. But by the 1780s, seeing his schemes come to nothing, he had begun devising fantastic, compensatory worlds in which he was admired, respected and triumphant. He gave his utopian a scientific basis by adopting a proto-Darwinian view of nature and by fitting them into a self-renewing God.

At The Gallery

(for Arthur Sale)

Another landscape, then - the chestnut stallion
Demurely waiting for his sugar-lump.
A meadow tied with streams of thal,
Gift of green for ever grazing on.
The house, the park, the slims in a burnished clump
Unfaded, unfallen - what does it offer? Well

Too much, too much of joy and comfort
In its sweet particulars, with each acquaintance
Always found there at the same address
Untroubled by departure or a thought
Of more than slight disruption, mere incoherence
And the light's insatiable moodiness

John Mole

from the Italian critic, since unfortunately only four of the rest having been, it is the destroyed in the fighting during the Second World War. But the fact that De Sanctis made of his contained, Zola's recognition of acknowledgment as one of the most exhaustive and penetrating analysis of his aims and achievements that had so far appeared in the country.

By 1880 Zola was rapidly becoming a figure of European stature. Correspondents not just in Italy, Holland, Germany, and Austria, but also in the United States, were eagerly propagating the gospel. This fact largely explains the original letters come to be dispersed today. To bring the light, the team of research headed by Bard Bakker in Paris and Colette Becker in Paris have comb collections as far apart as the Lenin Library in Moscow and the Library of Congress in Washington. The fruits of their efforts are becoming fully apparent. Among the proportion of "new" letters published in the last year has been the order of 20 per cent in the first volume rises to 55 per cent in the second. This is not a small thing, since that the *Correspondance* is now an annotated edition; it is now a collection of documents which has been completed with the aim of providing a portrait of the novelist can be made with a great deal more fine detail and accuracy of focus than anyone else have dreamed possible a few years

ago. If the reader relies on the titles, the two books seem to deal with the same subject, but there is a significant difference between them. Gibson's *Death of a Conservative* is a study of the same narrative of the murder of José Calvo Sotelo, but also of the political history of the Spanish Republic for the months of 1936 that preceded the military revolt.

Romero's book suffers, as have his other works of history, from his

carefully through the files of the *Grillo del Popolo*, and of the Turin paper of *Avanti!* The attributions here must always be somewhat doubtful, but I found few to dispute: Caprioglio uses style, content and survivors as his touchstones, and he uses them wisely. Finally, he is able to exclude a number of spurious works already published in previous editions of Gramsci, from the canon. The most significant of these are thirty-eight articles from early 1916, Gramsci's first period as a full-time journalist. Altogether, this is a splendid edition, replete with informative notes, bibliographies and all the useful apparatus of scholarship. Caprioglio prints the spurious apocrypha as appendices to each volume, and even puts lines in the margin to denote censored passages. The whole series will obviously be an essential basis for future Gramscian exegesis.

But the question always arises with such monumental works: is it worth it? The question is particularly acute for the canonical works of Socialism, because the feebleness of much Marxist political thinking is at least partly due to excessive reverence for the sacred texts and the founding fathers. Gramsci himself thought later years that his youthful thought had no lasting value, and refused to allow a selection to be published. Personally, I think he was wrong. His writings may have been ephemeral, but they were not trivial. They were an open diary, in which a highly intelligent man reflected on day-to-day events. As in most diaries, the interest lies not in the facts discussed, but in the atmosphere conveyed, and in the personality revealed.

These writings, indeed, show us the real Gramsci of history, perhaps unfamiliar to those who know only the *Prison Notebooks*. He was not a Marxist philosopher, despite his

POLITICS

Death of a conservative

Herbert Southworth

IAN GIBSON

La noche en que mataron a Calvo Sotelo
285pp. Barcelona: Vergara.
\$35pp. 4 7178 370 3

LUIS ROMERO

Por qué y cómo mataron a Calvo Sotelo
317pp. Barcelona: Planeta.
\$35pp. 4 7178 370 2

These two books, each concerning the murder of the Spanish monarchist José Calvo Sotelo early on the morning of July 13, 1936, appeared in this spring within a few weeks of each other. The story of the competition between them began a year or more ago, when Ian Gibson, an Anglo-Irishman with an international reputation based on his authoritative analysis of the murder of García Lorca, proposed to Editorial Planeta a posthumous book on the assassination of Calvo Sotelo. Author and publisher could not agree on the conditions of the contract and José Manuel Lara, head of Planeta, sought another writer to carry out the idea, finally settling on the well-known novelist and historian Luis Romero; Gibson brought his manuscript to another Barcelona publisher. The race was on to see who would hit the bookshelves first. Gibson's book was then in its fifth printing, making a total of 36,000 copies printed.)

If the reader relies on the titles, the two books seem to deal with the same subject, but there is a significant difference between them. Gibson's *Death of a Conservative* is a study of the same narrative of the murder of José Calvo Sotelo, but also of the political history of the Spanish Republic for the months of 1936 that preceded the military revolt.

Romero's book suffers, as have his other works of history, from his

carefully through the files of the *Grillo del Popolo*, and of the Turin paper of *Avanti!* The attributions here must always be somewhat doubtful, but I found few to dispute: Caprioglio uses style, content and survivors as his touchstones, and he uses them wisely. Finally, he is able to exclude a number of spurious works already published in previous editions of Gramsci, from the canon. The most significant of these are thirty-eight articles from early 1916, Gramsci's first period as a full-time journalist. Altogether, this is a splendid edition, replete with informative notes, bibliographies and all the useful apparatus of scholarship. Caprioglio prints the spurious apocrypha as appendices to each volume, and even puts lines in the margin to denote censored passages. The whole series will obviously be an essential basis for future Gramscian exegesis.

But the question always arises with such monumental works: is it worth it? The question is particularly acute for the canonical works of Socialism, because the feebleness of much Marxist political thinking is at least partly due to excessive reverence for the sacred texts and the founding fathers. Gramsci himself thought later years that his youthful thought had no lasting value, and refused to allow a selection to be published. Personally, I think he was wrong. His writings may have been ephemeral, but they were not trivial. They were an open diary, in which a highly intelligent man reflected on day-to-day events. As in most diaries, the interest lies not in the facts discussed, but in the atmosphere conveyed, and in the personality revealed.

These writings, indeed, show us the real Gramsci of history, perhaps unfamiliar to those who know only the *Prison Notebooks*. He was not a Marxist philosopher, despite his

carefully through the files of the *Grillo del Popolo*, and of the Turin paper of *Avanti!* The attributions here must always be somewhat doubtful, but I found few to dispute: Caprioglio uses style, content and survivors as his touchstones, and he uses them wisely. Finally, he is able to exclude a number of spurious works already published in previous editions of Gramsci, from the canon. The most significant of these are thirty-eight articles from early 1916, Gramsci's first period as a full-time journalist. Altogether, this is a splendid edition, replete with informative notes, bibliographies and all the useful apparatus of scholarship. Caprioglio prints the spurious apocrypha as appendices to each volume, and even puts lines in the margin to denote censored passages. The whole series will obviously be an essential basis for future Gramscian exegesis.

But the question always arises with such monumental works: is it worth it? The question is particularly acute for the canonical works of Socialism, because the feebleness of much Marxist political thinking is at least partly due to excessive reverence for the sacred texts and the founding fathers. Gramsci himself thought later years that his youthful thought had no lasting value, and refused to allow a selection to be published. Personally, I think he was wrong. His writings may have been ephemeral, but they were not trivial. They were an open diary, in which a highly intelligent man reflected on day-to-day events. As in most diaries, the interest lies not in the facts discussed, but in the atmosphere conveyed, and in the personality revealed.

These writings, indeed, show us the real Gramsci of history, perhaps unfamiliar to those who know only the *Prison Notebooks*. He was not a Marxist philosopher, despite his

chronic inability to refuse the temptation to embroider on historical facts. This method is frustrating for students of the Spanish Civil War. He even tells us what Calvo Sotelo was thinking a few minutes before his death. Gibson has done far more legwork than has Romero, and he has found living three of the men who were in the personnel-carrier in which Calvo Sotelo was kidnapped and killed; Romero has talked with only one of these men. Gibson has interviewed at least two persons who throw a new light on the murder of Castillo, whereas Romero offers no new information at all on the subject.

To illustrate Romero's method, I refer readers to pages 47-56 of his book, where he discusses the sessions of the Comisión de Actas, held from March 17 to April 2. This commission, presided over by the moderate Socialist Indalecio Prieto, was empowered to deal with the Cortes seats whose legality was being challenged. Above all else, these sessions disclosed the extent to which Spanish elections were falsified by the government in power and its allies in the oligarchy. Just before the Commission was to decide on the contested seats of the Catholic leader Gil Robles and of Calvo Sotelo, Prieto resigned. Romero, in an ambiguous and rambling account, tells his readers that Prieto resigned rather than assume the responsibility of depriving the two Rightists of their seats. He gives no rigorous references for this judgment. There are no supporting footnotes. I see nothing in his inadequate bibliography to sustain his affirmation. For example, the pertinent comments of Paul Preston in *The Coming of the Spanish Civil War* on this matter are not mentioned either in the text, the footnotes or the bibliography.

Romero's method demands the reader's unlimited confidence in the author. It makes, perhaps, for easier reading but it also undoubtedly weakens the constraints for historical accuracy. I labour this point because I believe the debate during the sessions of the Comisión de Actas were very secret about his sources, and these two factors make his by far the more valuable book for the historian.

Romero's book suffers, as have his other works of history, from his

carefully through the files of the *Grillo del Popolo*, and of the Turin paper of *Avanti!* The attributions here must always be somewhat doubtful, but I found few to dispute: Caprioglio uses style, content and survivors as his touchstones, and he uses them wisely. Finally, he is able to exclude a number of spurious works already published in previous editions of Gramsci, from the canon. The most significant of these are thirty-eight articles from early 1916, Gramsci's first period as a full-time journalist. Altogether, this is a splendid edition, replete with informative notes, bibliographies and all the useful apparatus of scholarship. Caprioglio prints the spurious apocrypha as appendices to each volume, and even puts lines in the margin to denote censored passages. The whole series will obviously be an essential basis for future Gramscian exegesis.

But the question always arises with such monumental works: is it worth it? The question is particularly acute for the canonical works of Socialism, because the feebleness of much Marxist political thinking is at least partly due to excessive reverence for the sacred texts and the founding fathers. Gramsci himself thought later years that his youthful thought had no lasting value, and refused to allow a selection to be published. Personally, I think he was wrong. His writings may have been ephemeral, but they were not trivial. They were an open diary, in which a highly intelligent man reflected on day-to-day events. As in most diaries, the interest lies not in the facts discussed, but in the atmosphere conveyed, and in the personality revealed.

These writings, indeed, show us the real Gramsci of history, perhaps unfamiliar to those who know only the *Prison Notebooks*. He was not a Marxist philosopher, despite his

carefully through the files of the *Grillo del Popolo*, and of the Turin paper of *Avanti!* The attributions here must always be somewhat doubtful, but I found few to dispute: Caprioglio uses style, content and survivors as his touchstones, and he uses them wisely. Finally, he is able to exclude a number of spurious works already published in previous editions of Gramsci, from the canon. The most significant of these are thirty-eight articles from early 1916, Gramsci's first period as a full-time journalist. Altogether, this is a splendid edition, replete with informative notes, bibliographies and all the useful apparatus of scholarship. Caprioglio prints the spurious apocrypha as appendices to each volume, and even puts lines in the margin to denote censored passages. The whole series will obviously be an essential basis for future Gramscian exegesis.

But the question always arises with such monumental works: is it worth it? The question is particularly acute for the canonical works of Socialism, because the feebleness of much Marxist political thinking is at least partly due to excessive reverence for the sacred texts and the founding fathers. Gramsci himself thought later years that his youthful thought had no lasting value, and refused to allow a selection to be published. Personally, I think he was wrong. His writings may have been ephemeral, but they were not trivial. They were an open diary, in which a highly intelligent man reflected on day-to-day events. As in most diaries, the interest lies not in the facts discussed, but in the atmosphere conveyed, and in the personality revealed.

These writings, indeed, show us the real Gramsci of history, perhaps unfamiliar to those who know only the *Prison Notebooks*. He was not a Marxist philosopher, despite his

chronic inability to refuse the temptation to embroider on historical facts. This method is frustrating for students of the Spanish Civil War. He even tells us what Calvo Sotelo was thinking a few minutes before his death. Gibson has done far more legwork than has Romero, and he has found living three of the men who were in the personnel-carrier in which Calvo Sotelo was kidnapped and killed; Romero has talked with only one of these men. Gibson has interviewed at least two persons who throw a new light on the murder of Castillo, whereas Romero offers no new information at all on the subject.

To illustrate Romero's method, I refer readers to pages 47-56 of his book, where he discusses the sessions of the Comisión de Actas, held from March 17 to April 2. This commission, presided over by the moderate Socialist Indalecio Prieto, was empowered to deal with the Cortes seats whose legality was being challenged. Above all else, these sessions disclosed the extent to which Spanish elections were falsified by the government in power and its allies in the oligarchy. Just before the Commission was to decide on the contested seats of the Catholic leader Gil Robles and of Calvo Sotelo, Prieto resigned. Romero, in an ambiguous and rambling account, tells his readers that Prieto resigned rather than assume the responsibility of depriving the two Rightists of their seats. He gives no rigorous references for this judgment. There are no supporting footnotes. I see nothing in his inadequate bibliography to sustain his affirmation. For example, the pertinent comments of Paul Preston in *The Coming of the Spanish Civil War* on this matter are not mentioned either in the text, the footnotes or the bibliography.

Romero's method demands the reader's unlimited confidence in the author. It makes, perhaps, for easier reading but it also undoubtedly weakens the constraints for historical accuracy. I labour this point because I believe the debate during the sessions of the Comisión de Actas were very secret about his sources, and these two factors make his by far the more valuable book for the historian.

Romero's book suffers, as have his other works of history, from his

carefully through the files of the *Grillo del Popolo*, and of the Turin paper of *Avanti!* The attributions here must always be somewhat doubtful, but I found few to dispute: Caprioglio uses style, content and survivors as his touchstones, and he uses them wisely. Finally, he is able to exclude a number of spurious works already published in previous editions of Gramsci, from the canon. The most significant of these are thirty-eight articles from early 1916, Gramsci's first period as a full-time journalist. Altogether, this is a splendid edition, replete with informative notes, bibliographies and all the useful apparatus of scholarship. Caprioglio prints the spurious apocrypha as appendices to each volume, and even puts lines in the margin to denote censored passages. The whole series will obviously be an essential basis for future Gramscian exegesis.

But the question always arises with such monumental works: is it worth it? The question is particularly acute for the canonical works of Socialism, because the feebleness of much Marxist political thinking is at least partly due to excessive reverence for the sacred texts and the founding fathers. Gramsci himself thought later years that his youthful thought had no lasting value, and refused to allow a selection to be published. Personally, I think he was wrong. His writings may have been ephemeral, but they were not trivial. They were an open diary, in which a highly intelligent man reflected on day-to-day events. As in most diaries, the interest lies not in the facts discussed, but in the atmosphere conveyed, and in the personality revealed.

These writings, indeed, show us the real Gramsci of history, perhaps unfamiliar to those who know only the *Prison Notebooks*. He was not a Marxist philosopher, despite his

carefully through the files of the *Grillo del Popolo*, and of the Turin paper of *Avanti!* The attributions here must always be somewhat doubtful, but I found few to dispute: Caprioglio uses style, content and survivors as his touchstones, and he uses them wisely. Finally, he is able to exclude a number of spurious works already published in previous editions of Gramsci, from the canon. The most significant of these are thirty-eight articles from early 1916, Gramsci's first period as a full-time journalist. Altogether, this is a splendid edition, replete with informative notes, bibliographies and all the useful apparatus of scholarship. Caprioglio prints the spurious apocrypha as appendices to each volume, and even puts lines in the margin to denote censored passages. The whole series will obviously be an essential basis for future Gramscian exegesis.

But the question always arises with such monumental works: is it worth it? The question is particularly acute for the canonical works of Socialism, because the feebleness of much Marxist political thinking is at least partly due to excessive reverence for the sacred texts and the founding fathers. Gramsci himself thought later years that his youthful thought had no lasting value, and refused to allow a selection to be published. Personally, I think he was wrong. His writings may have been ephemeral, but they were not trivial. They were an open diary, in which a highly intelligent man reflected on day-to-day events. As in most diaries, the interest lies not in the facts discussed, but in the atmosphere conveyed, and in the personality revealed.

These writings, indeed, show us the real Gramsci of history, perhaps unfamiliar to those who know only the *Prison Notebooks*. He was not a Marxist philosopher, despite his

chronic inability to refuse the temptation to embroider on historical facts. This method is frustrating for students of the Spanish Civil War. He even tells us what Calvo Sotelo was thinking a few minutes before his death. Gibson has done far more legwork than has Romero, and he has found living three of the men who were in the personnel-carrier in which Calvo Sotelo was kidnapped and killed; Romero has talked with only one of these men. Gibson has interviewed at least two persons who throw a new light on the murder of Castillo, whereas Romero offers no new information at all on the subject.

To illustrate Romero's method, I refer readers to pages 47-56 of his book, where he discusses the sessions of the Comisión de Actas, held from March 17 to April 2. This commission, presided over by the moderate Socialist Indalecio Prieto, was empowered to deal with the Cortes seats whose legality was being challenged. Above all else, these sessions disclosed the extent to which Spanish elections were falsified by the government in power and its allies in the oligarchy. Just before the Commission was to decide on the contested seats of the Catholic leader Gil Robles and of Calvo Sotelo, Prieto resigned. Romero, in an ambiguous and rambling account, tells his readers that Prieto resigned rather than assume the responsibility of depriving the two Rightists of their seats. He gives no rigorous references for this judgment. There are no supporting footnotes. I see nothing in his inadequate bibliography to sustain his affirmation. For example, the pertinent comments of Paul Preston in *The Coming of the Spanish Civil War* on this matter are not mentioned either in the text, the footnotes or the bibliography.

Romero's method demands the reader's unlimited confidence in the author. It makes, perhaps, for easier reading but it also undoubtedly weakens the constraints for historical accuracy. I labour this point because I believe the debate during the sessions of the Comisión de Actas were very secret about his sources, and these two factors make his by far the more valuable book for the historian.

Romero's book suffers, as have his other works of history, from his

carefully through the files of the *Grillo del Popolo*, and of the Turin paper of *Avanti!* The attributions here must always be somewhat doubtful, but I found few to dispute: Caprioglio uses style, content and survivors as his touchstones, and he uses them wisely. Finally, he is able to exclude a number of spurious works already published in previous editions of Gramsci, from the canon. The most significant of these are thirty-eight articles from early 1916, Gramsci's first period as a full-time journalist. Altogether, this is a splendid edition, replete with informative notes, bibliographies and all the useful apparatus of scholarship. Caprioglio prints the spurious apocrypha as appendices to each volume, and even puts lines in the margin to denote censored passages. The whole series will obviously be an essential basis for future Gramscian exegesis.

But the question always arises with such monumental works: is it worth it? The question is particularly acute for the canonical works of Socialism, because the feebleness of much Marxist political thinking is at least partly due to excessive reverence for the sacred texts and the founding fathers. Gramsci himself thought later years that his youthful thought had no lasting value, and refused to allow a selection to be published. Personally, I think he was wrong. His writings may have been ephemeral, but they were not trivial. They were an open diary, in which a highly intelligent man reflected on day-to-day events. As in most diaries, the interest lies not in the facts discussed, but in the atmosphere conveyed, and in the personality revealed.

These writings, indeed, show us the real Gramsci of history, perhaps unfamiliar to those who know only the *Prison Notebooks*. He was not a Marxist philosopher, despite his

carefully through the files of the *Grillo del Popolo*, and of the Turin paper of *Avanti!* The attributions here must always be somewhat doubtful, but I found few to dispute: Caprioglio uses style, content and survivors as his touchstones, and he uses them wisely. Finally, he is able to exclude a number of spurious works already published in previous editions of Gramsci, from the canon. The most significant of these are thirty-eight articles from early 1916, Gramsci's first period as a full-time journalist. Altogether, this is a splendid edition, replete with informative notes, bibliographies and all the useful apparatus of scholarship. Caprioglio prints the spurious apocrypha as appendices to each volume, and even puts lines in the margin to denote censored passages. The whole series will obviously be an essential basis for future Gramscian exegesis.

But the question always arises with such monumental works: is it worth it? The question is particularly acute for the canonical works of Socialism, because the feebleness of much Marxist political thinking is at least partly due to excessive reverence for the sacred texts and the founding fathers. Gramsci himself thought later years that his youthful thought had no lasting value, and refused to allow a selection to be published. Personally, I think he was wrong. His writings may have been ephemeral, but they were not trivial. They were an open diary, in which a highly intelligent man reflected on day-to-day events. As in most diaries, the interest lies not in the facts discussed, but in the atmosphere conveyed, and in the personality revealed.

These writings, indeed, show us the real Gramsci of history, perhaps unfamiliar to those who know only the *Prison Notebooks*. He was not a Marxist philosopher, despite his

Alianza Editorial

Literatura
Hispanoamericana

NOVEDADES

JORGE LUIS BORGES
La cifra

VLADY KOTIANCICH
La octava maravilla
Prólogo de Adolfo Bioy Casares

LEOPOLDO LUGONES
Antología poética
Selección e introducción de Jorge Luis Borges

PABLO NERUDA
Antología poética
Prólogo y selección de Hernán Loyola

ULTIMOS TITULOS PUBLICADOS

CIRO ALEGRIA
El mundo es ancho y ajeno
Los perros hambrientos
La serpiente de oro

JOSE MARIA ARGUEDAS
Los ríos profundos
Todas las sangres

MIGUEL ANGEL ASTURIAS
Viernes fuerte
El pago verde
Los ojos de los entrados
Leyendas de Guatemala

MARIO BENEDETTI
Cuentos

JORGE LUIS BORGES
Obras completas en colaboración
I. Con Adolfo Bioy Casares

ALFREDO BRYCE ECHENIQUE
Cuentos completos

BEATRIZ GUIDO
La esdrá

RICARDO GÜRALDES
Don Segundo Sombra

SILVINA OCAMPO
La feria y otros cuentos

JUAN CARLOS ONETTI
Justicadientes

HORACIO QUIROGA
Anequitas
Pagado amor
El sahúje y otros cuentos

JOSE EUSTASIO RIVERA
La yacigina

JUAN RULFO
El gallo de oro y otros textos para cine

Frankfurt Book Fair
Halle 5/2 959

Effects of enlightenment

L. A. Siedentop

JOHN LOUGH
The Philosophes and Post-Revolutionary France
284pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press, £19.50.
0 19 821921 0

Voltaire once remarked about the miracle of Saint-Denis (who, after being beheaded, picked up his head and walked away): "c'est le premier pas qui coûte." Something like that strikes me about John Lough's latest book. The project of assembling the philosophes' ideas over a range of social and political issues and then looking for correspondences with French legislation after 1789 is, at first glance, a surprising one. But once under way it acquires a real interest and even fascination – not least because of Professor Lough's evident delight and skill in producing unfamiliar passages from the philosophes' writings. Doubts about the principles of selection and the project of the book are lulled, if not wholly dispelled.

The variety of the philosophes' views emerges clearly, raising once again the question of how advisable it is to call them a "party." That the philosophes felt they shared a mission is, of course, the chief reason for ascribing such an identity. But the meaning attached to the term "philosopher" is notoriously elusive. It was defined usually in opposition to "intolerance," "fanaticism" and "prejudice." (In its weakest sense to be a philosopher meant little more than being humane, in a stronger and more frequent sense it meant being something like a liberal – a word which perhaps helped to oust it.) Lough's copious citations from the philosophes on topics ranging from government through property rights and taxation to punishment – and divorce – give an admirable corrective to any over-simple view of them as a single party.

Shared traits do emerge, however. The first is the moral seriousness and practical grasp of the philosophes. Sometimes they have been presented as an almost Bloomsbury-like coterie, exploiting the social privileges which they ostensibly rejected. At other

times they have been presented as essentially *a priori* in their approach to social and political problems, victims of a few ludicrously inadequate assumptions. (Joseph de Maistre observed sarcastically that they were so busy writing that they had no time to think.) Neither view survives study of their writings. For the most part, their curiosity and wit (notably Voltaire's) were at the service of a sense of justice which, founded on a commitment to "natural" equality, made the practices and beliefs of the *ancien régime* appear as abuses and prejudices to them. The conviction that things could not go on as they were did not make them revolutionaries – far from it. But it made them powerful agents in the ideological erosion of the *ancien régime*, contributing to a point of view among the educated and half-educated classes which led the noblesse to see their traditional privileges not so much as "rights" justified by Natural Law or Reason but as happy accidents. Their polemics against Church power and wealth, their call for basic civil rights and a lay system of education gave them a public standing which intellectuals (at least those outside the Church) had seldom enjoyed before in Europe. To that extent, there is obvious continuity between the philosophes' views and the emergence of a secular state and bourgeois society in France.

They had a sharp eye for hypocrisy and, even more, for idleness – that deplorable bourgeois quality. Their favourite targets were, of course, the higher clergy and the religious orders. They were ferociously anti-clerical. (It is remarkable, in retrospect, how little sense they had of their own role in secularizing basic Christian values, notably the commitment to "natural" equality as a ground for claiming equal fundamental rights.) But the philosophes did not spare the noblesse. The survival of caste in France, through the distinction between noble and *roturier*, seemed to them a barbarous and "contrary to nature." The chief occupation of the nobles was described as "le triste plaisir de vexer leurs concitoyens," through exercising privileges no longer deemed to be rights properly so-called. ("Qu'avons nous fait pour tant de biens? Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître, et rien de plus," Beaumarchais wrote in *The Marriage of Figaro*.) Yet in urging the abolition of primogeniture, entail and

a whole range of feudal dues, the philosophes did more than consult class interest. After all, some were themselves nobles. Others, like Diderot, had a deep sympathy for the plight of the peasantry. None the less, the philosophes did not seriously imagine that the gap between the rich and the poor could be much reduced. Like Voltaire writing on "equality" in the *Dictionnaire philosophique*, they mostly believed that while "each man in his heart has the right to believe himself entirely equal to other men, it does not follow that the cook of a cardinal may order his master to prepare dinner." It was equality before the law, the abolition of privileges, which they sought. Individual property rights, still deemed "natural" in an almost Lockean sense, were not to be eroded. Doubtless that is one reason, among many others, why Rousseau raised the hackles of the philosophes.

Older philosophes such as Voltaire, obsessed by the conflict between inherited privileges and the requirements of "natural" equality, nailed their colours to the mast of civil liberty. But, if only through omission, they downgraded the cause of political liberty. There was a prudential element in this; taking on the throne as well as the altar seemed too risky. They attached less importance to self-government – that is, to uniform and efficient administration which protected civil rights and put an end to a caste society. Of course, this involved them in championing what might be called semi-political rights such as that of freedom of association, speech and the press. But the problem of reforming *l'état* to disperse power or increase participation in decision-making – of that little is said by Voltaire. Indeed the preference of many philosophes for an enlightened prince assisted by a meritocratic élite (hence the role of the mandarin Chinese image) was pronounced, and conjures up utilitarianism rather than Civic Humanism. It was only from the 1770s that Turgot (who had the widest experience of French government), Malesherbes and Condorcet began to widen the range of political argument. In effect, they began to combine the older philosophes' call for equal basic rights with arguments adapted from aristocratic critics of the "despotic" French monarchy such as

Boulainvilliers and Montesquieu.

Here a drawback of Lough's book emerges. His citations often reveal an evolution of views between the philosophes writing in mid-century and those like Condorcet writing in the 1780s. Lough notices the evolution. But he does not really seek to analyse it – to ask whether new issues were emerging. Yet it is important to ask why the enthusiasm for English institutions (*Anglomane*) of the older philosophes gave way to a far more critical view in later writers such as Holbach and Condorcet. Why did a limited monarchy with a representative assembly dominated by aristocratic interests on the English model seem less appealing by the 1780s? In part, the example of the American colonies in revolt helped to draw attention to the issue of self-government, and suggested the need for reforming the structure of *l'état* – contributing to Condorcet's *Essai sur les assemblées provinciales*. But not only that. By the 1780s "aristocratic" society seemed less inevitable; social distances had contracted; and the centralized French state, even if it guaranteed "negative" liberty, seemed less desirable. Thus new issues were emerging.

The problem of how to limit and disperse the power concentrated in the machine (*l'état*) which sustained civil liberties began to surface. The older philosophes had discussed political arrangements in such individualist terms that they did not succeed in identifying the relationship between class conflict and the centralizing of power in France since the early seventeenth century. The weakness of representative institutions in the long period since the meeting of the Estates General, and consequent lack of familiarity with the structure of government meant that few philosophes were in a position to criticize the centralized administration created by Richelieu and Louis XIV. They were mesmerized by the patchwork quilt of archaic and conflicting jurisdictions of the *ancien régime*, and failed to see the extent to which power belonged *de facto* to the intendants and their subordinates. Yet a strong case can be made that the contraction of social distances in France – and the growing sense of a shared or "human" nature – was itself a result of changes in the structure of French government. Certainly the rapid contraction of social distances,

summed up by the character of Beaumarchais's play, is one of the things in the pre-revolutionary period which most requires explanation.

Many of these issues – state power, the need for decentralization, and the intellectual dangers posed by the equality of conditions – were clearly raised and systematically dealt with by the post-revolutionary generation. They became the concerns of French liberals such as Benjamin Constant, Guizot and Tocqueville who together transformed the liberal argument, moving it away from what is now called methodological individualism to a more social framework. That change in the French liberal thought was about not only by reflecting on revolutionary period, notably episodes such as the Terror and the Empire, but also by reflecting on the limitations of the post-revolutionary political and social thought – the philosophes' model of society and government.

Post-revolutionary liberals began to argue that individualist model of society ("atomization") paved the way for centralization of power. Lough does not take such an account when laying down his framework for his book. He accepts the problems openly raised by the philosophes, noting the way their views on property, taxation, punishment and crime, and then compares post-1789 ideas in French legislation with proposals – thus establishing a sense of continuity or discontinuity. At this, throws useful light on the philosophes. But it does not shed much light on post-revolutionary France – on the use made of philosophes' ideas later on, or on criticisms later directed against them. Furthermore, it does not show the evolution of "enlightened" opinion under the *ancien régime* prepared way for many of the ideas of the Revolution. If Professor Lough uses post-revolutionary criticisms of philosophes to establish a movement framework, then an even more interesting and important book would have resulted, one which, by examining changing ideas, would have thrown new light on the evolution of French institutions.

ITALY

Miraculously sarcastic

Masolino d'Amico

VITTORIO GASSMAN
Un grande avvenire dietro le spalle
244pp. Milan: Rizzoli. L. 9000.

VITTORIO GASSMAN and LUCIANO LUCIGNANI
Intervista sul teatro
155pp. Bari: Laterza. L. 7000.

Sixty years old this September (he was born in 1922), Italy's greatest living actor celebrated himself and his love of symmetry (doubtless inherited from his German father) with a series of public summations of his career. After an enormously successful *Otello*, the revival of a role he had played momentarily a quarter of a century earlier, he first offered himself for "auction" (the name he gave to a non-stop marathon performance of soliloquies, meditations, and impromptu dialogues with the audience) in Avignon, and then gave the Venice Film Festival the world premiere of his original, autobiographical film *Di padre in figlio*: a record of his relationship with his by now eighteen-year-old son Alessandro, shot over a period of ten years. In Vittorio Gassman's own description, it is about "a child growing up into a man, and a man becoming old."

Intervista sul teatro is a series of Gassman's answers to questions posed by the critic, film director and his long-time friend and mentor, Luciano Lucignani. It gives space to the actor's most serious, "responsible" side, and needs to be read as a summary of those ideas which only surface here and there in the more frivolous, autobiographical volume, *Un grande avvenire dietro le spalle*.

Yet this is no ordinary actor's autobiography, just as Gassman is no ordinary actor; indeed the whole scale of his life has been, since his beginnings, somewhat superhuman. Born in Genoa, brought up in Rome,

he was an international basketball player in his early twenties, while training at the Accademia d'Arte Drammatica. Gassman's mother, whom he describes as a natural actress, whose bourgeois upbringing prevented her from ever appearing on stage, had encouraged him to join the institution, where the teachers' only objection was to his great height, because of the size of the average Italian leading lady. Gassman had already discovered his own leanings towards exhibitionism, when, on the occasion of his father's premature death and funeral he had relished playing the bereaved son. His brief recollections from his basketball years also concentrate on how he "acted" the game rather than lived it; but he must have brought even to basketball some of his father's tectonic perfectionism. A tireless self-improver, he was a model pupil at the Accademia. While attempting dangerous acrobatics and all kinds of other physical exploits, he worked very hard both on his voice and on his memory, helped here by an intense, sensual, and for the Italian theatre, unfashionable love of the spoken word. An early marriage to the daughter of a distinguished actor-manager (heir to a long theatrical tradition also on her mother's side) followed Gassman's stage debut and within a few years he had established himself as Italy's most dashing, flamboyant young star.

Oddly enough, the newly-resurrected film industry seemed unable to employ the young man's obvious talents. At that time Italian film-makers often lamented the dearth of skilled performers – the actors of the older generation were, with few exceptions, unable to come to terms with neorealism. But there were no suitable roles for Gassman, which is to say, there were no good roles for romantic leads. As a reaction against the rhetoric of the Fascist years Italian cinema after the war wanted no Gérard Philipes, or Brando, or Olivers. The main box-office attractions were – indeed, are to this day – comedians: Totò, Aldo Fabrizi, Walter Chiari, followed in due course by Alberto

Sordi, Ugo Tognazzi, Nino Manfredi (Marcello Mastroianni's "serious" image, inaugurated by *La dolce vita*, made him known internationally, but damaged his appeal at home). Thus the young Gassman was only acceptable as an antagonist, he played the sneering villain in countless inferior movies, including the now risqué *Riso amaro*, which launched Silvana Mangano. Or maybe Gassman simply was not good enough in "serious" roles. His total lack of conviction continued to show throughout his Hollywood period. After the collapse of his first marriage, he followed Shelley Winters, then at the height of her career, to Hollywood, where he was put under contract by a major company. But the Italian stage continued to be the centre of his artistic life – he fought free from his contract for six months of every year, and his *Hamlet* was conceived during that time. Meanwhile, he was cast as an improbable violinist opposite Elizabeth Taylor in a forgettable film called *Rhapsody*; and as an even more improbable Mexican rake in an even more forgettable film called *Sombrero*, during the shooting of which he confesses to have failed utterly in his attempts to seduce the enchanting star, Cyd Charisse.

The problem with Gassman was that, with his overpowering physical presence, his thoroughness, his manic devotion to the current issue – he is acting, reading, or simply getting drunk – he was a "fanatic," and therefore, very "antipatico." This is not a serious handicap on the stage, where sheer technique may work wonders; but it is fatal on the screen where a man's personality is laid bare. For over ten years Gassman may have realized this, but did not care or could not help it. Then he met the man who changed his life – his "second father", although only a few years his senior: the film director Mario Monicelli, an acknowledged master of Italian comedy. Always a lover of paradox, Monicelli persuaded producers to let him cast Gassman in a comic role. To play a small-time crook in *L'isola ignota* (1958) Gassman had to change his

entire image. This involved having his forehead lowered; his nose flattened; the adoption of a stammer, and of cauliflower ears; and above all, it entailed laughing at himself. The results were sensational. The film was a triumph and Gassman found himself launched on a fresh career, as a star of the "commedia all'italiana"; a career he has continued to this day.

Monicelli had revealed both to the audience and to Gassman himself a latent sense of humour which the actor, characteristically, later worked hard to develop, as he had previously worked to suppress. He began to consort with wits, especially with the group of intellectuals who gathered round the liberal paper, *Il Mondo*. He returned to the stage with renewed energies, and spent much of the money he was now able to command in a huge venture, a Teatro Nazionale Popolare which for two years undertook to present classic plays all over Italy in an immense, custom-built circus marquee. The text chosen for the first performance was of course Manzoni's great, unactable play *Adelchi*, whose magnificent rhythms entranced Gassman's ear.

All this, and much more, including the inevitable information about the actor's sex life, becomes very readable thanks to Gassman's self-taught irony, which is the real driving force in his confessions, he writes, staged or filmed. Bookish and a compulsive writer (and by no means a bad translator of plays), Gassman sympathizes with the publishers who turned down his earlier essays, poems and novels – doubtless with reason. His style tends to be turgid and cloying, but the writer's sarcastic attitude towards everything, including his own prose, along with the showman's sure ear for brevity, works the miracle. Such monstrous self-indulgence is made palatable (for a triumph of his method over a more conventional approach, see Gassman's "letter" in answer to his former wife Shelley Winters's own straight-faced, cliché-ridden book of memoirs).

Intervista sul teatro has fewer chances of winning international acclaim, but it is compulsory reading for anyone interested in the background to the Italian stage. While describing his own *apprentissage*, Gassman has interesting things to say on the great actors of earlier generations (one of these, Ernesto Zaccaroni, told him that an actor is only perfect when he has rid himself of all edges and corners – of elbows and knees; he must become a sort of living ball); on the directors who brought about a revolution in the 1940s – especially Luchino Visconti, whose flair for melodrama Gassman convincingly underlines; on his own development and career as an actor-manager. He also has poignant observations on the whole concept of acting, and of being an actor; and he concludes correctly, describing himself as one of the few surviving believers in the sovereign majesty of the word, against the prevailing visual, choreographic appeal of most contemporary Italian stage productions.

Monicelli had revealed both to the audience and to Gassman himself a latent sense of humour which the actor, characteristically, later worked hard to develop, as he had previously worked to suppress. He began to consort with wits, especially with the group of intellectuals who gathered round the liberal paper, *Il Mondo*. He returned to the stage with renewed energies, and spent much of the money he was now able to command in a huge venture, a Teatro Nazionale Popolare which for two years undertook to present classic plays all over Italy in an immense, custom-built circus marquee. The text chosen for the first performance was of course Manzoni's great, unactable play *Adelchi*, whose magnificent rhythms entranced Gassman's ear.

All this, and much more, including the inevitable information about the actor's sex life, becomes very readable thanks to Gassman's self-taught irony, which is the real driving force in his confessions, he writes, staged or filmed. Bookish and a compulsive writer (and by no means a bad translator of plays), Gassman sympathizes with the publishers who turned down his earlier essays, poems and novels – doubtless with reason. His style tends to be turgid and cloying, but the writer's sarcastic attitude towards everything, including his own prose, along with the showman's sure ear for brevity, works the miracle. Such monstrous self-indulgence is made palatable (for a triumph of his method over a more conventional approach, see Gassman's "letter" in answer to his former wife Shelley Winters's own straight-faced, cliché-ridden book of memoirs).

Intervista sul teatro has fewer chances of winning international acclaim, but it is compulsory reading for anyone interested in the background to the Italian stage. While describing his own *apprentissage*, Gassman has interesting things to say on the great actors of earlier generations (one of these, Ernesto Zaccaroni, told him that an actor is only perfect when he has rid himself of all edges and corners – of elbows and knees; he must become a sort of living ball); on the directors who brought about a revolution in the 1940s – especially Luchino Visconti, whose flair for melodrama Gassman convincingly underlines; on his own development and career as an actor-manager. He also has poignant observations on the whole concept of acting, and of being an actor; and he concludes correctly, describing himself as one of the few surviving believers in the sovereign majesty of the word, against the prevailing visual, choreographic appeal of most contemporary Italian stage productions.

AUP
THE MEANING OF FREEDOM
Philip Drew
Through six centuries of English literature Philip Drew traces the complex interweaving of theory, superstition, tradition and speculation about human freedom and its limitations
500pp £18.50

FORMS OF THE SCOTTISH HILLS
an anthology
selected by Hamish Brown
foreword by Norman MacCaig
216pp £5.90 & £11.00

THE PRINTED WORD
an instrument of popularity
Christopher Small
How the device of reproducing a text in identical and unlimited number has shaped the story of Western civilisation.
184pp £4.90 & £9.50
ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Resistance to revolution

Anthony Thorlby

GEORGES GUSDOFF
Fondements du Savoir Romantique
471pp. Paris: Payot.

One can only admire Georges Gusdoff's immense work, the full scope of which is becoming ever more apparent with the publication of his volumes on the Romantic phase in Europe's intellectual culture. His theme is science in the broadest sense (*les sciences humaines*), which includes all the ways in which men know the world: through philosophy, literature, and history, as well as through those sciences which have come to be recognized since the so-called scientific revolution as more reliable, useful, and exact. Romanticism constitutes for Professor Gusdoff a kind of counter-revolution, and one which he evidently endorses, though in no categorical sense. He knows the culture's clock can never be put back and he is critical of those Romantics who believed it could be. He is also critical of the rationalism to which Romanticists reacted, to which Romanticists reacted for the past; the primitive, the ethnic, and the regional gave rise. Were those the retrograde steps after the universal ideals of the Enlightenment? Gusdoff adroitly indicates that the cosmopolitanism of the eighteenth century was in fact very restricted; it was a privilege or luxury enjoyed by an upper-class élite, who lightly spoke French. A universalism which lacked all local colour, and concern for the particular, the individual case, the subjective need, obviously stood in need of correction. Gusdoff finds himself in the

somewhat awkward position of praising resistance to an ideal of civilization which had particularly strong connections with the France of the *ancien régime*. Again he parries skilfully: France struck the necessary blow against that cultural hegemony, and yet both liberated and triumphed over Europe. Despite all its failings, the French Revolution does not appear here as failure, but as the decisive moment in the emergence of modern Europe. It is credited with the inspirational energy behind the reaction which it provoked against itself. Without it, and the essentially French Enlightenment which preceded it, even the great cultural event of German literature and philosophy in the age of Goethe would have been impossible. Gusdoff does not belittle Germany's importance as the centre of a new idealism, subjectivism, and nature mysticism which inspired the greatest German authors and evoked admiring echoes throughout Europe. Including – rather belatedly it might appear – those of the French Romantics. He implies more subtly that from his broader perspective the superficially disparate styles and attitudes which cause German critics to discriminate between Weimar classicism and different schools of Romanticism, belong together in reality as parts of a larger whole of which 1789 marks the centre. And he devotes several pages to showing how a sense of what was needed to correct the imbalance of *le siècle des lumières* can be found already in Bernardin de St. Pierre's *Études sur la nature* (1784). This book is one of the big stones in the "foundations" of Romantic knowledge (*savoir*), and another is to be found in Malesherbes's occasionalism. Even Diderot's in-

correct prediction that the end of geometry was at hand is quoted, since it correctly anticipated the spirit of the age to come.

Difficult problems loom here, which Gusdoff skirts by way of the safe path of paraphrase and quotation (a great deal of the book makes easy, informative reading of this kind). What, we may ask, are we to make now of the widespread Romantic longing to reunite the already fragmenting accumulation of knowledge at the end of many minds in turmoil and disarray, yearning for what seemed to them a totality of experience and integration of the self within the vastness of time and nature? Gusdoff simply reports the extent and variety of this longing, and refers to it or summarizes the kinds of writing it produced. And because it produced so much, and because the longing itself so self-evidently belongs to any complete account of the human psyche, the presupposition is that this cultural movement has validated itself. It happened; we know it; therefore it is culture. But is it? And what anyway is this "Romantic" totality, this nebulous question of truth has been shuffled off.

There is no doubt that this shuffling manoeuvre is decisive for the modern European intelligence, and that its occurrence, and abiding influence, the phenomenon itself of the very describing. Hegel, exhibited this intellectual manoeuvring in modern times, of which the "revolutionary" potential soon became obvious. And if any mind ever understood the

implications of this manoeuvre for logic and knowledge, the individual and society, that mind must surely be Hegel's. Gusdoff will doubtless report that this is so in the volumes still to come. Will he do more than report (and simplify) the difficulties presented by Hegel's philosophy, or will he consider its implications for his own enterprise?

Gusdoff certainly knows that the existence of Romanticism as a cultural entity is problematic. Does the sheer quantity of writing and thinking at a given period, with which this volume like his other overwhelms us, establish a necessary qualitative change in our knowledge, our human sciences? In a word, is the thing he is talking about, *le savoir romantique*, really there? Gusdoff rehearses the well-known arguments on this point; these passages are amongst the more interesting in the book, since they rise from reportage to some sort of intellectual engagement. He concedes that Romanticism "can only be understood in its totality." It is hidden by the division of scholarly disciplines and the diversity of idioms, by familiar and routine approaches. He permits himself a number of half-combative, half-defensive observations of this kind, confident that he can climb out of range of sophisticated, hot-air, seeking critics. But he is not happy at remaining at this altitude of total generalization. He also criticizes "historians claiming to tell us what Romanticism was, who prevent us from coming into direct contact with the brute reality of men and things."

Thus he twists and turns, recognizing his own dilemma in such a formulation as the following:

"The unity of an epoch is nothing but an effect of perspective, of misunderstanding; it is necessary to accept it as such, or else renounce intelligibility. In the absence of a historian, history would remain a reign of non-sense – or rather, there would be no history."

Romanticism, it would seem, is necessary fiction. At the same time, it has an "essence" to which Gusdoff often refers or assumes, and which locates in the concept he uses to begin his own undertaking. "Intelligibility" is not by virtue of what any particular Romantic knows or writes, that qualifies as a Romantic, but by virtue of his way of knowing; his aspiration towards the highest possible degree of intelligibility combined with a sense of direct personal contact with "most things". Gusdoff's writing would therefore be regarded as Romantic.

Unfortunately, the book makes the most part a more complex impression. Of an encyclopaedic imagination. The reader does not get much sense of direct contact with the authors and ideas under discussion, not even as regards the excerpts, which tend to confirm a generalization rather than provoke a thought. Many of the arguments are taken from secondary literature, and there is a strong sense of being with similar scholarship and the work of commentators. Most of the more reputable – Van Tieghem, Welles, et al. – though others are missing (Brander's *Croce* and *Peckham*). The range of references in English is altogether limited, and it is hard to see why, in the volume considerably less useful than might otherwise be.

Absolutely clear

Ardea Fezzi Price

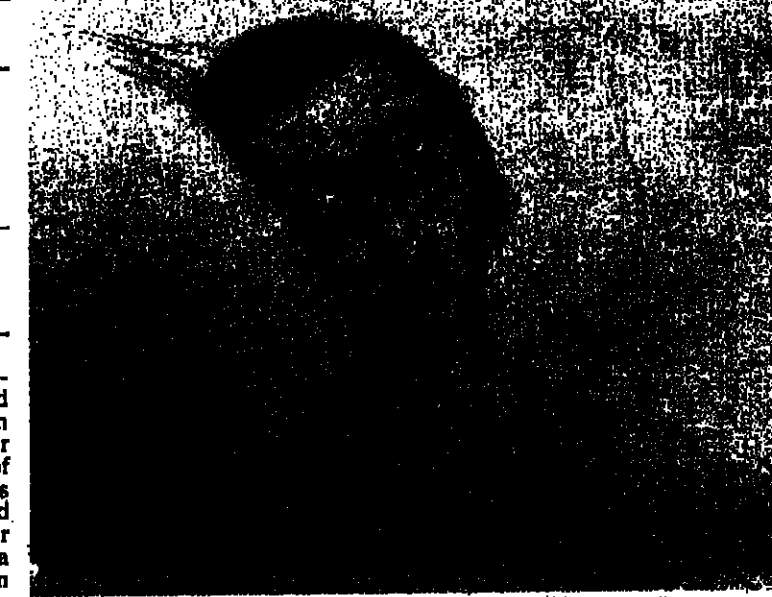
BERNARD BERENSON and CLOTILDE MARGHERI
Lo specchio doppio: Carteggio 1927-1955
540pp. Milan: Rusconi. L. 20,000.

CLOTILDE MARGHERI
Trilogia
466pp. Milan: Rusconi. L. 12,000.

Clotilde Betocchi Margheri (1897-1981) was born into a cultured Neapolitan family of the high bourgeoisie. Her father was a lawyer who seldom interrupted his pursuit of German studies to set foot in the courts and her mother a sophisticated landowner from Basilicata. Her brother Alessandro created a distinguished library of Neapolitan history.

In accordance with current custom Clotilde was sent to a convent school in Florence, in order to learn "to speak Italian with a Tuscan accent". After her return to Naples, she met her future husband, Gino Margheri, a lawyer, they were introduced in the library where, from behind his pince-nez, he was examining some books; where he, though unable to dance, declared that "a life-time wouldn't be enough to watch her doing it so well". That statement was a promise for her of devotion, and of respect for her freedom – both of which Clotilde greatly needed – and eight months later they were married.

Benedetto Croce was then the dominant cultural presence in Naples. Case Croce was more than a salon; it was a haven for faithful friends and scholars such as Fausto Nicolini, Doria and Ricciardi. Women, though, were not welcome; their place was in other



A pencil drawing of Clotilde Margheri in 1928, by Roberto Pane; reproduced from the book reviewed here.

salons whose gods were the art historians Roberto Pane and Lorenzo Giusso. Clotilde, who frequented these salons, still kept her Florentine school friends informed about the life of the Neapolitan intelligentsia, and one of them, Pellegrina Rosselli del Turco, had by now become an assistant to an "art critic, an old gentleman, an americanized polish Jew". He declared himself eager to meet the Neapolitan girl about whom he had heard so much.

Thus began the long relationship between Bernard Berenson and Clotilde Margheri. Their passionate correspondence from 1927 to 1955, which forms *Lo specchio doppio* (The Double Mirror), makes an ideal prelude to the books which Margheri wrote after Berenson's death and that are now republished in a single volume as *Trilogia*. Sadly her last and best book, *Amal enigma*, which was her

final attempt at self-analysis, has not been included.

When Berenson and Margheri met, he is over sixty, she not yet thirty. He is intelligent, speaks and reads several languages, has had an excellent education and is perfectly equipped to enter his world. But the difference between their ages makes the experience an unusual one. Their correspondence is the record of a long sentimental and intellectual education, during which Margheri developed into a writer. The farther despite widely a way of life and reflect Berenson's rare humanity. But they also convey the personality of the young woman, who when it comes to feelings and judgment, is his equal. For twenty-eight years, Margheri reminds us in the introduction, "B.B. and I looked at each other in a double mirror" trying to

achieve that absolute clarity to which we aspired, as to 'a rock of security'.

Collections of correspondence are usually published posthumously; but these letters appeared just before Margheri's death last October. In a sense she felt that she was already a custodian of posterity, having crossed the dividing-line between action and contemplation, the appetite for living having been replaced by a detachment which allowed her to dwell on the parable of her existence and to attempt to measure its significance. Above all she hoped that the publication of these letters would "do justice to the memory of Berenson".

Lo specchio doppio portrays an extremely civilized, unostentatious society, in which there was an extraordinary intellectual and moral freedom. Both Berenson's witty, sceptical conversation, and his kaleidoscopic charm, are well conveyed; as are Margheri's own independence and antiformalism which were often the object of criticism and sometimes of scandal in her family circle in Naples. During her frequent visits to I Tatti she was encouraged to express herself freely and was able to enjoy a society where men and women were considered equals; very different from the world of the Italian bourgeoisie.

The correspondence lasted, except for an interval during the Second World War, until Berenson's death. After which Margheri, who had started to practise her craft in the letters, wrote her autobiography. Memories of her school-days are recorded with modesty, humour and a touch of malice in *Le educande*; *Vita in villa* recalls her life in the much loved family house at the foot of Vesuvius; *Il Segno sul braccio* evokes many figures like Diise, Sibilla Aleramo, Pietro Pancrazi, Zolotti-Blanco. Splendid here among others is her portrait of Edith Wharton. The whole trilogy paints a rich portrait of half a century of Italian cultural life.

Themes and variations

Brian Vickers

MARION TROUSDALE
Shakespeare and the Rhetoricians
206pp. Scolar Press. £15.
0 85967 654 4

In the 1940s three books appeared which transformed our knowledge of rhetoric in Shakespeare's age. T. W. Baldwin published in 1944 a weighty two-volume study of the Elizabethan grammar school, *Shakespeare's Small Latine & Lesse Greeke* (alluding to Jonson's qualified praise of Shakespeare's learning), which reconstructed the training in rhetoric received by every boy who attended an English school or university in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In 1947, Sister Miriam Joseph published *Shakespeare's Use of the Arts of Language*, demonstrating his remarkably wide learning in rhetoric. With a repertoire of over two hundred figures, many of them used hundreds of times over for effects ranging from mnemonic clarity to playful wit to painful intensity (*epitaphic*), by which word is repeated frequently, no other words intervening, is reserved almost exclusively for the crises of tragic suffering: "Howl, howl, howl!", "Never, never...", Shakespeare not only followed the traditional models but provided text-book examples of them, revealing by many incidental comments his full awareness of the rhetorical tradition.

Also published in 1947 was a more specialized book by Rosemund Tuve, *Elizabethan and Metaphysical Imagery*, which carried on a running battle with modern poetry and modern criticism while reconstructing Renaissance attitudes. Although extremely difficult to read, this book gave a valuable account of the rationale behind the use of logic and rhetoric, and went on to show some of its effects on poetry between Wyatt and Vaughan.

The emergence of three such detailed studies, all American, was a notable step forward, but it did not inspire many followers. Perhaps critics thought that all had been said, so proving the accuracy of Bacon's belief that "the opinion of plenty is the cause of want"; or perhaps the distrust of rhetoric which spread in the nineteenth century continued to blunt inquiry, even though this age has seen such an acceleration of interest in language and linguistics. The fact that we possess in rhetoric a unique key to the creation and criticism not only of literature but of music, art, architecture, not to mention philosophy and politics, from the Greeks to the Brouques, has still not stirred a few hundred books, and one or two local analyses, but it cannot be said that the promise of the 1940s has been fulfilled. Compared to the flourishing of medieval rhetoric, the Renaissance has had a thin time. Marion Trousdale's book is to be welcomed as an omen of discovery, alluding as it does so frequently to the work of modern theorists — she cites Barthes, but not his work on rhetoric; one could add Derrida, Genette, Lacan — which may once more unite past and present. She is clearly aware of her predecessors, although she seldom refers to them, and her book must resemble Tuve's, both in content and in style, both in content and in style, both in content and in style.

The problem facing rhetoric studies, especially in drama, is how to move from micro-texts — the presence and functioning of rhetoric at the levels of word, phrase, sentence, even whole speeches — to macro-texts, the overall structures, or patterns, within plays. One can track the rhetorical form of a speech by Berowne, or Brutus, or Ulysses, but when it comes to describing plot, there has to yield to mythic Aristotle's *Rhetoric* must give way to the Poetics. Rhetoric seems to have a cut-off point beyond which it cannot be taken as an analytical tool, or if so only in increasingly generalized forms.

Marion Trousdale draws on several rhetorical traditions, especially the neo-classical, to explain the rhetorical structure of *Hamlet*, an admirable

popular text-book, which showed how to produce "copy" or the stuff of writing. One technique was to vary word-order and construction, expressing the same idea in different ways, as in Erasmus's virtuous re-writing of the sentence "Tunc litera me magnopere delectatur" in 148 slightly varying forms. The modern reader may be reminded of the novelist in *La Peste*, forever tinkering with his opening sentence, but for Renaissance writers this was evidently a valuable way of learning synonyms, or flexibility, at least. Yet what use is it as a critical tool?

Professor Trousdale, rather than drawing on the pedants, or the courtiers, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, say, for natural examples of "varying" in Erasmus's sense, takes the opening scene of *Hamlet*, finding "many variations" in it, notably in the questions of the guards — "Who's there?" What, is Horatio there?; this "idea" being "repeated in varying ways", yielding various "semantic kernels attached to the ghost". This does not seem a convincing example, nor are the critical comments (mostly from Wayne C. Booth and Maynard Mack) very illuminating. Later she takes "varying" in a larger sense, first as varying of things, then as varying of sources. In *Richard II* Shakespeare's departures from Holinshed are said to be Erasmusian variations, where the concept has become thin and vague. Worse still, the idea of "repetition through varying" is then applied to the sequence of scenes in Act I, which the author translates into "formulae, assigning the letter *a* to Richard's faction and the letter *b* to Bolingbroke's". The pattern that then "emerges" — as it by itself — "done only in terms of character, runs *ab ab ab a*". This is even less helpful, and to imagine that such algebraic enciphering of the main characters in a scene constitutes (in the sense that Eugene Vinaver used it of Malory) an "interlacement", proving "the importance of varying as a compositional mode", means that you have failed to understand your own case. Indeed, wishing to show that literary excellence derives from "varying", Trousdale claims that this alone creates the "aesthetic cohesion" of *Richard II*, and that such cohesion is "not dependent on the meaning of the acts within it nor on their causal relation". But, one wants to object, a play that had no cohesion from "the meaningful ordering of its action" would not be a play at all, either in the Renaissance aesthetic or in our own — except that we realize that the accusation is groundless concerning *Richard II*, which is meaningfully ordered, and is so in part because of Shakespeare's adaptation, of Holinshed. (Professor Trousdale subsequently admits that "i.e.", Shakespeare's own invention, is a meaningful link in the action).

This sequence reveals the strength and the weakness of this book: extremely weak, reading 370 footnotes to only 172 small pages of text; genuine scholarship, using for instance some fascinating Elizabethan commonplace books in the Folger library; yet naive and inchoate critical comment. Too often the analyses, as of "To be or not to be", or of Richard's speech on returning to England, resolve into summaries, or itemizations. Above all, the problem of turning rhetoric into a large-scale critical tool is not solved. The effect of sleeping herself in Renaissance school books seems to have induced in the author a pedagogical schematic approach to the problem of how words of literature can be said to inspire. Rhetoric books are admirable guides to compositional techniques, but they are based on the model of a single speaker, or writer, addressing an audience directly. They did not attempt to cope with drama, which has a multitude of speakers, a plural vision, and may not represent the dramatist's personal opinions anywhere.

It should be now be a truism that utterances by characters in miniature fictional worlds are to be referred in the first instance, and perhaps in all subsequent ones, to the character, not to the author. Yet Trousdale will never grant the characters this much autonomy. In *Hamlet*, she says, "Big of action are played out and their significance is then remarked upon."

Such comments are "essentially Shakespeare's own tentative glosses on the action of his play". But these are, rather, the characters' own reactions to events, some of which are shown to be mistaken, or vicious, or just uninformed. In one section, applying Quintilian's account of courtroom procedures to *Othello*, and to the covert trial of Desdemona in *absentia* which is being conducted by Iago, who has set Othello up as plaintiff, judge, and executioner, she finds a truly illuminating rhetorical context for drama. But elsewhere, it must be said, her interest in rhetoric has not had a beneficial effect on her own writing or thinking. Too often discussions end suddenly, switch to new and large theoretical issues which she has neither the time nor means to solve; the argument never achieves an incremental force, but spirals off or dwindles into long sequences of quotation, not all of which are relevant.

Several important issues are handled unsatisfactorily. It is hard to accept that the sixteenth century practised a "disjunction between words and things", since many writers were perfectly aware of an intermediate level, such as idea, or sign, or concept, and it is harder to accept that this supposed disjunction resulted, for the Elizabethans, in a "disjunction between representation and meaning", in which "the intelligible is not thought

to be identical with the sensible". We would that mean? Would we draw a moral before we add a gloss play meant? While willing to agree about the "almost baffling richness" of Elizabethan drama, who would say it as an "often careless, incoherent, digressive" art form, with "the calculated randomness" of *Hamlet*? Later qualified to "an apparently random Renaissance fact of language", called, as being "that it is insubstantial and manipulative, that it does not represent reality but presents a representation of reality". She affirms the exact opposite, echoing Humanist beliefs in language as the mark of a truly human being, through which we apprehend and comprehend all experience, sounds as if the time-scales have mixed up, and that instead of Emma she is thinking of Derrida. I prefer to recall her earlier demonstration that the Elizabethan rhetorical figure were "basically mimetic", setting out feeling, and that ornament to "synonymous with pleasure and efficacy", and as such "essential to their poetic".

Clearly the problem of applying rhetoric to literary criticism is not easily solved, and Trousdale deserves to be admitted to the ranks of the honourable few who have attempted it.

Not entirely natural

Graham Bradshaw

E. A. J. HONIGMANN
Shakespeare's Impact on his Contemporaries
149pp. Macmillan. £17.50.
0 333 26938 1

A sympathetic view, but one which E. A. J. Honigmann wants to exclude, is that Ben Jonson was consistent in demanding a discriminating appraisal of Shakespeare's "Art" and dismissing "blinde Affection". When the Players praised a Shakespeare who "never blotted out line" Jonson retorted, "Would he had blotted a thousand!" and noted with ironic relish that "they thought this a 'malevolent speech'". But later readers have also taken the remark that way, supposing that Jonson's true attitude was that represented by a most unfortunate misprint on page 17 of Honigmann's book: "Yet must I not give Nature all: Try Art."

What happened after Jonson entered the debate on Shakespeare's legacy was probably inevitable: the two dramatists were set in symbolic opposition, as the poet of Nature and the poet of Art, or Learning. It made no difference that Jonson's early, like Shakespeare's late plays, postulated a complex, interdependent relation between Nature and Art. Milton's derivative poem tells us that Shakespeare's easy numbers flow to the shame of slow-endavouring art; the contrast was embellished by Dryden, who was always adept at using what was conveniently to hand; in the eighteenth century "Idolatry" turned into Barolatrie and an extension of patriotism. The tawdry opposition between a warbler of woodnotes wild and a burner of midnight oil proved wonderfully adaptable (I served protocols like Edward Young, and was most congenial to Romaine who opposed thought to feeling. In his 1832 Preface to his poems Arnold regretted the effects of imitating Shakespeare while neglecting his architectural — or "Art" — on that heretical view, the triumph of the Players' attitude had indeed become a corrupting force, within the English literary tradition, as Jonson prophetically feared. But Jonson's learning had become his alibi, and Victorian writers who confused spontaneity with sincerity lamented his lack of "spontaneous survival" in the great Oxford edition of like T. W. Baldwin's massive study of Shakespeare's learning, which makes frequent use of the Shakespeare-Jonson antithesis. A study of this

symbolic opposition would be welcome. Professor Honigmann doesn't discuss it, but wants to give it a further lease of life.

The tug of this tradition or critical cliché is a major obstacle to any assessment of Jonson's attitude to Shakespeare. Another obstacle is yet more serious, and even terminal: we do not know what Jonson made of Shakespeare's art where it was most radically unlike his own — just as we know Jonson thought Donne the first poet in the world in some things, but don't know which things. Would Jonson have argued that Macbeth's "If it were done" soliloquy lacked "perspicuity", or would he have found it a triumphant vindication of the general claims set forth in the elegy?

Honigmann isn't disturbed by this question, since he is convinced that the existing evidence sufficiently demonstrates that "Jonson's opposition to his great rival was sustained and irrepressible", "dismissive", "obsessive", "manic", etc. He does have to get past the difficulties posed by the elegy, however, and attempts to do so by various ways. He argues that Jonson was able to "change his mind" once he had "the opportunity for the first time" to read "some of Shakespeare's masterpieces" in the Folio sheets. Moreover, in comparing Shakespeare favourably with English and classical writers, Jonson "conjured rather than set the fashion". Meres, John Davies of Hereford, Digges and various others including Milton are brought in to buttress this point. We are to understand that when the great classicizing poet gives only two lines to the English dramatists Shakespeare outshines by "farre", and asserts that Shakespeare equalled the ancients in tragedy, and surpassed them in comedy, Jonson was following the path blazed by the critical pioneers — men like Meres — who compared Shakespeare (and other English writers) with the ancients, or Davies, who called Shakespeare "our English Terence".

The elegy, however, isn't discussed in anything like the same detail as Jonson's alleged "fiery". Here the difficulty is that the evidence is of different kinds. It may be that *Every Man Out of his Humour* alludes to *Twelfth Night* II.4.251, but why should this be construed as a "jeer"? The same play certainly alludes to the Chorus in *Henry V*, but does it "ridicule" Shakespeare? Eight pages later we are told that the tone of the allusions in *Every Man Out* is "most goodly natured". Certainly Drummond said: Jonson said "Shakespeare wanted Art", but are we to suppose that was, all Jonson said, and should we allow for

the likelihood that Jonson enjoyed making his conventionally ennobled host gaze at talk of married misdeeds, Sidney's pimples, and the like?

Honigmann is mistaken at two points, not because his interpretation is impossible but because they cannot be as conclusive as he supposes. I take an example he discusses at length in his comparison of the *De Shakespeare nostrum* entry in *Timber* with the preface to *The Alchemist* does not prove that Shakespeare was "seen by Jonson" as the "best example" of "leader" of those writers who "robustness of force" is given their "judicious touch". The *Timber* passage is indeed interpolated into a discussion, which closely recalls the preface, of the public's delicate literary standards. Jonson illustrates the general link by pointing to the *Alchemist* in praising Shakespeare for bad reasons. There may be no dealing with the reader who is convinced that Jonson really meant that Shakespeare is delightful only to the ignorant, but we may equally suppose that Jonson means what he says — which is consistent with the elegy's remarks on "blinde Affection", Nature and Art.

Professor Honigmann, however, is a distinguished textual scholar, and Shakespeare specialists will be most interested by his third and fourth chapters on "Shakespeare's contemporary Plays", which devote in his 1934 New Arden edition of *King John*. Further evidence is produced for thinking that *King John* preceded the anonymous play *The Troublesome Raigne*, and indeed for moving all of the "apprentice" plays back several years. *Romeo* would belong to 1591, and *Love's Labour's Lost* to 1592, and both plays are customarily dated 1595. Although Honigmann concedes the evidence is not "irrefragable", his challenge to the orthodox "late date" chronology is powerful. Ben Jonson, Hibbard and Brian Morris have accepted in their edition of *The Taming of the Shrew* that Shakespeare's play was written before *The Taming of A Shrew* (1594). Other various presumed "source plays" which were once thought to provide support for the "late start" chronology, only *A Shrew* and *The Troublesome Raigne* have been accepted by a majority of recent textual scholars. These plays are agreed to precede Shakespeare's; the Malone-Chamberlain chronology will be in ruins and the history of the late Elizabethan stage will have to be re-written.

The founding father

Adam B. Ulam

ALEXANDER YANOV
The Origins of Autocracy: Ivan the Terrible in Russian History
Translated by Stephen Dunn
339pp. University of California Press. £14.
0 520 04282 4

While rendering his due to Alexander Yanov's eloquence and erudition, the reader peruses *The Origins of Autocracy* with a growing sense of bewilderment: what is it really about and what is the author trying to prove?

The title would lead us to expect a disquisition on Ivan IV in Russian historiography, and indeed the bulk of the book is devoted to a critique of Russian and Western historians' views on that enigmatic personage, as well as to Yanov's own asides on various figures and incidents connected with his reign. But intermittently the author hurls and muses on the meaning of Russian history as a whole, selecting two themes traditionally favoured by those who have indulged in similar speculations: "Who is guilty?" and "What is to be done?" The trouble is that Yanov sets himself an impossible task: "My aim is to analyze not artificially separated events in Russian history, but Russian history as a whole — a totality in which all events are not only interconnected, but also influence each other in the most fundamental way — whether they happened in the sixteenth or in the twentieth century." Well, some events, in fact quite a few, are not interconnected at all. It is unlikely that anyone would argue, for example, that sexual prowess, or rather the lack of it, on the part of Catherine the Great's husband, while of undoubted importance to Russian history, had anything to do with the October Revolution or the tragic lot of the Soviet peasantry under Stalin.

It is also difficult to follow Yanov's main argument. The statement on the dust-jacket proclaims that "the basic features of the present Russian political system, Yanov contends, date not from October 1917, but from January 1565, when in a bloody 'revolution from above', Ivan set at naught his country's European heritages and fundamentally altered its future." How can one prove such a far-reaching claim? Apparently Yanov's answer would be that his thesis must be correct because no one has thought it up before.

There has been a great deal in Ivanovna, as there had been a great deal in Russian history... But we are interested here not in what has been, but in what has not been in it. And there have been in it no hypotheses about Ivan the Terrible as the forerunner — I might even say the inventor — of a political monstrosity which neither the coups d'état, nor reforms, nor revolutions have proved capable of destroying.

Somewhere, one feels, there is a logical flaw in this argument. If the reader can tolerate such hyperboles, he will find Yanov a lively and provocative writer. Having been brought up upon the stale diet of Soviet historiography which even when it rehabilitates bows to the "underlying class character" and the "inherent contradictions" of this and that, and then rebelled against it (he left the Soviet Union in 1974), the author has little patience with some, in their own way almost equally unrealistic conventions of Western historical writing about Russia. In view of his own master explanation of the origins of autocracy in his country, Yanov can hardly be expected to be overly sympathetic to similar endeavours by others. And so the "Mongol" "tyranny" and the "patrimonial" "despotism" of Russian political development are cursorily surveyed and found wanting. If he is critical of his fellow-synthesizers, Yanov is hardly more tolerant of the traditional fact-grubbing historian. In other words, where expertise prevails, wisdom vanishes. He quotes approvingly, about his own approach, "Yanov is disarmingly candid; but his most disarming flashes, with the notion that his book offers the clue to

the whole of Russian history since 1565: "This book makes no claims to be the result of the 'assiduous collection of historical sources,' fashionable cliometrics or fresh archival discoveries. Rather it is a new interpretation of well-known facts, replete with hypotheses and speculation".

But where is Ivan in all this? Well, Yanov adheres to the sensible view that he was indeed terrible, and that it is a great shame that so many Russian historians have tended to present him as a "bad man, but a good thing", the monarch, who for all his personal peccadilloes, undermined the boyars' oligarchical strivings and established the centralized national state. Such an interpretation was especially fashionable in Stalin's time, and no wonder, since it received the official endorsement of the Soviet Union's supreme historian, Stalin himself. To be sure the latter did have some reservations about Ivan's statesmanship. There is a charming

story of Eisenstein, then working on his epic film, being invited to the Kremlin to receive expert advice as to how Ivan should be portrayed on the screen. The tsar, opined Stalin, was indeed a great and progressive ruler, but, alas, not thorough enough in his methods. Though this motif could not have been pleasant to Molotov and Zhdanov, who were also present, Stalin expanded on the danger of allowing powerful subordinates to survive their boss. Ivan, after liquidating some princely families, would then waste a whole year in prayers and contrition rather than getting on with the purge. As a result, after his death, the surviving oligarchs' struggle for power plunged Russia into decades of anarchy and brought foreign intervention.

As Yanov notes — and his book would have gained in substance had he expatiated on this theme — the propensity of Russian historians to glorify cruel rulers for their alleged services to national unity was already

European communist parties have literally had to embark on an affirmative action program to shore up the blue-collar contingent of their memberships. It is a fact that for manual workers who do not aspire to supervisory posts or to leave the ranks of the working class, party membership has far fewer attractions than it has for white-collar workers and professional people, since for many of the latter it is at least a desideratum if not a prerequisite for the holding of their more responsible and better-remunerated posts. Many ruling Communist parties have been concerned about the difficulties of attracting manual workers in the numbers they desire, for they can see dangers for themselves if the party looks too much the preserve of bureaucrats and the intelligentsia.

Professor Comisso is, however, misleading when he writes that "one of the great political ironies of the twentieth century is the success of communist parties have recruiting a working-class following when they are out of power and the difficulty they have retaining it when they control the reins of government". In fact, Communist parties out of power find it even more difficult to recruit workers than do parties in power. The only evidence Comisso produces for this surprising statement is a table which shows that manual workers constitute almost 50 per cent of the membership of the Italian Communist Party, PCI is an unusually large non-ruling Communist party and it is possible (though no evidence is presented) that

the proportion of the working class in Italy who are Communist party members is higher than the proportion of the working class in the party in one or two East European countries. But if Western Europe as a whole (not to speak of North America) is taken into account, there is not only no irony but no serious comparison. The proportion of the working class with membership of the Communist party is vastly greater in Eastern Europe than in the West. Communist parties, in other words, find it still harder to recruit workers in competitive party systems than in societies ruled by Communist parties. This is hardly surprising, since for the ambitious worker within a Communist system, party membership may assist his upward social mobility (though, as compared with the early days of Communist rule, even that has become much less important than the acquisition of higher education).

Though one could find other things to argue with in this book, and though some of the chapters are based upon much new research while others tend rather to summarize their authors' previous findings, there is no doubt that the volume as a whole is an important contribution to the study of Eastern Europe. Professors Triska and Gati have picked a strong team of contributors and no other book comes close to providing so much information and thoughtful reflection as this on the social, economic and political position of manual workers in Eastern Europe, a theme which is likely to retain its pressing interest and relevance in the years ahead.

One of the points made by several of the contributors to this valuable symposium is that the "social contract" is going to be under increasing strain in the course of the 1980s. The rising cost of Soviet-supplied energy, the increased cost of imports from the West, the diminished prospects for exports to Western countries and the declining economic growth rates within Eastern Europe are making it harder for the party and state authorities to keep their side of the "bargain". This may well present the party leaderships in more than one East European country with a choice between making greater political adjustments (and it is noteworthy that in Hungary the official trade unions are already more significant institutional interest within the system than they are in most other East European countries) or raising the level of coercion.

For as J. M. Montias shows, in his interesting contribution to the volume entitled "Observations on Strikes, Riots and Other Disturbances", it is "poor economic conditions, at least as perceived by workers" which have usually been the most immediate trigger of strikes and other protest actions in Poland and elsewhere in Eastern Europe. As Professor Montias also notes, successful strikes have usually led to concessions from the authorities who are very concerned about the ideological and economic implications of becoming involved in a long-lasting confrontation with workers. It turned out, however, that Montias was over-optimistic in his conclusions that "the government had run out of moves". In their efforts to combat an independently organized workforce in Poland and that "if there is any institution in communist countries which has some of the earmarks of a sanctuary — like the church in the Middle Ages of the university in certain Latin American countries — it is surely the factory or mine". Since those words were written thousands of workers forcibly removed from the factories they were occupying by armed divisions of the Polish security police during the early stages of the imposition of martial law in Poland in December 1981.

Workers' willingness or unwillingness actually to join Communist parties is another important question tackled in this book (especially in the chapters of Ellen Triska Comisso and Jack Bleislak). As Ellen Comisso notes, in the introduction to her chapter on relations between blue-collar workers and the League of Communists in Yugoslavia, during the past decade, "a number of East

European scene in the 1970s wrote of an implicit "social contract" between the régimes and the workers. Workers were guaranteed full employment, social security, a reasonable standard of living and not excessively demanding work norms. In return they accepted the political status quo and did not seek autonomous institutions which would attempt to promote their interests and challenge those of the party and state authorities. Paternalism rather than pluralism, in other words, worked best in countries where the authorities were actually able to deliver the goods — most notably, the

story of Eisenstein, then working on his epic film, being invited to the Kremlin to receive expert advice as to how Ivan should be portrayed on the screen. The tsar, opined Stalin, was indeed a great and progressive ruler, but, alas, not thorough enough in his methods. Though this motif could not have been pleasant to Molotov and Zhdanov, who were also present, Stalin expanded on the danger of allowing powerful subordinates to survive their boss. Ivan, after liquidating some princely families, would then waste a whole year in prayers and contrition rather than getting on with the purge. As a result, after his death, the surviving oligarchs' struggle for power plunged Russia into decades of anarchy and brought foreign intervention.

As Yanov notes — and his book would have gained in substance had he expatiated on this theme — the propensity of Russian historians to glorify cruel rulers for their alleged services to national unity was already

well entrenched before Stalin's time and, though in a more restrained way, has continued since his death. If it is far-fetched to blame Ivan for all the disasters that Russia has experienced down to our own day, it is equally so to find a direct causal relationship between some writers' fascination with power and ruthlessness and what Peter I and Nicholas I, not to mention Lenin, Stalin and Brezhnev, have done to their people. Suggestive as the comparisons between the Oprichnina and the Cheka or KGB are, we must not push them too far.

Towards the end of his treatise, Yanov issues a rousing call for action:

New philosophical horizons must be opened up; new means of political analysis must be devised; a new vision of history is required. I have attempted here to make a start at the gigantic task of constructing an alternative paradigm for Ivanovna... Are we still capable of breaking out of this circle of ancient

stereotypes? I do not know. What I do know is that we must try.

We may sympathize with Yanov's sense of urgency, but where would he lead us? Russia, he notes, as once before in the middle of the sixteenth century, stands today at the crossroads. "What awaits Russia: a new 'absolutism saturated with Asiatic barbarism'... or, finally, after four centuries of delay, 'absolutism of a European type'?" What the author has in mind is not made any clearer by the two graphs (evidently a concession to the American social scientists' current passion for model-building) attached to his volume and purporting to illustrate, respectively, "Establishment Forces in the 1550s" and the "Cycles of Russian History". And so, at the end we are still left wondering as to what Yanov would have us do, and how by reasserting their thinking about the Terrible historians can help effect a salutary change in the politics of Russia under Brezhnev and Co.

European communist parties have literally had to embark on an affirmative action program to shore up the blue-collar contingent of their memberships. It is a fact that for manual workers who do not aspire to supervisory posts or to leave the ranks of the working class, party membership has far fewer attractions than it has for white-collar workers and professional people, since for many of the latter it is at least a desideratum if not a prerequisite for the holding of their more responsible and better-remunerated posts. Many ruling Communist parties have been concerned about the difficulties of attracting manual workers in the numbers they desire, for they can see dangers for themselves if the party looks too much the preserve of bureaucrats and the intelligentsia.

Professor Comisso is, however, misleading when he writes that "one of the great political ironies of the twentieth century is the success of communist parties have recruiting a working-class following when they are out of power and the difficulty they have retaining it when they control the reins of government". In fact, Communist parties out of power find it even more difficult to recruit workers than do parties in power. The only evidence Comisso produces for this surprising statement is a table which shows that manual workers constitute almost 50 per cent of the membership of the Italian Communist Party, PCI is an unusually large non-ruling Communist party and it is possible (though no evidence is presented) that

the proportion of the working class in Italy who are Communist party members is higher than the proportion of the working class in the party in one or two East European countries. But if Western Europe as a whole (not to speak of North America) is taken into account, there is not only no irony but no serious comparison. The proportion of the working class with membership of the Communist party is vastly greater in Eastern Europe than in the West. Communist parties, in other words, find it still harder to recruit workers in competitive party systems than in societies ruled by Communist parties. This is hardly surprising, since for the ambitious worker within a Communist system, party membership may assist his upward social mobility (though, as compared with the early days of Communist rule, even that has become much less important than the acquisition of higher education).

Though one could find other things to argue with in this book, and though some of the chapters are based upon much new research while others tend rather to summarize their authors' previous findings, there is no doubt that the volume as a whole is an important contribution to the study of Eastern Europe. Professors Triska and Gati have picked a strong team of contributors and no other book comes close to providing so much information and thoughtful reflection as this on the social, economic and political position of manual workers in Eastern Europe, a theme which is likely to retain its pressing interest and relevance in the years ahead.

One of the points made by several of the contributors to this valuable symposium is that the "social contract" is going to be under increasing strain in the course of the 1980s. The rising cost of Soviet-supplied energy, the increased cost of imports from the West, the diminished prospects for exports to Western countries and the declining economic growth rates within Eastern Europe are making it harder for the party and state authorities to keep their side of the "bargain". This may well present the party leaderships in more than one East European country with a choice between making greater political adjustments (and it is noteworthy that in Hungary the official trade unions are already more significant institutional interest within the system than they are in most other East European countries) or raising the level of coercion.

For as J. M. Montias shows, in his interesting contribution to the volume entitled "Observations on Strikes, Riots and Other Disturbances", it is "poor economic conditions, at least as perceived by workers" which have usually been the most immediate trigger of strikes and other protest actions in Poland and elsewhere in Eastern Europe. As Professor Montias also notes, successful strikes have usually led to concessions from the authorities who are very concerned about the ideological and economic implications of becoming involved in a long-lasting confrontation with workers. It turned out, however, that Montias was over-optimistic in his conclusions that "the government had run out of moves". In their efforts to combat an independently organized workforce in Poland and that "if there is any institution in communist countries which has some of the earmarks of a sanctuary — like the church in the Middle Ages of the university in certain Latin American countries — it is surely the factory or mine". Since those words were written thousands of workers forcibly removed from the factories they were occupying by armed divisions of the Polish security police during the early stages of the imposition of martial law in Poland in December 1981.

Workers' willingness or unwillingness actually to join Communist parties is another important question tackled in this book (especially in the chapters of Ellen Triska Comisso and Jack Bleislak). As Ellen Comisso notes, in the introduction to her chapter on relations between blue-collar workers and the League of Communists in Yugoslavia, during the past decade, "a number of East

European scene in the 1970s wrote of an implicit "social contract" between the régimes and the workers. Workers were guaranteed full employment, social security, a reasonable standard of living and not excessively demanding work norms. In return they accepted the political status quo and did not seek autonomous institutions which would attempt to promote their interests and challenge those of the party and state authorities. Paternalism rather than pluralism, in other words, worked best in countries where the authorities were actually able to deliver the goods — most notably, the

story of Eisenstein, then working on his epic film, being invited to the Kremlin to receive expert advice as to how Ivan should be portrayed on the screen. The tsar, opined Stalin, was indeed a great and progressive ruler, but, alas, not thorough enough in his methods. Though this motif could not have been pleasant to Molotov and Zhdanov, who were also present, Stalin expanded on the danger of allowing powerful subordinates to survive their boss. Ivan, after liquidating some princely families, would then waste a whole year in prayers and contrition rather than getting on with the purge. As a result, after his death, the surviving oligarchs' struggle for power plunged Russia into decades of anarchy and brought foreign intervention.

As Yanov notes — and his book would have gained in substance had he expatiated on this theme — the propensity of Russian historians to glorify cruel rulers for their alleged services to national unity was already

well entrenched before Stalin's time and, though in a more restrained way, has continued since his death. If it is far-fetched to blame Ivan for all the disasters that Russia has experienced down to our own day, it is equally so to find a direct causal relationship between some writers' fascination with power and ruthlessness and what Peter I and Nicholas I, not to mention Lenin, Stalin and Brezhnev, have done to their people. Suggestive as the comparisons between the Oprichnina and the Cheka or KGB are, we must not push them too far.

Towards the end of his treatise, Yanov issues a rousing call for action:

New philosophical horizons must be opened up; new means of political analysis must be devised; a new vision of history is required. I have attempted here to make a start at the gigantic task of constructing an alternative paradigm for Ivanovna... Are we still capable of breaking out of this circle of ancient

stereotypes? I do not know. What I do know is that we must try.

We may sympathize with Yanov's sense of urgency, but where would he lead us? Russia, he notes, as once before in the middle of the sixteenth century, stands today at the crossroads. "What awaits Russia: a new 'absolutism saturated with Asiatic barbarism'... or, finally, after four centuries of delay, 'absolutism of a European type'?" What the author has in mind is not made any clearer by the two graphs (evidently a concession to the American social scientists' current passion for model-building) attached to his volume and purporting to illustrate, respectively, "Establishment Forces in the 1550s" and the "Cycles of Russian History". And so, at the end we are still left wondering as to what Yanov would have us do, and how by reasserting their thinking about the Terrible historians can help effect a salutary change in the politics of Russia under Brezhnev and Co.

European communist parties have literally had to embark on an affirmative action program to shore up the blue-collar contingent of their memberships. It is a fact that for manual workers who do not aspire to supervisory posts or to leave the ranks of the working class, party membership has far fewer attractions than it has for white-collar workers and professional people, since for many of the latter it is at least a desideratum if not a prerequisite for the holding of their more responsible and better-remunerated posts. Many ruling Communist parties have been concerned about the difficulties of attracting manual workers in the numbers they desire, for they can see dangers for themselves if the party looks too much the preserve of bureaucrats and the intelligentsia.

Professor Comisso is, however, misleading when he writes that "one of the great political ironies of the twentieth century is the success of communist parties have recruiting a working-class following when they are out of power and the difficulty they have retaining it when they control the reins of government". In fact, Communist parties out of power find it even more difficult to recruit workers than do parties in power. The only evidence Comisso produces for this surprising statement is a table which shows that manual workers constitute almost 50 per cent of the membership of the Italian Communist Party, PCI is an unusually large non-ruling Communist party and it is possible (though no evidence is presented) that

the proportion of the working class in Italy who are Communist party members is higher than the proportion of the working class in the party in one or two East European countries. But if Western Europe as a whole (not to speak of North America) is taken into account, there is not only no irony but no serious comparison. The proportion of the working class with membership of the Communist party is vastly greater in Eastern Europe than in the West. Communist parties, in other words, find it still harder to recruit workers in competitive party systems than in societies ruled by Communist parties. This is hardly surprising, since for the ambitious worker within a Communist system, party membership may assist his upward social mobility (though, as compared with the early days of Communist rule, even that has become much less important than the acquisition of higher education).

Though one could find other things to argue with in this book, and though some of the chapters are based upon much new research while others tend rather to summarize their authors' previous findings, there is no doubt that the volume as a whole is an important contribution to the study of Eastern Europe. Professors Triska and Gati have picked a strong team of contributors and no other book comes close to providing so much information and thoughtful reflection as this on the social, economic and political position of manual workers in Eastern Europe, a theme which is likely to retain its pressing interest and relevance in the years ahead.

One of the points made by several of the contributors to this valuable symposium is that the "social contract" is going to be under increasing strain in the course of the 1980s. The rising cost of Soviet-supplied energy, the increased cost of imports from the West, the diminished prospects for exports to Western countries and the declining economic growth rates within Eastern Europe are making it harder for the party and state authorities to keep their side of the "bargain". This may well present the party leaderships in more than one East European country with a choice between making greater political adjustments (and it is noteworthy that in Hungary the official trade unions are already more significant institutional interest within the system than they are in most other East European countries) or raising the level of coercion.

For as J. M. Montias shows, in his interesting contribution to the volume entitled "Observations on Strikes, Riots and Other Disturbances", it is "poor economic conditions, at least

The conventional wilderness

Rupert Christiansen

STEPHEN FENDER

Plotting the Golden West: American Literature and the Rhetoric of the California Trail
241pp. Cambridge University Press.
£15.
0 521 23924 9

Emerson wrote in his journal that "novels will give way, by and by, to diaries and autobiographies"; captivating books if only a man knew how to choose among what he calls his experience. The prophesy was fulfilled, inasmuch as American literature, from *Walden* to *Trouble* to *Fishing in America*, *Moby Dick* to *Zen* and the *Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, has fought against "pure" fiction for a form which allows a direct expression of the author's self, and an intimate conjunction of documentary fact with contrived plot. Stephen Fender's imaginative and contentious study of the writing thrown up by a crucial episode in American consciousness – the first westward migrations and their aftermath – makes this situation central and problematic.

From the settled assimilable communities of the East, through the Midwest barrier of forest and prairie, to the alien desert and mountain of the West, America made its pilgrimage towards a fresh identity, untrammelled by inheritance. And yet "paradoxically the frontier seems to have attracted more ancient literary conventions, to have been more heavily plotted than any of the more settled regions of the continent." The more plotless the landscape, the more plotted the writing. The desert becomes a pastoral, the mountains a sublime or

picturesque composition. The Transcendentalist programme for a nation of pioneers, trekking out totally personal paths of perception, was defeated by the generic constraints of rhetoric, diction and narrative structure.

Fender begins with Washington Irving and an expedition he made to the Osage Indians in 1832–33, just before the depredations of the Indian Removal Bill. Irving had lived in Europe for seventeen years and Fender writes of his *Tour of the Prairies* that "almost nothing in the New World is seen outside the framework of one or more social or aesthetic models drawn from the Old": a woodland walk recalls "the stained windows and clustered columns of a Gothic cathedral", while the Indians "had fine Roman countenances" and looked "like so many bronze figures". The whole experience is bathed in a familiar idyllic glow, like another trip to the Forest of Arden. Irving's tone is at least unified, his response confidently urbane. In three near-contemporary works. Timothy Flint's *Recollections of Life in the Mississippi Valley* and James Hall's *Sketches of History, Life and Manners of the West and Notes on the Western States*, there is, according to Fender, a dichotomy between an "uneasy rhetoric of landscape description" and an "elaborate gesture of scientific neutrality". This same dual function of patriotic dreamer and "frontier surveyor" is also visible in the explorer Fremont's report on a visit to the Rocky Mountains (1842), and Fender insists on the disjunction being a "tension", "rivalry" or even "warfare".

Again and again, a picturesque description will be followed by a scientific account of the same setting, as though he [Fremont] had caught himself day-dreaming. Sometimes the oscillation between

the two modes is nervously rapid, and the sense of guilt made almost explicit.

It is difficult to see, though, how else these men could have conveyed what remains even today a perfectly common double response to natural phenomena – one is both objectively curious and aesthetically moved. The moon landings, to take a recent example, surely provoked in most people both a desire for statistical data and a feeling of poetic awe. The idea that this produces "a sense of guilt" is quite implausible. The two modes may be discrete, but they are not incompatible.

Fender also seems to find it remarkable that descriptive passages "are either stiffly clichéd or curtailed in embarrassment". But the embarrassment is that of the literary critic faced with such thoroughly amateur efforts. One does not need to be a particularly sophisticated Kantian to appreciate that some categorizing of perception is inevitable, or that language proceeds by association and metaphor. Fender himself can refer to the American uprising against the Mexicans as "serio-comic", but that does not indicate that this book is theatrical or that he is insincere. This issue becomes even more troubling in a chapter based on the extraordinary surviving caches of diaries and journals kept by the Gold Rushers of 1849.

The idea of the Gold Rush as a holiday, an adventure, or a *rite de passage*, rather than a quest for economic or territorial compulsion, is fascinating, but it is not enough for Fender. He finds in these writings "an almost superstitious faith in the power of formal verbal construction, whether alluded to or composed afresh, as a wall against barbarism". This can be explained by the simple truth that the familiar is comforting. Did Fender expect a higher degree of literary poise

from people of little education undergoing such a tedious and often tragic ordeal? To talk of their "stylistic pathology" in such circumstances is purely academic. Later he relents to the point of admitting that "the polymodal discourse... embraces the dilemma, becomes part of its expression... the search... for a style appropriate to the West is posed as the question whether the strength of the region lies in the ungoverned profusion of its nature or its susceptibility to culture." He also rightly singles out the journal of one Ezra Bourne, for whom the "vocabulary of science extended the writer's range of expression of the facts of his experience". The women, too, ignore botany and geology to concentrate on the precise and homely details of the journey, giving direct and often moving accounts of meals, disease and discomfort.

Of the journalists who covered the period, Fender cannot make much. They used the standard styles of hick reporting – colouring, exaggerating, slick-talking. Perhaps the book does not go far enough into cultural history at this point. As Ray Billington's *Land of Savagery, Land of Promise* has shown, beyond or beneath this journalism was the anonymous world of advertisements, pamphlets and government directives all designed to lure innocents West and a much more immediate influence on '49 writing than that of *As You Like It* or Gilpin on the Picturesque.

Instead Fender moves forward in time and back into literature – to Mark Twain's early career as a hick-humorist during the 1860s, chiefly in Carson City, Nevada. Twain's doomed efforts to accommodate himself to the already established conventions of "sagebrush humour" or "Washoe wit", with their heavy reliance on tall tales, dialect,

"the laconic disclaimer to romance and the incongruity of a society that consistently went too far for its own sake", "what begins as a hearted burlesque gets sucked into a black hole of despair about the value of such a deracinated community." Stylistic pathology is not an irrelevant concept here, and the writer's Twain's migrations (the literary confidence in the East) are admirably suggested.

The last chapter is by far the most substantial. It is a wide-ranging discussion of the "polymodal discourse" or "hybrid narrative" (Norman Mailer regrettably labeled "faction") which has been the best running theme. Fender discusses the westward tropes of Revelation and Puritan typology. He points to Jonathan Edwards's willingness to underpin his Calvinism with science and to the natural philosophy of Cotton Mather; to *Walden* as "laboratory version of the West", Hawthorne, Melville and Whitman, and their concern to inscribe "wilderness plots" that were not in copies of the earlier formulae imposed on the landscape of East and the West; and he finishes with Berger's *Little Big Man* as an example of the successful combination of history and fantasy, really a romance of the West. The connection with "California trail" writing is sensitively made, although bringing in the last minute Berger's Westernism, which matured only with a movie – spoils the focus. What the book does convey very forcefully is the fundamental insecurity of American literature – the mobility of form which is an expression of the fact that the third of Americans still change their address every year.

The monotony of modern urban France bears down on his protagonists. "Les immeubles n'avaient pas encore fini de pousser. Ils grandissaient encore, mordant dans les vieux murs, abasourdi la terre, étendant autour d'eux ces nappes de goudrons, ces aires nues de ciment éblouissant." The sentence could come from virtually any of the *nouvelles*, though "La Villa Aurora" is less typical than most. A decaying old mansion and its unkempt grounds play host to marauding children, their games and fantasies. When the now adult narrator revisits the place as a prospective lodger, he finds it under siege from property developers. He is unable to respond to his would-be landlord's need for assistance; fatalistic and helpless, he feels an overwhelming loss of identity as cherished childhood memories threaten to disappear before his eyes. This is one of the weakest *nouvelles*, however; the first-person narration is against the obliqueness and impersonality of Le Clézio's style, and the symbolism is a little too obvious.

"La Ronde" is more successful. Two teenage girls disrupt the deadening silence of a French town at midday as

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

Under siege and on the slide

Jayne Pilling

J. M. G. Le Clézio

La Ronde et autres faits divers
245pp. Paris: Gallimard. 66fr.

There is a neat textbook definition of "nouvelle" as literary genre: "récit court en général autour d'un seul événement" dont il étudie les personnages peu nombreux qui, à la différence du conte ne sont pas des symboles ou des êtres irréels, mais possèdent une réalité psychologique; cependant, à la différence du roman, leur psychologie n'est pas étudiée toute entière mais simplement sous un aspect fragmentaire. La nouvelle cherche à produire une impression de *vie réelle*. J. M. G. Le Clézio's collection of "faits divers" fits perfectly the pedagogic phrases, but somehow also turns them inside out. With a strong sense of social malfunction and nihilism, the *hypersensuous psychologies* precede, or as often create, the *seul événement*, and the impression de *vie réelle* is relentlessly subjected to the distortions of urban alienation. In his treatment of youth particularly there is a fierce intensity that is hard to pin down to any feature of the flat, descriptive prose. Initially one is reminded of the sterility of Robbe-Grillet, but Le Clézio's intentions and effects could not be more different.

The monotony of modern urban France bears down on his protagonists. "Les immeubles n'avaient pas encore fini de pousser. Ils grandissaient encore, mordant dans les vieux murs, abasourdi la terre, étendant autour d'eux ces nappes de goudrons, ces aires nues de ciment éblouissant." The sentence could come from virtually any of the *nouvelles*, though "La Villa Aurora" is less typical than most. A decaying old mansion and its unkempt grounds play host to marauding children, their games and fantasies. When the now adult narrator revisits the place as a prospective lodger, he finds it under siege from property developers. He is unable to respond to his would-be landlord's need for assistance; fatalistic and helpless, he feels an overwhelming loss of identity as cherished childhood memories threaten to disappear before his eyes. This is one of the weakest *nouvelles*, however; the first-person narration is against the obliqueness and impersonality of Le Clézio's style, and the symbolism is a little too obvious.

"La Ronde" is more successful. Two teenage girls disrupt the deadening silence of a French town at midday as

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

Le Clézio's technique is most impressive in "Orlamonde" and

they execute a *vélo* snatch, circling in to steal from a lone woman at a bus stop. The action is arbitrary and brutal. Tension builds through a deliberate refusal of information; Le Clézio describes the feelings and actions of the girls just as he describes their external surroundings, and there is a curious effect of externalized subjectivity. The continuous present tense is crucial here, as it is to nearly all the *nouvelles*. In "Ariane" this relentless use of the present tense transforms our perception of Christine as she wanders across town by night. What appears to be a portrait of teenage narcissism and boredom turns into a cold, nightmarish vision of rape. "La Grande Vie" is more conventional treatment of adolescent frustration and anomie, as two young girls quit their factory jobs just to see how far they can go, just to get away. The answer, predictably, is not far and not for long. One of the two *nouvelles* to depart from the present tense (the other being "La Villa Aurora"), "La Grande Vie" has the feel of a contemporary fairy-tale gone sour.

"David", both of which deal with a child's imagination confronted by an inexplicable but implacable reality. "David" is brilliantly constructed. The boy leaves home in search of an elder brother long since disappeared; a day and a night pass as he wanders through the town. Hunger and fatigue press in on him, and a family history is gradually pieced together through memories. That history could come from any social worker's casebook, yet neat sociological analysis is overtaken by a growing sense of horror. David's fevered imagination and loneliness, his desperate need to solve the mystery lead him to a fatally dangerous misconstruction of events. What our reading orders into a story – the slide into delinquency and alienation – is nothing to what the narrative conveys about a child's way of making out a cruelly unreasonable world.

Both "David" and "Le Retour d'Anne" have an emotional resonance lacking, one suspects quite deliberately, from most of the *nouvelles*. The latter is a brief, sketched story of love, death and grief evoked almost entirely through landscape.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

"Landscapes" is the dominant feature, again, of "Le Passer" and "L'Echappé", harsh, bleak visions of peasant dispositions: an unyielding terrain, oppressive skies, and the glare of sunlight dwarf the characters. The only systematized the escaped prisoner of "L'Echappé" (a political prisoner, one assumes from hallucinatory flashbacks) finds in the hills is a "hunger stone" to pierce his belly and a trick of the light that presents a path to freedom even as he is betrayed. In "Le Passer", the landscape almost serves as a metaphor for the condition of ennobled, emigrant labourers; the theme of a promised land that always deceives, and the treatment, recall John Berger.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar social realism through a formal strategy at odds with his material.

The collection is uneven, and the style can make for monotony. It is quite often painfully hard to read. That insistent present tense produces a kind of literary indigestion, and one fears the snare of thinking it is therefore good for one. Yet there is something intriguing, and, at its most successful, exciting, about Le Clézio's ability to transform an all too familiar

Purposefully unreal

T. J. Reed

MICHAEL BEDDOW

The Fiction of Humanity: Studies in the Bildungsroman from Wieland to Thomas Mann
325pp. Cambridge University Press.
£25.
0 521 24533 8

Not everyone's heart leaps up when he beholds the *Bildungsroman*, with its massive bulk and its narrow focus on the education of a single human being. The critic who writes about it may be correspondingly not very welcome. He risks being a heavy re-narrator of unexciting-to-nonexistent plots, a dutiful expounder of already explicit messages, or an apologist for the well-known German earnestness. He has above all to meet the objection that springs naturally from comparisons with the mainstream European novel: that the works of the *Bildungsroman* tradition achieve their results in a world not quite real and therefore not sufficiently resistant to foregone didactic conclusions. This state of affairs is normally and plausibly put down to the German lack of a complex social reality which might have provoked the more normal European type of novel. German literature and German society together are seen as trailing behind, belated and of the second order.

Dr Beddow's ambitious study — he takes on Wieland, Goethe, Stifter, Keller and Thomas Mann — meets the problem head-on by denying the common opinion. Not only does he say it would be "a mistake" to explain fictional unrealities by reference to historical circumstances in eighteenth and nineteenth-century Germany, which merely left the writer "free" to engage in pure fictions; he goes further and claims that the evident unrealities, pervasive in some specimens of the genre and patchy in others, were meant deliberately to signal the fictive status of the work, which then allowed author and reader a consciously abstract reflection on human nature. This was not however the abstraction of science or philosophy, against whose pressure in the background the *Bildungsroman* was a reaction. In its more informal way, exploring and questioning rather than seeking to sustain a doctrinal position, it conducted its search for an "authentic humanity".

SPECIAL BOOK NUMBERS 1982

October

22 Victorian Themes
29 Thrillers and Crime Writers

November

5 Religion III
26 Children's Books IV

December

10 English Studies

The argument is an odd compound of old-fashioned humanist concern, and of a modern hyperconsciousness of "fictionality". The first was certainly part of those "expectations within which the works were conceived" and which (we are reminded) the reader from another time and culture must try to enter into; the second, for all the eighteenth century's theories of aesthetic semblance, was not. The subtler intentions and fiction-consciousness imputed to the five novelists are not the historical fact sometimes here alleged; at most they can be inferred from reading the novels, and their authors' statements about them, in a particular way. It is not even easy to see a uniform mode or level of reflective awareness which they share as successive stages of an otherwise very tradition-bound genre: no single common way emerges in which "fictionality" is established or exploited. There may be a departure of narrative from empirical reality (what critics operating on the mimetic level would call a failure); or an ironic mixture of real and unreal; or the creation of a fiction by a character (as in Hans Castorp's dream in *The Magic Mountain*); or a fiction by which people live (as the ideal Mediterranean

race within that dream is said to do). In every case something different, standing in a different relation to the author's project and the reader's comprehension — not so much an objective link between these works as a slender thread of analytical interest that catches them together by different corners, in every case at some distance from the centre.

Nevertheless, the interest within each chapter is not peripheral. Dr Beddow's analyses are all very much to the point, the substantive point of "the good life" and "the right balance" which it is impossible to refine out of this of all genres. His eye may have been caught by the austere charms of modern narratology, but he has not pursued her very far. At most (and this is beneficial) he has been led to conduct a more rigorously formulated argument than the genre has usually received, and the consequence is a good crop of not merely piecemeal insights, especially where he deals with the intellectually tougher, more complex structures.

His earnest discourse is a bit much for the gauzy webs of Wieland, whose intentions can only with large charity be claimed as "deep" (a passing remark

rightly places Wieland "closer to the fuzzy edges than to the centres of original thought"); it takes too subtle a twist in order to rescue Stifter's Utopian still-life; and it is rather hard, conversely, on Keller — perhaps because his down-to-earth Swiss virtues on the "brink of philistinism" do not allow much fictive levitation. But with Goethe and Thomas Mann the critical rigour is matched by the density of literary substance. At least with these two writers, no amount of critical reflection can exceed the scope of their own, and speculation about intentions and effects need not be kept within narrow bounds. These chapters contain impressive interpretations of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* and *The Magic Mountain*. And beyond that Dr Beddow formulates problems and describes responses which are central to the writer's work and thought as a whole. His account of the "harshness" of Goethe's vision challenges common assumptions, but the view is intelligently sustained by drawing the novel and Goethe's scientific thought together; while the reading of Mann's text as an exercise in "Reconstruction" is increasingly plausible the broader the context in which it is placed. In particular, it is a triumph of good sense

to say, in the teeth of a critical tradition which has always confused an irresolution, that *The Magic Mountain* is most unequivocally guided. Nor is task the form had ever had to take. It is scarcely a viable form now, and need not be lamented. What would the literary quality be if it were — its capacity to create a fiction that can also in a way helpful to mankind be rooted in the new narratology which undoes the connections between writing and (to use a vulgar word) reality, decreasing circles of solipsism and they vanish inside their own assumptions. But need we be a pessimist? There are writers who believe it is possible and legitimate to be referential, and readers who believe it is possible and legitimate to read narrative not just to see how the author has done it, but to see his sense of doom: "the Old of Minerva, over-eager to take to her broad daylight".

silent. Rilke's feeling of loyalty towards Rilke was addressed to the young woman he met then to the potential he sensed in her when he dedicated to her his *Baudelaire* poem. He wrote that she might only grow to understand *Les Fleurs du Mal* much later in her life, but that Baudelaire's poetry might help her to extend the scope of understanding. This is not the voice of a "teacher without a message" as Rilke had described himself, but rather the message of poetic teacher-teaching poet.

Our pleasure in reading the correspondence is enhanced by Maga Kerényi's editing. Her scholarly introduction and her thoughtful commentary make most informative and helpful reading.

The poet as teacher

Irina Frowen

MAGA KERÉNYI (Editor)

Rainer Maria Rilke / Anita Forrer Briefwechsel
198pp. Frankfurt: Insel.
3 458 04888 X

Rilke's sensitive understanding of women has led malevolent interpreters to speak of the "harem" he created through the medium of letter-writing. The correspondence between the forty-five-year-old poet and a young Swiss girl of nineteen, Anita Forrer, dispels any apprehension of *détournement*. Rilke is seen here in the role of a teacher introducing a notion of *l'ordre du cœur* into the intellectual and emotional turmoil of Anita's questions.

Deeply impressed by Rilke's reading from his works in St Gallen on November 7, 1919, Anita Forrer first wrote to him in January 1920. The correspondence lasted for six years. Anita, daughter of a well-known Swiss lawyer and politician, felt suffocated by the expectations and pressures imposed upon her by her family. She turned to Rilke for understanding and guidance. Rilke describes himself as a teacher without a subject, who could only be considered a distant point of orientation in the geometry of the heart, helping to determine a position and to fix an emotional relationship between the inner space and the objective reality.

When, for instance, deeply disturbed after a visit to a psychiatrist, Anita wrote to Rilke, he provided that point of reorientation by communicating to her a different understanding of love. The psychiatrist had "enlightened" Anita about the erotic nature of her involvement with an older girl friend, Rilke convinced Anita that there could be no sense of guilt "as soul is body and body is soul" in a relationship that involves the whole person. He quotes Sappho as a model of the great lover who revealed in her poems the totality of love. Rilke considered the psychiatrist's approach could paralyse both emotional and artistic creativity. This advice reflects his own rejection of psychoanalysis; he had refused to consult Freud at the beginning of the First World War as he felt "that analysis could 'expel' the angels together with the devils".

The naive spontaneity of Anita's questions ("Do you believe in God, Rainer?") "Have you ever met a woman who understood you completely?" encourages Rilke to answer with greater simplicity than we find in most of his other letters. As we are all waiting for the publication of Rilke's letters to his mother and his daughter, we may be grateful for

Anita's constant urging that Rilke should tell her more about his everyday life. The warmth of tone in Rilke's letters suggests that in this correspondence he chose to play the rôle he could never forgive Goethe for not having played in his correspondence with Bettina von Arnim. The great poet, Rilke felt, failed in his "correspondence with a child" to understand a *grosse Liebende* who turned to him for response. Rilke indeed draws Anita's attention to this correspondence, pointing to Bettina as a model of a loving woman whose feeling could transcend the object of her love.

Rilke's own model was not Goethe, but Baudelaire. Baudelaire was for him the poet *par excellence* who could transfigure all life into art. Rilke sent

Anita *Les Fleurs du Mal* as a gift for her twentieth birthday with a dedication: a poem addressed to Baudelaire. Rilke praises Baudelaire as the true poet who could accept and redeem ugliness and pain. He commends Baudelaire's poetry to Anita as "a book for life", "a book for all lives". Yet, the fact that a later meeting in the house of Nanny Wunderly-Volkart proved disappointing does not surprise. Anita worshipped in Rilke the poet and teacher, but could not cope with his physical presence. It paralysed her and, as she told the editor of this volume at a later date, while liking Rilke's forehead and eyes, she felt repelled by his mouth and chin.

After this encounter, in spite of repeated attempts of Anita's to resume the correspondence, Rilke remained

The stuff of legends

Helen Watanabe O'Kelly

LESLEY SHARPE

Schiller and the Historical Character: Presentation and Interpretation in the Historical Dramas
211pp. Oxford University Press.
£12.50.
0 19 815537 9

In *Schiller and the Historical Character*, Lesley Sharpe concentrates on Schiller's development as a historical dramatist, analysing the effect of the ten-year silence between the early and late plays, during which Schiller wrote the University of Jena. She shows how, by attempting as a historian to present a complex period and a number of prominent figures, Schiller learnt a great deal about the intricacy of historical forces and about the way in which historical figures are moulded by circumstances — insights which are largely absent from his early plays. The mature dramas illumine for us folk heroes such as William Tell or Joan of Arc, or periods of history such as Elizabeth England or the Thirty Years' War, and Dr Sharpe devotes a chapter to each of the plays in turn, that on *William Tell* being particularly well argued.

This, Schiller's last completed play, has its own peculiar difficulties for the interpreter. It relates the well-known Swiss legend of the hero's defiance against the tyrant, the Emperor, who oppresses. Traditionally, it was the first great literary work one tackled in secondary school in Germany. Those who saw Schiller as a Great Moral

Teacher were keen to interpret *Tell* as an example of the "idyl" as propounded in his essay *On the Naïve and Sentimental in Literature*, and the play also provided welcome support for the Swiss legend of democracy and equality, a legend so expertly and hilariously debunked by Max Frisch in his *Wilhelm Tell für die Schule*.

Yet to see the play in these straightforward heroic terms, all sinewy thighs and noble utterances, is to distort it greatly, as Dr Sharpe convincingly argues. Quite apart from the fact that one has to strain considerably to imagine the author of the politically subtle *Wallenstein* writing a simplistic up-and-at-'em piece, there is the so-called Paritida incident to come to terms with. Here the man who has killed the Emperor appears in disguise on Tell's doorstep to ask for shelter and aid. Tell recalls in horror at the idea of even touching this murderer; but he is himself a murderer. No one can simply leave this incident out when staging the play, as too difficult to embody in the whole; or one can see it as an attempt to vindicate Tell — for Paritida killed from revenge and Tell did not. But this arrangement is scarcely convincing, because Schiller has in any case so presented things that we have little inclination to blame Tell. In fact the Paritida incident serves rather to introduce the idea that Tell is a murderer. It makes us ponder Tell's guilt and shows us how ambiguous his position is — he, like Paritida, killed a tyrant from essentially private motives; the incident then overtook each of them. The incident also reminds us of the world beyond the Swiss lakes — it is the killing of the Emperor, which ultimately liberates Switzerland, not Tell with his cross-bow. Tell, like *Wallenstein* and Paritida, acts in large measure blindly, happening to find himself at a crucial conjuncture of the

forces of history. Dr Sharpe maintains that in writing a play about a legendary hero, Schiller wished to demonstrate what such legends are actually made from, and to give us another example of the interpenetration of situation and character.

A fascinating by-product of her discussion of the plays is the insight she gains into what earlier critics have made of Schiller, for we are given surveys of the relevant criticism, and its nineteenth-century beginnings. Schiller the Saint, Schiller the Libertine, Schiller the Dramatist, Incompetent, Schiller the Great Moral Teacher, battle it out with one another in learned journals and books for more than 150 years. A fitting tribute to the present book is to say that it aims to give us Schiller the Historical Dramatist and amply succeeds in doing so.

Germany. A Companion to German Studies, edited by Malcolm Pauls, has now appeared in a second edition (1980 pp. Methuen, £16, paper back £9.95, 0 416 33650 7). Of the eleven chapters in the first 1972 edition, seven reappear virtually unchanged. W. H. Bruford's chapter on "German Political, Legal and Cultural Institutions" has been extensively revised by W. A. Couper, in P. G. Pulzer's survey of German history "From Bismarck to the Present", the coverage of the period after 1945 has been expanded by more than twenty pages; and the editor has introduced his own survey of "Modern German Literature" so that post-1945 writers now rate sixteen pages rather than six, and works as recent as Dietrich Tielke and Die Unkündigen are mentioned. In order to accompany these updates, Alexander Mackenzie's concise survey of "Modern German Thought" has been sacrificed.

Subtleties of speech

L. Jonathan Cohen

FRANÇOIS RECANATI

Les Énoncés Performatifs
288pp. Paris: Minuit. 68fr.

In the past thirty or forty years most French philosophers have written in a style that has held little attraction for their English-speaking contemporaries. The plainness of speech which was part of the common stock of both French and British philosophy seems to have too often disappeared, and French and British philosophy has become a kind of jargon, a kind of code, a kind of shorthand, a kind of shorthand. The only relevant development that Recanati omits to mention is the attempt made about a dozen years ago by a few transformational grammarians, like J. R. Ross and the Lakoffs, to incorporate latent performatives into the underlying structure of English sentences as they then described it.

The term "performative" was introduced into the vocabulary of philosophy by J. L. Austin in order to name those utterances that seem to constitute the very acts that their verbs are otherwise used to describe. Thus if George says "I promise to meet Mary at the station" his utterance is a performative one since it performs the very act that may be described by the statement "George promised to meet Mary at the station". So the utterance was held not to be true or false, as a statement is. The utterance does something itself, rather than stating that something has been done. And a recognition of the importance of performative utterances was welcome to the mill of post-1945 philosophers who wished to stress the

exceptions, and in any list of these François Recanati certainly deserves a place. He writes with an incisive clarity

Christopher Peacocke

NATHAN U. SALMON

Reference and Essence
293pp. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. £15 (paperback, £5.95).
0 631 13004 7

"Could you have had different parents? Could water have had a different chemical structure?" These are modal questions about how objects and substances could have been different; they do not seem to be linguistic questions. "What is it for the name 'Thales' to refer to one man rather than another?" That, by contrast, seems to be a question about language, and an answer to it does not obviously entail any particular answer to modal questions about objects. We have a strong initial intuition that the question of what it is for words to refer to particular objects is one thing, a theory of how those objects could have been another.

Nathan Salmon's main thesis in *Reference and Essence* is that this intuition is sound. In particular he argues that there are no interesting essentialist conclusions to be drawn from what he calls "the theory of direct reference" proposed by Donnellan, Putnam, Kaplan, and Kripke.

The first part of his book is devoted to an exposition of those parts of the theory relevant to assessing its consequences, if any, for essentialism. This is a valuable and reliable critical survey of the American literature of the past ten years, one that should be of much help to students. Professor Salmon discusses reference to kinds as well as reference to individuals; there is a particularly detailed exegesis of Putnam's writings on "natural kind". At the level of the survey, the only misleading feature is his repeated endorsement of classifications of possible positions which leave no room for theories according to which there is a notion of sense that is non-descriptive and demonstrative. Theorists who defend such a notion will also believe in the "directness" of reference of some singular terms in the sense in which Salmon uses that expression, viz that reference by such a term is not mediated by a descriptive sense. The omission of such theories leads to his misclassification of Dummett, for

instance, as one who holds that reference is always mediated purely descriptively. Enthusiasts for semantics will also question Salmon's claim that if we take some general words to refer to kinds, then we must abandon the principle that substitution of coreferential terms in referential occurrences preserves the reference of larger terms containing them. He adapts what has come to be known as the Frege argument in defending this view, and says that that argument leads us to conclude that any two coextensive general terms designate the same kind, unless we give up the above principle. The enthusiast will wonder why Salmon did not consider applying Russell's theory of definite descriptions to functions: if that is done, the application of the Frege argument is blocked.

The second part of the book bears the heading "The Program to Derive Essentialism from the Theory of Reference". In this work, Salmon explicitly notes that an intention to implement such a programme cannot be attributed to Kripke, but he finds sentences in Putnam that express commitment to the possibility of such a derivation. The question of whether such a derivation is possible must, however, be of philosophical interest quite independently of the extent of our writers' commitment to it. On the philosophical question, Salmon's arguments are clear and decisive. The argument from the theory of reference to essentialist conclusions which he regards as most tempting can be summarized thus: "Necessarily, something is a sample of water if and only if it is a sample of the substance of which this liquid is actually a sample; this liquid sample has the structure H₂O; being a sample of the same substance as a given thing consists in having the same chemical structure; hence necessarily every sample of water has the chemical structure H₂O". Salmon's argument is formally valid, its first premise contains a concealed essentialist supposition which is not simply part of a theory of reference: the supposition is at least that necessarily every sample of water has the chemical structure it actually does. Salmon's point here is not that this supposition is not true. The point is rather that it does not follow simply from the theory of reference for

variety of ways in which human language functions within quite normal situations, in opposition to supposedly traditional tendencies to take mere statement or assertion as the norm for all serious purposes.

Two main streams of discussion flowed from the attention Austin directed at this category of utterance. One was influenced by the further development of Austin's own views in his William James Lectures at Harvard in 1955, published posthumously in 1962 under the title *How to do things with words*. Austin was struck by the fact that the distinction between performative and statement-making utterance seems to break down when one considers such utterances as "I affirm that George was at the station", which seems to belong to both categories, or such utterances as "I will meet Mary at the station", which seems to make a promise despite being an assertion. Austin therefore developed a new terminology, which set up three different dimensions of description for every linguistic utterance. Roughly, an utterance was described by him as a locutionary act in virtue of what the speaker says, an illocutionary act in virtue of what the speaker does in saying it, and a perlocutionary act in virtue of what the speaker achieves by saying it. Thus every locutionary act can be made explicit, he claimed, by uttering an appropriately performative sentence.

The notion of an illocutionary act is full of difficulties and has led to much controversy, about which Recanati has some illuminating things to say. But the main theme of Recanati's book concerns the other and rather narrower stream of discussion that flowed from

Austin's work. The issue here stems from Austin's original suggestion that explicitly performative usage is a distinct mode of sentence construction, on a par with such more commonly recognized modes as declarative, imperative, interrogative, optative, exclamatory, etc. This view has some obvious arguments in its favour, such as that it seems to be defensible on distributional grounds. For example, performative verb-use collocates with "hereby" but not with "frequently". Nevertheless Austin's view was criticized as early as 1962 by John Lemmon on the ground that what Austin called performative utterances were just a kind of self-verifying statement. The sentence "I promise to meet you at the station" remains fully descriptive, and what it describes is the promise made by its own utterance. Lemmon's stance has been adopted by a number of subsequent writers. But Recanati is not altogether happy with the usual formulation of this analysis.

Recanati points out that if Lemmon was correct the utterance "I affirm that George has come" should be true if and only if I affirm that George has come. Yet in fact it is George's coming or failing to come, not my affirming it or failing to affirm it, that would normally be taken to make my utterance true or false. So, after discussing various other possibilities, Recanati eventually exploits here a distinction between the literal sense of an utterance and the sense actually communicated by it. At the level of communication, he claims, "I affirm that George has come" and "George has come" are true under just the same conditions: they differ only at the level of literal analysis. Analogously, in the case of promising,

the descriptive sense communicated by the utterance "I promise to meet you at the station" has presumably to be the same as the literal sense of "I will meet you at the station". Moreover, by uttering the latter sentence on its own one would normally give rise to relevant expectations on which the hearer might rely, and in virtue of this the utterance would constitute a promise. Hence, if the sense actually communicated by "I promise to meet you at the station" is the same as the literal sense of "I will meet you at the station", it is clear that the former sentence asserts in its literal sense is verified by what is achieved in virtue of the sense that it actually communicates.

Many other similarly subtle points are made by Recanati. And accordingly there will perhaps be those who object that they would rather read the other kind of French philosopher, who never bothers himself with such minutiae of analysis. But this would be to turn one's back on the pursuit of truth. It is only when philosophical ideas are pursued all the way down into the finest of fine print — when we pursue the argument whithersoever it leads, as Plato put it — that genuine understanding becomes possible, as distinct from the illusion of understanding which is sometimes promoted by over-generalizations. Nor are the core issues in pragmatics at all unimportant even for our practical concerns. In the study of language-learning or of speech defects accurate statement and successful hypothesizing are only possible on the basis of adequate linguistic theory, and within linguistic theory it is clear that pragmatics, or the study of speech-acts, must have a place.

Following unfaithfully

Daniel Johnson

ALFRED SCHAEFER
Die Schopenhauer-Welt
344pp. Berlin-Verlag: DM44.
3 87061 227 4

What is one to say of a book that shows intelligence and love for its subject, yet is careless, muddled and muddling? His angry letters to confused and headstrong disciples leave no doubt about what Schopenhauer himself would have said. Alfred Schaefer has not, he claims, written for philosophers, yet he uses anachronistic technical terms, such as *Wesensschau*, in a quite haphazard way. He bases an entire chapter on fragments which Schopenhauer declined to publish. Without telling us that this was the case, he distinguishes between Schopenhauer's "Nietzschean" and "non-Nietzschean" periods, and numerous other mistakes make a very imperfect and, in some cases, regrettable, too, the defence of

of sets of planks successive members of which differ by less than the threshold can have first and last members differing by more than the threshold. Salmon rejects treatments of this particular problem which make limited use of a counterpart relation, but they have no difficulty with this question.

The organization and layout of *Reference and Essence* are exemplary; the seams between the English and the formulae are invisible. Salmon's expository style, though, is one of Brucknerian expansiveness: this will help the student but may produce an impression of distinctly gradual progress on the professional. With such space available, it is also a pity that there is not more substantive assessment of essentialism itself, and some consideration of the relations between identity across worlds and identity over time. But the book as a whole leaves one eager to learn the results of Salmon's future development — however expansive — of these themes.

such a followable polyglot should misquote even Nietzsche's "Denn alle Lust will Ewigkeit".

Yet the book contains valuable material: it takes Lukács's libe about Schopenhauer's "decadent cosmopolitanism" more seriously than Lukács did, arguing that Schopenhauer was a kind of monarch over the water for the "ignored geniuses and misunderstood women" at whom Kantianism sneered. The fact that many of these people had been at the barricades in 1849, when Schopenhauer lent the troops, his opera-glasses, proves that he despised his own followers no less than his enemies; and that the contrast between his ethics of pity and the Prussian dedication of Kant was not as sharp as Schaefer claims. The best chapter, "Labours of the Followers" (doubtless heartfelt), which interprets the works of Frauenthal, Hartmann and Babbalanja as reconciliations of Schopenhauer with Darwin, treats well the responses of Dilthey, Volkelt, Scheler, and Hegel to Schopenhauer's recognition of the "fact of knowledge", his assertion of historical consciousness.